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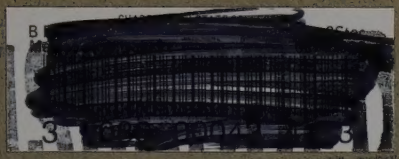

THE MAKING OF WILLIAM PENN

By the same Author

SUSANNA WESLEY
(Library of Methodist Biography)
KELLY

QUAKER WOMEN 1650-1690
DUCKWORTH

A QUAKER FROM CROMWELL'S ARMY
SWARTHMORE PRESS

Bury Farm, Amersham

The Making of William Penn

BY

MABEL RICHMOND BRAILSFORD

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PREFACE

IN *The Making of William Penn*, I have tried, from a non-Quaker standpoint, to form an estimate of the influences which helped to mould his character, and to show him, not as the outstanding figure of Quaker history, but as the greatest Englishman and the greatest European of his time.

As the work grew, fresh light was cast upon the career of Admiral Penn, his father, who, on Clarendon's showing, had gone down to posterity as a traitor to the Protectorate to which he owed his pledged service ; while his mother, Margaret Penn, was proved to be a member of a family of Irish settlers, and not the Dutchwoman of *Pepys' Diary*. The happy discovery of a series of letters written from Saumur about the time of Penn's residence there, has served to light up an obscure tract of his young manhood ; while a Diary, hitherto unpublished save in the *Journal of the Friends' Historical Society of Pennsylvania*, which he kept in Ireland when under his father's displeasure, gives an early picture of the future Governor of Pennsylvania in his twofold rôle of courtier and Quaker.

The chief and earliest source of all Lives of William Penn is the short biography prefixed to his works eight years after his death by the Quaker historian, Joseph Besse. The whole was issued in two calf-bound tomes, each some two feet long by a foot and a half wide, a format no less daunting to the general reader than that of his latest

biography, which is now taking shape in Philadelphia in twenty exhaustive volumes.

Besse's account was followed nearly one hundred years later by a *Memoir* compiled by Thomas Clarkson. Written from a sympathetic but non-Quaker standpoint, it enshrines many anecdotes which Besse had omitted as secular and irrelevant. But it was not until 1851 that the first serious attempt was made to introduce William Penn to the general reader. In that year of the Great Exhibition two biographies appeared, which were mutually complementary, not only in their matter, but in the angle from which each writer approached his subject.

The work of Samuel M. Janney, the Hicksite Quaker, though long out of print, can never really be superseded. The affection mingled with awe with which, as an American Friend, he regarded the Founder of Pennsylvania, led him to verify every detail of his biography with the most conscientious exactitude, and to those who can overcome the stumbling-block of the stilted language and didactic motive, his book is a store-house of original letters and fragments of autobiography which are not elsewhere to be obtained.

The English *Memoir* which came out in the same year over the signature of Hepworth Dixon, differs from that written by Janney, as widely as the Fleet Street journalist himself differed from the Quaker schoolmaster of Springdale, Virginia. Dixon was chiefly concerned in defending his hero's reputation from the charges brought against it by Macaulay. His book is a brilliant study of the life of a courtier and statesman; Penn's inner life as a Quaker, and the letters, books, and pamphlets whose composition formed so large a part of his activities, interested Hepworth

Dixon not at all. But the worst fault of the book, to our modern thinking, is the author's neglect to verify his statements, or to give chapter and verse for the facts which he brings forward. This neglect is the more serious from the fact that he relies upon his imagination to fill in an imperfect picture. He will extol the Protestant Duke of Ormonde as one of the leaders of Irish Roman Catholicism; and, on the evidence of one letter, too hastily construed, will give Algernon Sidney equal credit with Penn in framing the constitution of Pennsylvania.

Sixteen years later, in 1867, appeared Maria Webb's *Penns and Peningtons*, a tenderly written account of the two connected families, which also suffers from an unfortunate absence of reference and of a conscience for exactitude in quotation. In Maria Webb no less than in Hepworth Dixon, a mid-Victorian prudery, more pardonable in the Irish woman Friend than in the popular journalist, disfigures the citations from seventeenth-century manuscripts. When Dixon quotes that most moving description of the death of young Springett given by his widow, he translates her unforgettable words: "(He kissed me) . . . *as if he would have left his breath in me*," into a platitudinous phrase from which all life has been extracted: "(He kissed me) . . . *with that heartiness which expresses tender regard*." Maria Webb on her part frequently bowdlerises the vivid language employed both by Penn and his friend, Ellwood; and where it is possible to compare her quotations with the originals, one finds the unacknowledged omissions of quaint and plain-spoken phrases, such as Penn's confession that he was "in a sweat" as he stood by his friend's death-bed; or Ellwood's Elizabethan adjective *Budge* applied to a constable.

Of later date, the only important account of the life of Penn was written in 1917 by Dr. J. W. Graham, the Head of Woodbrooke College. Avowedly written by a Quaker for Quakers, "without any attempt at original investigation," the book gives a clear and true picture of Penn's life as a Quaker, and is the best guide available for the chronological sequence of its events.

To Dr. Graham, and to all others who have helped me in the preparation of this book, I wish to tender my sincere thanks, but principally to Professor G. M. Trevelyan, whose generous encouragement of a writer unknown to him, alone has inspired me to this undertaking.

To Mr. James Bone, of the *Manchester Guardian*, himself a lover of Pepys, I owe the first suggestion of a study in which the Secretary to the Admiralty plays an important, if somewhat discreditable, part.

My warm thanks are due to the librarians of the Friends' Reference Library, Dr. Norman Penney and Mr. J. L. Nickalls, both of whom have read the book in manuscript, and given me the benefit of their expert knowledge of Quaker history, Dr. Penney also adding to his many kindnesses by the preparation of the Index.

In the matter of the illustrations, I am most grateful to Mr. Wilson Strangman, of Shanagarry, for the photographs which he took on Admiral Penn's estate, expressly for this work. But chiefly I am indebted to Miss Clare Leighton for the gift of the beautiful woodcut which she has made of Bury Farm, setting forth, more truly than any words of mine, the home in Amersham where Guli Springett waited to welcome her young lover on his release from the Tower.

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INTRODUCTION

DRYDEN'S well-known description of Buckingham as "not one but all mankind's epitome," might be applied with equal truth, though with widely different meaning, to his great contemporary, William Penn. More perfectly, perhaps, than any other man of his time he shared the multifarious life of England, both as actor and sufferer, and gathered up into one consistent whole the jarring tendencies of his century. It has been the fashion to regard him as a "sport," an unaccountable and disconcerting phenomenon, which broke the long line of churchgoing squires and rollicking seamen who were his forebears. Yet it may be doubted whether any man great or small can safely be looked upon as a freak of nature. The qualities which are most apparent in their latest descendant may have been struggling underground through generation after generation of his ancestors, while we who look back can take no account of embryo desires and ambitions which never were fulfilled. It needs but a superficial acquaintance to recognise the makings of William Penn the Quaker in William Penn the "wise and friendly" Admiral, or in the Irish mother, who brought with her from the wilds of Clare a merry and indomitable spirit and a hand always ready to help the sick and distressed. This study is an attempt to trace the influences which went to form his character, and to

show that he, more than most men, was the child of his age and of his family.

The life of William Penn, through its formative years, shared in the chequered history of England which his father was helping to make. Born in the year of Marston Moor, he saw three Revolutions, and died shortly after the attempt of the Young Pretender upon the Crown. He lived through the Great Plague and the Great Fire, and, more cruel than either Plague or Fire, the persecution of the Nonconformists under the Clarendon Code. The very homes of his boyhood were big with the fate of England. He was born on Tower Hill, the centre of her maritime life—the scene also of the tragic deaths of patriots and traitors. His childhood was passed in Ireland at the crucial period of Cromwell's Settlement, and he was sent to Oxford in the year of the Restoration, when her traditional loyalty to Church and State was breaking through the thin crust of Presbyterianism imposed by the Protector's ministers. He carried dispatches from one of the great battleships which in a few hours was to shatter the power of Holland, and handed them to Charles the Second in his bedchamber, and a couple of years later he was borne from the Quaker Meeting-house to prison, and became the centre of one of the historic trials of English history. He wrote letters to the "unconvinced" under the heading of the "Navy Office," and the only portrait of the Quaker Apostle of Peace is painted in a suit of armour.

It was to his father, directly or indirectly, that William Penn owed his earliest friendships. Because of the Admiral's services to Parliament and the King, his son

was welcomed at Whitehall and at the Vice-regal Court in Dublin. Through his father also he was made free of the circle of old sea-captains, former companions in arms, who were now seated uneasily at the Navy Board, where Pepys noted their foibles and recorded them for posterity. As the experience of managing his father's estates in Ireland prepared him for his great work of colonisation, so, following the rule of paradox which runs through the whole of his career, the colony founded and governed by peace and goodwill had its source in the fortune which his father had won in battle.

His spiritual inheritance, however, was of more value than any tangible gifts. Leaving aside a flawless physical courage, which was no less evident on the platform of a raided meeting-house than the deck of a man-of-war, Penn received from his father most warm affections, a talent for family life, and the desire and ability to make friends and keep them. The Admiral has been commonly regarded, perhaps on the jaundiced authority of Pepys, as an irreligious man—an infidel father, entirely out of sympathy with his Quaker son's ideals. A very slight acquaintance with his letters would be enough to remove this misconception. The religion of Admiral Penn, though it ran on strictly orthodox lines, was a real factor in his conduct. It may not be possible to judge of his piety by the dispatches which he sent home to Cromwell, for he was following the ruling fashion when he couched them in the language of Scripture. But in his private journal a man has no temptation to hypocrisy, and the spirit of the prayer with which he prefaced it before going in pursuit of Prince Rupert breathes through all the entries which follow:

"A Diurnal for my Voyage to the Southward, wherein I humbly implore the Lord for His Direction, protection and preservation: and that I may act nothing but what may tend to His Glory, the good of His People, and the eternal Comfort of my own Soul, when this World shall be no more. In God's Strength, not my own, I humbly desire to proceed."

After the Restoration, when the fear of God was at a discount, his first care was to build a pew in church for the officials of the Navy Office and their families; he was rigid in his refusal to eat flesh in Lent, and Pepys remarked with a twinge of conscience upon his regularity in taking the Holy Communion. Such stereotyped manifestations of piety would seem vain and naught in the eyes of William the Quaker, but father and son met on common ground on the day that, despairing of his own ability to shake his son's resolution, he took him into a private room, and told him he had resolved to pray to God in his presence that he might be turned from his Quakerism. His disinterested love of England—his clean hands in the midst of a bribe-giving and bribe-taking generation—his faultless family life, led at a time when fidelity in marriage had become a laughing-stock—above all, his childlike reliance upon God and trust in His protection—these formed the background of his son's earliest memories, and may well have led him to a conclusion which seemed both extreme and unnecessary in his father's judgment.

In their outward course the lives of father and son show a singular parallel. Each was the favourite child of his father and his mother's devoted son, and received a careful training under his father's direction. Each chose a career which was a source of deep disappointment to his

father, and was forced by conscience to follow it against that father's wishes. The middle period of both lives was crowned with family happiness, and with public success and honour. Each as his strength began to fail was pursued by the envy of friends and the slander of enemies, and laid down his work under the threat of disgrace. Though Admiral Penn died at forty-nine, and his son at seventy-four, both died worn out in the public service, and if they did not close their eyes in disillusion and bitterness, it was because their belief in God had outlived their trust in man.

Down to his old age no personal attack could stir Penn the younger, or ruffle his Quaker suavity as could an attack upon the memory of his father, and a great part of one of his treatises is devoted to its detailed and completely satisfactory vindication. Throughout his chequered life the atmosphere of his father's house, and the early training which that father had provided for him, were working like leaven. Strong as was the influence of Quakerism, for whose sake he was willing to suffer the loss of all he held dear, it was shaped and modified by family tradition and his own enlightened instinct.

William Penn joined the Quaker Society at the period of its history which was least of all inviting to a new convert. Though Cromwell had been unable entirely to shield Fox and his followers from the consequences of their Nonconformity, and at his death left 144 Friends in prison, mainly for their refusal to pay tithes, it was not until the reign of Charles the Second that they felt the full fury of religious persecution. The Clarendon Code, while it drove the bulk of the Dissenting Churches underground, served only to increase the numbers and

close the ranks of the Quaker Society, till their unresisting bravery extorted the admiration of such dissimilar onlookers as Evelyn and Pepys. But while they disputed to the death the laws which forbade them to worship God after their fashion, the laws which forbade them to share in municipal and political life found an echo in their own breasts, and were obeyed without a murmur. During the years of eager propaganda on the one hand, and persecution on the other, their habit of physical non-resistance was the only outward sign of the quietism which lay at the root of their creed. But with the dying down of the first missionary ardour it began to colour not only their religious life, which lost, little by little, its more aggressive features, but their public life also. Before the first generation had passed the Quakers became a close and self-contained body. Their pacifist convictions forbade them to serve the State as soldiers or sailors, while public service on council board or magistrate's bench, which had always been suspect, was now non-existent.

Through the intervention of William Penn's grandfather some hundreds of English slaves at Sallee had been set at liberty, and his father, while still in his twenties, had earned the praise of the *Weekly Intelligencer* for his "wise and friendly" treatment of the slave-dealers at Algiers, which resulted in the release of two English captives. It was impossible for their son and grandson to bound his philanthropy by the narrow circle of Quakerism, or look on unmoved while his country was led in chains by Court favourites and persecuting Churchmen. To borrow his own poignant phrase, his "heart was heavy and his soul unusually sad for the sake of this Nation, the Land of our Nativity."

INTRODUCTION

When, after the discovery of the Popish Plot, a writ was issued for the summoning of a new Parliament, William Penn saw in the coming election an opportunity for regaining her lost liberties. At a time when many of his fellow Quakers did not concern themselves with the affairs of the State so far as to exercise their right of franchise, he brought out a tract entitled *England's Great Interest in the Choice of a New Parliament*—in which he sketched the portrait of an ideal statesman, fitted by clean hands and liberal principles to lead the country back to freedom. Not content with writing, he undertook the practical task of returning such a man to Parliament, in the shape of his old friend, the Republican, Algernon Sidney. When, twice in succession, the election was declared void, he again took up his pen, and with Sidney at his elbow he framed the Constitution of an ideal State, which, alone of all Utopian dreamers, he lived to put into practice.

In another less spectacular, but almost equally important sphere, Penn's convictions ran counter to the prevailing tendencies of Quakerism. Many causes had contributed to the Quaker distrust of scholarship. It arose in the first instance from Fox's youthful failure to find spiritual guidance from the professional order of clergymen. It was fostered by the bitterness of the persecution which his followers met with in the University towns, and perhaps its strongest argument was the patent fact that the Quaker preacher, illiterate as he was for the most part, proved a more successful evangelist than the Churchman who had been nurtured on Greek and Latin.

But when Penn flung himself into the arena of theological conflict, he made no attempt to disguise his wide

learning, nor the classical scholarship which had first shown itself in a Latin elegy on the death of the Duke of Gloucester, which he had written at Oxford. The apologia which he sent from the Tower to Lord Arlington had no trace of Quaker phraseology, and its arguments were drawn from heathen authors and early Fathers whom he had studied at Christchurch and Saumur. A few months later, when he was tried at the Old Bailey, the knowledge of law which he had gleaned during his year at the Inns of Court sufficed to turn his unjust imprisonment into a triumphant vindication of the rights of Englishmen.

While Quakerism was steadily hardening in its sectarian mould, making its friendships and restricting its philanthropies within its own borders, till it had become an offence punishable by excommunication to marry outside the Pale, Penn continued to count his friends amongst the flower of the social and intellectual life of England. It was owing to his wide sympathy and his sense of proportion that Quakerism was for the first time taken seriously at Whitehall, whilst on the Quaker side, during his lifetime at least, lack of learning and isolation from the public life of the nation ceased to be regarded as ends in themselves. If for the century following his death it seemed that the impetus given by him had exhausted itself, his spirit was still working in the Church of his choice. If in the last hundred years the Society of Friends has taken her rightful place as a pioneer of social reform both at home and abroad, it is because in the formative years of her history, William Penn was an Englishman first, and a Quaker afterwards.

THE MAKING OF WILLIAM PENN

CHAPTER I

THE NAVY AND THE CIVIL WAR

WHEN the *Fellowship* man-of-war lay at anchor off Deptford during the month of October 1644, she might have stood for a symbol of the hopes and fears of England. Little more than twelve months earlier she had belonged to His Majesty King Charles the First, one of the few ships left under the command of his Admiral, Sir John Pennington, whose credentials the Parliament, for excellent reasons, refused to acknowledge.[1] One of the most remarkable features of that medley of anomalies, the Civil War, was the fact that the Navy of England took no share in it. On the other hand, the very existence of the Navy was the determining cause of the quarrel between King and people, while the necessity of appointing a new high admiral first revealed the hopelessness of a compromise between them. During the decade in which Charles ruled without a Parliament, the funds which it should have voted to maintain the Navy were supplied by the levying of ship-money, an illegal tax which brought Hampden and his fellow-members into their first collision with arbitrary power. Again in the autumn months of 1641, when the King in dudgeon had retired to Scotland, the long dispute began over the appointment of the commander-in-chief of the Navy, which ended in the acquisition of the Navy

[1] Granville Penn, i, 24 *et seq.*

by Parliament, months before they recognised the necessity of an army to call their own.

The royal nominee, Sir John Pennington, had endeared himself to Charles in the first year of his reign through his compliance with an order which still stank in the nostrils of patriotic Englishmen, when he handed over the *Vanguard* man-of-war, together with six merchant ships, to Richelieu, to help him in the reduction of the Protestants of Rochelle. The Earl of Warwick, who had been appointed in his stead by Parliament, was riding in the Downs with the rest of the Fleet. Seeing himself, as he said, "in a strait" between two masters, he resolved to ignore the King's letter discharging him, and summoned a council of war on shipboard to announce his command. All agreed to serve under him, with the exception of his rear-admiral and four captains, who, however, capitulated after a bloodless siege laid against them by their companions in the Fleet. The letter in which Warwick relates this success to the Parliament, whose very existence depended upon it, is a masterpiece of simple and vivid narrative. Incidentally it is of special interest for its introduction of the names of Sir John Minnes, the Rear-Admiral, and William Batten, the Vice-Admiral, and Surveyor of the Fleet—"a very able and good man." Both are familiar to us in later years as members of the Navy Board to which Pepys was the clerk, and both, shortly after this date till the end of his life, were close friends and intimates of the elder Penn.

A few months later, on the 25th of August 1642, Charles set up his standard at Nottingham, and the gulf was opened between King and people which was not to be closed for eighteen years. From that day it behoved all

Englishmen to choose whom they would serve, and to take up their arms either for divine or human right. There was, however, one exception to this rule: no such burden of choice fell upon the men of the Navy. As Penn's son explained in after years, their "service was wholly foreign to these domestic troubles, and they might truly be said to serve their country." He continued with that love for nautical metaphor which so frequently betrayed his sympathy with his father's profession:

"'Tis true, he was actually engaged both under the Parliament and King, his compass always steering him to eye a national concern and not domestic wars."[1]

While Marston Moor followed Edgehill, and York, Hull, and Bristol knew the terrors of siege and storm, the Navy lay round about, guarding the narrow seas from marauding enemies and the communications of traitors, even in those far-off days proving herself a sure shield to the mother country.

The Earl of Warwick, being now high-admiral under the Parliament, found urgent work to his hand. His first duty was to keep the ring for the combatants—to prevent reinforcement or interference from foreigners who, moved by family feeling for the son-in-law of Henri Quatre, or sympathy with the Roman Catholic Queen and her following, might be tempted to throw their weight into the scale. More threatening than any foreigner was the unhappy sister Ireland, who, like David's own familiar friend, had seized the opportunity of England's distress to lift up her heel against her. For nearly one hundred years she had been straining at the bonds fastened by

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 569.

Elizabeth and tightened by Strafford. In October 1641 she broke into open rebellion. In two black months she had avenged the wrongs of three reigns, and laid up for herself the vengeance of nearly two centuries to come. Four or five thousand Protestants were massacred; an equal, or even larger number, turned out of their homes in the winter weather, perished from hunger and cold.

King and Parliament, differing in all else, were united in the resolve that this insurrection must be put down "with a sharp war." Independent and Presbyterian soldiers were poured into the country, while their officers were chosen from the King's followers, and Roundhead and Cavalier together pursued the common enemy across the Irish bogs. The Irish, meanwhile, who "cared for none of your houses," looked for support from their co-religionists on the Continent, and were attempting to raise a native fleet, without whose help the narrow seas would be impassable, and their ports closed to reinforcements.

In his endeavour to keep open the ports on both sides of the Channel for the shipping and provisioning of the English troops, Warwick had also to reckon with Prince Rupert, who was proving himself a dashing and unscrupulous commander by sea as by land. The capture of the *Fellowship* by Warwick's vice-admiral was only one incident in the routine of police work undertaken by the Irish Fleet of the Parliament, in their efforts to clear the Channel of Rupert's marauding sails.

In August 1643, a date which fell between the death of Hampden at Chalgrove, and of Falkland at Newbury, word was brought to Captain William Smith, of the *Swallow*, that a strange man-of-war was lying at anchor in

Milford Haven.[1] She was of 400 tons' burden and carried 24 guns, and there were on board her in that pleasant summer weather no fewer than four captains, who were employing their leisure in terrorising the country round with reports of the total collapse of the Parliamentary forces. On board her also were rich goods belonging to Bristol merchants, who had stored them in her hold to escape the requisitions of Rupert's cavalry, only to find ship and merchandise traitorously delivered by her owners into the hands of his sea-privateers. She was now on her way to Holland with her booty, much against the will of her own captain and crew, for when Smith appeared in the harbour and summoned her to surrender they gladly delivered her into his hands, together with all her strange captains and stolen treasure. Nor was this the end of the day's successes. For when Prince Rupert heard of the loss of the *Fellowship*, he sent two other ships out of Bristol to rescue her. These also the *Swallow* captured, and brought them all in triumph to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. After which one is glad to learn that Captain Smith received the thanks of Parliament and a gold chain for his services.

Meantime the recruit, whose capture had caused a great stir in naval circles, and an eloquent paragraph in the *Mercurius Civicus*, had been added to the Fleet of the Parliament. With four more guns to her complement, she took her place as the third ship in the Irish squadron. It remained to find her a captain, and there was no post more coveted that summer by the naval officers than her command. The choice fell upon Captain William Penn, a young seaman of twenty-two.

[1] Granville Penn, i, 282 *et seq.*

CHAPTER II

THE TRAINING OF OUR ADMIRAL

AT twenty-two years of age, Captain William Penn was already a seasoned ship-master. The traditions of the service had come down to him from his father, Captain Giles Penn, who, as the younger son of a county family, had turned to the sea for his profession. He had made his home in Bristol, which was then the second seaport in England, and married a girl from the neighbouring county of Somerset, Margaret Gilbert by name. Their eldest boy, George, was brought up as a merchant, and settled in Spain with his Roman Catholic wife. The second son, William, was twenty years younger than George, between whom and himself there seems to have grown up a large family of sisters. He was baptized in the Church of St. Thomas, Bristol, on 23rd April 1621,[1] which was St. George's Day, and the fifth anniversary of the death of Shakespeare.

As though to atone for his elder brother's absence, William was brought up under his father's eye. He accompanied him on his voyages, and was trained by him in all the branches of his profession. Yet if we except the natural reluctance of a father to part with the child of his old age, there was small inducement in the early years of King Charles the First to choose the sea-service as a career.[2]

The great prestige won by Elizabeth's captains had

[1] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 16, p. 340. [2] Trevelyan, p. 182.

altogether faded, and the descendants of Drake and Raleigh looked on unmoved at the ravaging of their merchant ships by Turk and Dunkirk Spaniard. In 1625, the year of Sir John Pennington's shameful betrayal of the Rochelle Protestants, one thousand English seamen were carried into slavery at Algiers, and twenty-seven English ships stolen to swell the Turkish fleet. But indeed the Turkish galleys could have had little terror for Charles the First's seamen. Torn from their homes by the press-gang at every rumour of war, their wages were a matter of grace rather than of right, and were rarely paid. Starved, beaten, and tortured, it is one of the miracles of history that the men of the Navy should still have shown themselves in every emergency to be true sons of England, keeping alive in their hearts a deep love and loyalty to her who had proved herself to them so cruel a step-mother.

While young William Penn was learning the practice of seamanship on his father's ship in the northern seas and in the Mediterranean, he was working hard on the rudiments of his profession—learning the mysteries of calculations, drafts of lands and observations, under his father's professional eye. Perhaps no better training could have been devised for the sailor who was to harry Rupert's pirate ships in the Mediterranean, and win the West Indies for the Commonwealth. His general education meantime was not neglected. His letters which have come down to us are plentifully adorned with Latin quotations ; more than that, they show a real sense of style and of picturesque phrasing, with an echo now and again from some contemporary poem, such as might linger in the memory of a seaman far from his books.

The great disparity in age between the boy and his father would naturally throw him for society into the company of the seamen, and it was most likely during these earliest years that he acquired the gift of recognising the merit and appreciating the qualities of the men under him, which stood him in good stead when it fell to his lot to officer the Duke of York's fleet against the Dutch.

The ports of Northern Africa with which Captain Penn's chief trade was done were the seats of piracy and the nests of slavers. Sallee in particular, which had revolted from its lawful ruler, the Emperor of Morocco, was in the year 1637 holding some hundreds of English men and women as slaves. When this came to Captain Penn's knowledge, he brought their case before the Admiralty, with the result that an English fleet was dispatched which succeeded in liberating them.[1] This act of Good Samaritanship incidentally put an end to his own life as a trader, for at the request of the London merchants, who had learnt to trust both his humanity and his vigilance, he was sent to Sallee to represent their interests as British Consul.[2] His son William, though only seventeen years of age, was qualified by training and experience to succeed his father, and in the following year he took over both ship and trading business.

At this period the line of demarcation between mercantile marine and Royal Navy had worn very faint, and was continually obliterated. It was the custom for merchant ships to be armed with as many as twenty-eight or thirty guns, to protect them from sea-rovers and pirates, and on the outbreak of war they could be incorporated without delay, with their captains, into the regular service.

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, 22, 86, etc. [2] *Ibid.*, 23, 577.

So it happened that when Charles called for officers for the Navy, William Penn, while still in his teens, became a lieutenant, and in 1642, when the Navy passed into the hands of the Parliament, he was already a captain.

No record survives of the name of his first ship, or of his doings in her. The fact that he was chosen in the following year to command the *Fellowship*, of glorious history, is sufficient indication of the character which he had won.

It is not difficult to form a picture of Penn the elder at the time of his first captaincy. The portrait painted by Lely twenty years later, which still hangs in the gallery of Greenwich Hospital, bears a striking resemblance to that of his famous son at the age of twenty-two. If it lacks the brooding earnestness and delicacy of line of the younger face, the general arrangement of the features and the straight ingenuous gaze leave one in no doubt of the relationship between them. Father and son have the same exceptionally large, dark eyes, arched over by high, well-marked brows. The beautifully curved mouth is alike in both portraits, allowing in the elder for the effect of twenty years' fondness for a "seasonable cup of sack," which helped to bring Sir William to the grave at the age of forty-nine. Only in the nose is a great difference seen; for while in both faces it is noticeable and well-proportioned, Penn the Quaker has a nose of classical beauty, while his father's, being more than a little tip-tilted, gives him a look of nautical jollity which is altogether lacking in his son.

Lely's portrait is supplemented by a word-painting in miniature, written at his son's request forty years after his death, by a man who had served under him in the Navy.

"Your late honoured father was fair-haired; of a comely round visage; a mild-spoken man; no scoffer, nor flatterer; easy of access, so as no person went from him discontented."[1]

Added to these personal attractions, young Captain Penn could boast of an honourable ancestry, and forebears who did without doubt come over with the Conqueror.[2] It is recorded that De la Penne, for his services in 1066, was given an estate in Buckinghamshire, which to this day is held by his descendants, though not in the male line. In the reign of Henry VIII the family emerges into two-fold publicity. David Penn, Esq., Lord of the Manor of Penn in Bucks., whose tomb may still be seen in the little flint church at Hampden, married Sybil, the daughter of William Hampden of Kimble, thus uniting two names which, a hundred years later, were to be the most famous in all England in the cause of liberty. This lady was entrusted by the King with the care of his three motherless children, Mary, Elizabeth, and Edward. She seems to have earned the special gratitude of a monarch who was not renowned for that quality, for it was extended not only to herself and her husband in the shape of new lands and manors, but also to their younger son, William, who was a monk in Glastonbury. When the Abbey was razed to the ground, and old Abbot Whiting hung on the hill above the ruins, Brother William Penn was withdrawn by royal patronage from the scene of desolation, and started life anew with the gift of lands in Wiltshire, which had formed part of the domains of Glastonbury Abbey.

[1] Granville Penn, ii, p. 616.

[2] "The Penns of Penn," article in *Lippincott's Magazine* (Friends' Library, 092, 9 Pen).

Seeing himself master of so fair a home, and forbidden by the strange new laws to call himself a monk, William took to himself a wife, and became the ancestor of the younger branch of the Penns. Thus, more than one hundred years before Admiral Penn became Sir William on the deck of the *Royal Charles* off Scheveningen, another William Penn, his great-great-grandfather, had had tangible proof of the friendship and gratitude of kings.

Captain Giles, of Sallee, was the younger son of William Penn of yet another generation, who was Lord of the Manor of Penn Lodge, and of Minety in the county of Gloucester.

Between Captain William Penn and his mother, Margaret, there seems to have existed a peculiar understanding and sympathy, which was found again twenty years later between his wife and his son William. He left directions in his will that he should be buried "as near unto the body of my dear Mother deceased as the same conveniently may be," and not content with this written injunction, almost the last words which he spoke to his son were, "Bury me by my Mother." But now that he was captain of a most gallant ship, and in fair hopes of further promotion, his thoughts had begun to turn to a home of his own.

His bride was a young widow, who, like his mother and grandmother, bore the name Margaret, a name which in course of time was handed on to their only daughter. Strangely enough, her family, and even her nationality, are to this day a matter of conflicting evidence, and cannot be set forth with certainty. Margaret Van der Schuren, the daughter of John Jasper, and mother of William Penn, has gone down to posterity as a "Dutchwoman" on the

word of Pepys the diarist. Her descendant, Granville Penn, in writing the life of the Admiral, speaks of "his early alliance by marriage with a Dutch lady of Rotterdam." But search in the Rotterdam records of the first half of the seventeenth century has revealed the name of no family of the name of Jasper. On the other hand, there is evidence that, previously to the Rebellion of 1641, a certain John Jasper was living with his wife and family at Ballycase in County Clare. Ten years after his marriage, Captain Penn, then Admiral, petitioned Parliament for the restitution of his wife's estates in County Clare, which she had lost on her flight to England during the "late horrid Rebellion." She had been at that time the wife of Nicasius Vanderschuren, a wealthy Dutchman, living at Kilconry, in the parish of Kilrush, County Clare, and this first marriage of his mother seems to be the fact responsible for the legend that the Founder of Pennsylvania was "half a Dutchman."[1]

When the family fled to England to escape the massacre of the Protestants, Margaret Vanderschuren seems to have been already a widow. She made her home with her father in London, and one suspects, from the rarity of the name, that John Baptist Jasper, of the Strand, who from 1649 to 1653 was an extensive purchaser of pictures at the sales of his late Majesty's goods, was William Penn's grandfather.[2]

Margaret was married to Captain Penn on 6th January 1644 (new style), in the church of St. Martin's, Ludgate. The marriage naturally opened the circle of navymen to her family. One of her sisters married a shipwright in

[1] *Journal of the Friends' Historical Society*, v, p. 118 (note by A. C. Myers).
[2] *Cal. S. P.*, 47, 24.

Holborn, and another, Anne, became the wife of Captain William Crispin, a comrade-at-arms of her husband.[1] A certain Jasper, who may have been their brother, was known to Pepys as a member of the household of Admiral Montague, Earl of Sandwich.[2]

In any study of the family life of the Penns, one is bewildered by the multitude of "cozens"—no doubt of every degree of propinquity—who were helped to employment or made welcome at the table of both father and son. Many years later, when William Penn, the Quaker, came to write directions for his own children, he laid stress on the lack of affection, which, said he, "is the great fault in families at this day," and the advice which follows was drawn from the traditions of his boyhood's home, and that of his own father:

"Be natural: love one another. Live as near as you can: visit often: correspond oftener: and communicate with kind hearts to one another."[3]

Added to this family loyalty, both father and son showed a tenacity of friendship which was almost unknown in their day. King Charles's abandonment of the Earl of Strafford was only typical of the universal betrayal of private affection, before the hope of advancement or the threat of public danger. But at the end of his life Admiral Penn was living in warm intimacy with the friends whom he had made at the age of twenty-two, and could rely upon them to befriend the son who had been born in the first months of their acquaintance.

His wedding was a very serious occasion to the young

[1] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 22, p. 43. [2] *Pepys*, pp. 16, 18.
[3] "Advice to his Children," *Works*, i, 896.

captain, and the anniversary was kept ever after as a solemn feast day. Even when his wife was absent from home, he celebrated the 6th of January by a great dinner, to which he summoned his lifelong friend, Sir William Batten, with other sea-going comrades of his early service. It was fitly marked, for the date fell upon Twelfth Night, with a mince-pie for every year of married life.[1]

At first the young couple took simple lodgings, one room above another on Tower Hill, which was then, and still is, the haunt of sea-going men. Near by lived Mr. Turner, clerk to the Navy Commissioners, with his lady, who, from her assured position as wife to a Government servant, was much disposed to patronise them. She found the bride sadly in need of the coaching which she as a lady of fashion was qualified to give her. Margaret Penn had brought from her Irish home a typically gay and generous spirit, together with a happy-go-lucky method of house-keeping which, twenty years later, was still to offend the careful Pepys. She had also a sad disregard for modish conventions, even, as Mrs. Turner whispered in later days, to the extent of allowing her stockings to hang about her heels—a piece of carelessness only tolerable in the bogs of Clare. Captain and Mrs. Penn were made free of the Turners' house, where they had the opportunity of studying the art of cooking and serving meals, more frequently, so said their quondam hostess, than in their own home. Furthermore, she introduced her protégée to Lady Vane, wife of the famous Sir Harry, who was then a leading member of the committee for the affairs of the Navy, and might prove a useful friend to the captain. In the end, she was so

[1] *Pepys*, p. 118.

successful in her self-imposed task, that she had the reward of hearing from "the people of the whole hill, that Mrs. Turner had made Mrs. Penn a gentlewoman."—All this, and much more, she poured into the ears of the eager Pepys, one May evening, as they sat up late together, "talking alone of our neighbours."[1]

Certain it is that Captain Penn and his bride were very poor. They had hoped at first to recover some portion of her estates abandoned on her flight from Ireland.[2] Moreover, £1000 was owing to her in Limerick, which might yet be paid, if the debtors proved honest. The young couple sent over an agent to try what could be done to retrieve the losses, and for a while they were buoyed up with the hope of future affluence. The estates, as meticulously reckoned by the captain, were worth £7436, 19s. 6d., so that, with the amount of the debts, if they proved recoverable, Madam Penn would be mistress of a large fortune. Unfortunately, the report of their agent, after his arrival in Ireland, grew less and less favourable. Margaret had left one of her estates in trust to Thurlough Oge Macmahon, of Glenaught, County Clare, apparently the best arrangement she could make in the emergency. The result was such as might have been expected during an Irish rising, from a gentleman of his name and title. "He got thereby," says Penn, "a large estate to himself, paying her nothing; but becoming a rebel and flying into Spain, his estate was confiscated." The other estate fared neither better nor worse, being left a prey to the rebels, and as to the debts in Limerick, the agent reported that "not a penny was recoverable, the debtors having forfeited all for rebellion." His employers

[1] *Pepys*, p. 499. [2] *Cal. S. P.*, 42, 351.

were only the poorer for his exertions, which had not brought in enough money to pay his expenses. After this warning, Penn seems to have thought it wiser to let the matter rest until ten years later, when Cromwell's subjugation of Ireland and his own important position in the Navy gave him new hopes of redress, which were amply justified.

Meantime, he and his bride must subsist on the earnings of a captain, which were poor enough, and had been paid under Charles with painful irregularity. They were even yet contingent upon prize-money, much as the income of a hotel waiter is acknowledged to hang upon tips. Indeed, his prospect of making a living seemed so doubtful to his father that when he wrote to him from Sallee upon his marriage, he urged him to withdraw after this short trial from the Royal Navy, and "make a mercantile voyage for the improvement of his fortune." The passage quoted in his biography from his reply is typical of the man:

"Nor do I serve the State in hope of gain; gold to me, in this, is dirt: 'tis the goodness of the cause that hath only put me on, and nothing whatsoever shall take me off from the service I have so cordially undertaken and shall be so prodigal of my blood, that I shall think it well, very well spent, and life to boot, for the maintenance of so good, so just, so pious a quarrel. And if ever God send peace, an honourable peace, peace and truth on this our nation, I may then, if I continue the sea, think of a Levant voyage: till then, though I spend more than I get (which is true enough) I am so resolved, and God so prosper my designs."[1]

It is interesting to find that family history so far

[1] Granville Penn, i, 93.

repeated itself, that twenty-three years before his son became a Quaker, Captain William Penn disappointed his own father in choosing a career which was to bring lasting honour to his country, and an imperishable name.

CHAPTER III

WITH THE IRISH FLEET

THE young couple had an early taste of that separation which was to be the chief ingredient of their married life when Captain Penn was called up at the end of April to take command of his ship. No record survives of his first voyage in the *Fellowship :* only a pathetic appeal preserved amongst the State Papers throws light upon his duties, which consisted mainly in the searching of ships and the seizing of stores or ammunition about to be conveyed to the King through the west coast ports. Bristol, in particular, on account of its strategic position, was narrowly watched and eagerly contended for by both parties, as Henry Gough, factor in Marseilles, found to his cost. The ship in which he had been about to land a consignment of merchandise having been surprised by Captain Penn, and all his goods confiscated, he begs that they may be restored to him—he having been always " well-affected " to the Parliament.[1]

The police work, of which this is a sample, entailed the minimum of excitement and danger, and, as we know from his letters, was most irksome to the young captain. But events were moving rapidly on the other side of the Channel, and were soon to summon him to a stage which would be more in harmony with his active and intrepid nature.

The fortunes of the Penn family from first to last were

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, 31, 209.

intimately bound up with Ireland. Captain Penn had married an Irishwoman. It was off the Irish coast that he won his first laurels, and gained the confidence of the Protector. To Ireland the family retired under the shadow of public disgrace and failure, and from the Irish estates William Penn drew his means of support when he in his turn was tasting poverty and defeat. It was in Ireland that the message of Quakerism first came to the boy's ears, as ten years later in Ireland he surrendered himself to that message and suffered in an Irish jail his first imprisonment for conscience' sake.

From the day of his appointment to guard duty on the coast of Ireland, the history of Captain Penn is intertwined with that of the three loyalist leaders. He enjoyed the intimate friendship of the Marquis of Ormonde, one of the most loved and trusted courtiers of Charles the First and Charles the Second, and became the chosen comrade of Lord Broghill, the adviser of Cromwell, and ornament of the Restoration Court. Their friendship lasted through the upheavals of the next twenty years, and was passed on unimpaired to the second generation. Such a fact is eloquent of Captain Penn's social no less than of his intellectual gifts, and should dispose of the gibe of his enemies that "he was bred a common seaman."

James Butler, Marquis of Ormonde, began his career in Ireland as the friend and confidential adviser of the Earl of Strafford. In 1641 he was made lord lieutenant in the place of his ill-starred leader, and became the chief instrument in the hands of Charles for suppressing the Irish Rebellion. Shortly before Penn's arrival, it had become imperative to patch up a treaty with the rebels, since the limit had been reached of pillaging the loyalist

inhabitants to maintain the English Army. Ormonde was now engaged in shipping home the greater part of the troops, only retaining sufficient force for the defence of the various garrisons.

Murrough O'Brien, sixth Baron Inchiquin, and Lord President of Munster, was a man of very different stamp. Although he was of the ancient stock of the natives of Ireland, he began his career as warm an advocate of King Charles as any squire in England. He took a prominent part in suppressing the Rebellion, and sent over a large body of troops to swell the Royalist Army. Disappointed, however, of the recognition which he had expected for his loyalty, he offered his services and his men to the Parliament, and for four years was a faithful helper to his new masters, receiving from them the honour of the Lord Presidency of Munster, which he had asked in vain of Charles.

Closely connected with him in this service was Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, who is one of the most fascinating of the minor figures of the century. The son of the great Earl of Cork and brother of Robert Boyle, the natural philosopher, he was a man of intellect and versatility. Like Algernon Sidney, he saw beyond the prejudices of his caste and upbringing, and even in the heat of conflict he recognised in the Protector the one clear leader out of his country's perplexities. In 1644 he was Vice-President of Munster for the Parliament, and Governor of Youghal. He had been born at Lismore in 1621, and was therefore of the same age as Captain Penn, who arrived in the autumn of 1644 to help him in his task of making the south of Ireland safe for the Protestants.

On the 6th of August of that year, word had been

brought to the committee of both kingdoms, then sitting at Derby House, that the peace engineered in Ireland by Lord Ormonde had been broken by his lieutenants, Inchiquin and Broghill. With the Protestants of Munster at their back they had

"declared against the peace and cessation of arms in Ireland, and intended upon Friday was sennight to expel the Popish party out of Youghal, Cork, Kinsale, and Bandonbridge."[1]

In these same weeks the Earl of Warwick was urging the committee to send money and provisions to the Irish Fleet, and dispatched Captain Penn to London, "to attend their pleasures relative to the prisoners."[2]

This would be a welcome service for Captain Penn, for his young wife, alone in the Tower Hill lodgings, was looking that autumn for the birth of her first child. Their son was born on the 14th of October 1644, and was baptized by his father's name in the Church of All-Hallows, Barking, in Tower Street, close to their own home.

The *Fellowship* had weighed anchor at Deptford on 12th October, two days before the child's birth, but as the voyage was not continued till a fortnight later, one may suppose that by a special act of grace, due, it may be, to the friendship of Sir Harry Vane, her captain had been allowed to return to his little family. When at last she sailed, she was commissioned to take Lord Broghill on board at Spithead and land him at Kinsale—an order which dates the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

Meanwhile, Margaret Penn remained in London with her little son, and for two years had no intercourse with

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, 31, 406. [2] *Ibid.*, 31, 380.

her husband, save for letters carried at long intervals by the kindly wives of admirals or fellow-captains. Success and honour came thick upon him, yet he would be unable to hide from his wife the daily dangers to which he was exposed both on land and water. Working from the sea, in conjunction with Lord Inchiquin, the commander of the Protestant forces in Munster, he relieved the town of Youghal, of which Broghill was Governor, and after the siege had been raised, he was employed in procuring money and food from England for the starving inhabitants. His letters to Inchiquin show with what goodwill he undertook this duty—" my heart, the centre of my body, never resting till it accomplish its desire to do you service " —and again—" I hope, my ever to be honoured Lord, to see the bellies of those poor souls well lined : I could wish I might see their backs as well clad, but *ultra posse non est esse ;* I cannot hammer out a supply of clothing, yet I will expedite some lines to England for that purpose."

In 1645, being twenty-four years of age, he was made temporary vice-admiral, but the honour was accompanied by the commission to resume his hated guard duty in Milford Haven, " much abhorring such, in my esteem, an inefficient life. I not being inbred to lie in harbour." It was eighteen months before he was released and allowed to return to Ireland. In January 1646 he took up his quarters at Bonratty, a castle on the coast of County Clare, which was threatened by the rebels. After a brave defence, however, the castle proved untenable, and had to be surrendered by her military garrison, much to Penn's disgust, who found the terms " far beneath the honour of a soldier." He himself was commended by the committee of the Admiralty for the courage and fidelity with which

he had served the Parliament, and he was promoted to the command of the *Assurance* frigate, newly launched at Deptford.

Meanwhile, affairs in England were working to a crisis. Through the summer months of 1647 Cromwell and Ireton were negotiating with King Charles, and had not yet abandoned hope of reseating him upon a democratic throne. Their settlement was defeated before it could be tried—on the one hand by the King's treachery, and on the other by the refusal of the Army, under Lilburn, to be a party to any conciliatory measures.

By the month of November 1647, the King had withdrawn himself from his *quasi* imprisonment at Hampton Court, and notice was sent by Parliament to all coast captains, warning them to search outgoing ships for the absconding Majesty. This was the touchstone for dormant loyalty. One-fourth of the fighting Navy declared for King Charles, and under the leadership of Penn's friend and admiral, William Batten, offered themselves and their ships to the prince, his son. Young Charles knighted the admiral, but declined his offer, lacking funds to support a Navy, no less than a base where it could ride. The eleven unhappy ships were now faced with the alternative of surrender or a life of piracy. Driven by hunger, they placed themselves under the relentless leadership of Prince Rupert, and became the hare for every hound of the Navy which they had deserted. Sharing the fate of the *Flying Dutchman*, they were chased in and out of the ports of Ireland, round the coast of Portugal, and through the Mediterranean, with Penn or Blake at their heels, till the last ship was flung a wreck upon the far Atlantic shore. Admiral Batten, however,

had anchored in a quiet harbour. He had refused to lead his truant ships in an attack upon their old comrades, and retired to his home in Essex, unhindered by the Protector, and without other punishment for his lapse from duty than the loss of occupation.

There were three courses possible for the Irish loyalist confronted with this crisis. Lord Broghill alone chose country before monarchy, and continued to serve the Parliament as Vice-President of Munster, as he had served the King. Lord Ormonde, on the other hand, attempted to rally all Ireland to avenge his royal master, and seemed to have succeeded in the impossible task till Cromwell's landing broke up the unnatural partnership. He was the Barzillai of Dryden's *Absolom and Achitophel.*

> "Unfortunately brave to buoy the State :
> But sinking underneath his Master's fate,
> In exile with his Godlike Prince he mourned."

In company with Lord Inchiquin, who had himself reverted to his old loyalties under the shock of King Charles's imprisonment, he fled to the King over the Water, leaving his unhappy country to the curse, and the settlement, of Cromwell.

On the 14th of April 1648 orders were sent to Ireland from the committee of the Admiralty, that "Captain Penn be forthwith apprehended, and brought up in safe custody." The reason of this arrest is not known, though the guess has been hazarded that it was due to his intimacy with the revolted Inchiquin. Suspicion on that score would, however, be neutralised by his equal friendship with Broghill, who remained at his post. It is possible that in some unguarded words he had shown his agree-

ment with the general disaffection of the Navy, who were being punished for their royalist sympathies by the appointment of land generals over the heads of their trusted commanders. Whatever his offence, his imprisonment barely lasted a month, and in May he was again posted as Rear-Admiral of Ireland.

The arrest of her husband was not the only private trouble which came to Margaret Penn in that fateful year of 1648. To fear for her husband's liberty and for his future employment was added anxiety for the life of their three-year-old son, who was lying dangerously ill of smallpox. No mention is made of this illness by Penn himself, or by any of his biographers : only from a casual remark made by George Fox in a letter we know that it cost him his hair, and that all through his boyhood, until he left college, he was obliged to wear a wig.[1] The illness, however, had one excellent result, in persuading his parents to remove from the city, which was even in normal years the breeding-ground for plague and contagion of all kinds.

Admiral, now Sir William Batten, had a house in a large garden at Walthamstow, and to this, after his refusal to lead the revolted ships against the Earl of Warwick, he had been allowed to retire without molestation. It was natural that Captain Penn's thoughts should turn to this friend, whom he delighted to call " Most honoured Sir and loving Master," and who, with his wife, had already shown him great kindness. The little household removed into his neighbourhood—to the village of Chigwell, on the borders of Hainault Forest, in what was then the pleasant country between Wanstead and Walthamstow.

[1] *J.F.H.S.*, vi, 187, " George Fox to Henry Sidon."

CHAPTER IV

THE VILLAGE OF ARCHBISHOP HARSNETT

VICE-ADMIRAL Penn had removed his household to Chigwell for the benefit of the country air and of the neighbourhood of Sir William Batten. But as his little son grew up, another advantage made itself felt. Chigwell, though only a small village, was famous for its Grammar School, which had been founded twenty years before the arrival of the Penns.

Amongst other less desirable imports from Scotland, James the First had brought with him a reverence for popular education. His accession was the signal for a great increase in the founding of schools. In the first fifty years of the seventeenth century, four times as many grammar schools were founded as in the preceding hundred of Tudor rule. The ten years of William Penn's life as a schoolboy, from 1650 to 1660, fell in the golden period of education. Not only were the schools and their masters enriched from time to time by donations from confiscated Church lands, but Treasury grants were frequently made in their favour.[1]

Chigwell Grammar School owed its existence and maintenance to the wealth of the Church of England, but it had been built and endowed as a free gift and labour of love. At the opening of the seventeenth century, the Vicar of Chigwell was an Essex man, a native of Colchester,

[1] Trevelyan, p. 317.

Grammar School, Chigwell, Essex

where for eighteen months he had held the post of head master of the Grammar School. When, by a series of rapid promotions, he was raised in the early years of Charles the First from the vicarage of Chigwell to the Archbishopric of York, he built and endowed a grammar school in the village, "my mite," as he put it, "of thankfulness to God, who, from a poor Vicar of this Parish, hath called me to my so high a dignity in His Church."[1] The quiet words of the dedication which follows strike oddly upon the ear—written, as they seem to be, from some scholarly oasis in the wilderness of strife. In that year of 1629, England was still composing songs of rejoicing over the murder of Buckingham, and the King in anger was dismissing the last Parliament on which he was ever to impose his commands. Before Chigwell's first scholars had reached man's estate, they would be called upon to make their choice between liberty and loyalty, and to take up arms for the side which they approved.

"I publish to all men the true intentions of my heart, that I more affectionately desire that the poor scholars of my schools be nurtured and disciplined in good manners than instructed in good arts; and therefore I charge my school-masters respectively as they will answer it to God and good men, that they bring up their scholars in the fear of God and reverence toward all men; and that they teach them obedience to their parents, observance to their betters, gentleness and ingenuity in all their carriages: and above all that they chastise them severely for three vices—lying, swearing, and filthy speaking: that men seeing the buds of virtue in their youth may be stirred up

[1] *Victoria History of the Counties of England*, vol. ii, p. 544.

to bless them, and to praise God for their pious education."[1]

When William Penn, in later years, wrote directions to his wife for the care of his own children, he advised her "rather to keep an ingenious person in the house to teach them, than to send them to schools, too many evil impressions being commonly received there."[2] If this was a conclusion drawn from his own experience, the fault did not lie with Archbishop Harsnett's provisions, but rather with the fallibility of the masters who enforced them. Penn's detailed recommendations for his children's education bear a strong likeness to those by which his own schooldays were ordered.

Chigwell School was to be ruled in a spirit of gentleness and humanity, which for centuries to come was without a parallel in English public schools, and perhaps the fact that the head master was generally the vicar of the parish would ensure the fulfilment of the founder's desire for "instruction in the Christian religion rather than the seasoning them with learning." Twice at least, in a crisis of his life, we find William Penn recurring word for word to these instructions of his boyhood. When as a young man of twenty-six he was about to be cast into Newgate for his adherence to the Quakers, and the magistrate, not content with this punishment, taunted him that he "had been as bad as other folks."

"I make this bold challenge," he exclaimed, "to all men, women, and children upon earth, justly to accuse me of ever having seen me drunk, heard me swear, utter a curse, or speak one obscene word (much less that I ever made it my practice). I speak this to God's glory, that has

[1] Wright's *History of Essex*, vol. ii, 385. [2] Janney, p. 199.

ever preserved me from the power of these pollutions, and that from a child begat a hatred in me towards them."[1] When he came to draw up the Frame of Laws for Pennsylvania, "All offences against God, such as swearing, cursing, lying, profane talking, and drunkenness," were marked down for severe punishment.[2]

Equally important for its influence upon the future legislator was the provision for the education of twelve poor boys, natives of the parish, who were in all things to share the instruction and the privileges of their well-born classmates. This mingling of castes must have produced an atmosphere similar to that of the Scottish schools and universities of our own day, and would go far to account for the instinctively democratic basis of Penn's Frame of Government.

For the rest, the curriculum of Chigwell Grammar School was typical of the times. Two "fair and large" buildings lodged the English and Latin schools, which were taught by two masters, whose qualifications were most carefully stipulated. The Latin schoolmaster must be "a graduate of one of the universities, not under twenty-seven years of age, a man skilful in the Greek and Latin tongues—a good poet—of a sound religion, neither Papist nor Puritan—of a grave behaviour—of a sober and honest conversation—no tippler nor haunter of alehouses —no puffer of tobacco—above all, that he be apt to teach and severe in his government." (In this connection it is interesting to recall Penn's hatred of tobacco smoke, and the annoyance which he suffered from it in its native haunts of America.)

From the English master, who must be similarly

[1] Janney, p. 91. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 190.

endowed and qualified, the boys were to learn to write "fair secretary and Roman hands, and the faculty of cyphering and casting of accounts." They were to be "trained up in the vulgar grammar, commonly called Lilly's Grammar, and no other, and for the Greek tongue, in Cleonard's Grammar: while for phrase and style the master is to infuse no other into them save Tully and Terence." Then follows an injunction which sounds oddly in the mouth of Shakespeare's contemporary: "For poets, he is to read the ancient Greek and Latin poets—no novelties nor conceited modern writers."[1]

One cannot help regretting that this proviso should be so faithfully reflected in Penn's treatises and epistles. For while, in the manner of his later master, Moïse Amyraut, page after page is studded with quotations from Greek and Latin authors, the wealth of his native literature seems to have been to him literally a closed book. Only two exceptions can be discovered to this rule, both in the shape of quotations from Chaucer—a lapse which one may perhaps trace to the influence of Sir John Minnes, his father's former comrade in the Navy and present colleague upon the Navy Board. Pepys has a pleasant picture of an evening spent at Sir William's Penn's house, together with the two old sailors, Batten and Minnes. "So we sat talking. Among other things, Sir J. Minnes brought many fine expressions of Chaucer, which he doats on

[1] This was ungrateful of the archbishop, seeing that he is kept alive for posterity outside Chigwell Parish, by the quotations from his writings borrowed by Shakespeare and Milton. The catalogue of hobgoblins recited by Edgar in *King Lear* is taken bodily from Harsnett's *Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures, under the Pretence of casting out Devils*, which was published in 1603, while Milton's description of the "grudging goblin" in *L'Allegro*, comes from the same source.

mightily," and without doubt, adds Pepys, " he is a very fine poet."[1] Penn's approval, however, was not so wholehearted, and seemed to himself to require an apology—" Honest Chaucer," he dubs him, " whose matter and not his poetry, heartily affects me."[2]

Perhaps after ten hours of schooling only a very strong boy could enjoy the short evening of daylight which he could call his own. In winter, however, work was curtailed by an hour, both morning and evening. Twice a week also, on Thursdays and Saturdays throughout the year, an hour was allowed for play, and short holidays were granted three times a year, at Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas—a humane provision which was nearly two centuries in advance of the times. During these holidays the little boy would find the county of Essex a pleasant place to live in.

For many years he seems to have been the only child in the family, and during the father's long absences a close bond was formed between mother and son, which was to stand the severe test of later years. It is fairly certain that his cousins, the Jaspers, grew up at Chigwell and were his companions, for the name may be read on an old tombstone in the churchyard, and still flourishes in the village. In Chigwell Street stood a large brick house, which was the family mansion of Alderman Penington,[3] till it was forfeited with the rest of his property at the Restoration. One wonders whether William Penn ever saw his future wife in those early days, when Guli Springett, a dainty and fascinating little maiden of his

[1] *Pepys*, 14th June 1662.
[2] " Liberty of Conscience," *Works*, p. 460.
[3] Wright's *History of Essex*, ii, p. 385.

own age, was brought from London to visit her step-father's relations.

Five miles away, at Walthamstow, lay the house and grounds of his father's old friend, Admiral Batten, with its beautiful garden and the wonder of its vineries, from which real wine was made, to be handed round on special occasions.[1] When one tired of the admiral's tales of the King's Navy, there was the family of daughters to play with, and one day the excitement of the marriage of the eldest to her sea-going bridegroom, Captain Arthur Brown, of the *Rosebush*. Round the corner from Mrs. Brown's cottage was the shop of Mrs. Shipman, "the great butter woman," where you could drink the richest cream the heart of boy could desire.[2]

Chigwell itself is a long, low village, of a dozen houses, sloping up the hill from the church and the Grammar School. Opposite the church stands the King's Head Inn, with its portrait of Charles the First still swinging on the signboard. So William Penn must have seen it daily as he crossed the road to school, though he knew it no doubt by a name less tragically topical, and more in keeping with a Republican Government.

It would be impossible for any Chigwell boy to forget the fatherly care of Archbishop Harsnett, who had so great a love for the village where he had been eight years vicar, that he seems to have wished to be identified with the life of its inhabitants, young and old, for all time. In the church, with its slender belfry of chestnut wood, is the life-size brass of the Archbishop, a thin, benevolent, bearded figure, with its Latin inscription recording a

[1] *Pepys*, 17th July 1667, p. 528.
[2] *Ibid.*, 29th May 1661, p. 90.

crescendo of preferments, and a corresponding diminuendo of worthiness till it takes leave of him as the *indignissimus* Archbishop of York. The bell which summoned the boys to school at six o'clock on summer mornings was provided for in his will, and twenty shillings paid annually to the clerk who pulled the rope in the church belfry. Every Sunday morning with two exceptions, four shillings worth of " good wholesome wheaten bread " was to be distributed after service amongst the poor of the congregation, in addition to regular gifts of money shared by the old people in the Almshouses. He left a sum for the needful reparations of the school buildings, and for the maintenance of the footpath which led five miles through the woods on the way to London. He requested that the Bishops of London should be regular visitors at Chigwell School. Perhaps it is small wonder that throughout Penn's life he should have cherished a respect and affection for the Bishops of the Church of England which was very rare amongst the Nonconformists of his day, and unknown amongst the Quakers.

Chigwell was only eleven miles from London, and from the high ground at the back of the Grammar School, one could watch the sun set over Highgate. It was not so far away but that when company was expected the servant could be dispatched to the pie-shop in Fetter Lane, and bring home on his crupper a venison pasty hot for the table.[1] Yet all around lay the great forests, which the hand of man had never planted, and was only then beginning to clear—Hainault Forest, whose very name went back to Norman times—and Epping—and the woods at Waltham, where the King and Parliament hewed

[1] *Pepys*, 1st August 1661, p. 98.

the timber for their dockyards, and the boy could climb trees destined to make the wooden walls of his father's fleet. In the village itself stood an outpost of the forest—the giant Fairlop Oak, 48 feet in circumference at the ground, and shading an area of 300 feet with its branches.

Further afield was Salcot or Saltcot, the home of the salt industry, which spread over almost the whole of Essex. One of the county's forty saltpans was to be found close at home at Wanstead, and must have been a haunt of inquiring schoolboys. Essex in those days was noted for its sports, particularly foot-racing, which, before the ascendancy of cricket and football, was the chief recreation of country boys.[1] No doubt it was in competition with other Chigwell youngsters that Penn acquired that agility and fleetness of foot with which he amazed the Indians at the close of their preliminary interview, and by his prowess did more to open their hearts than could have been accomplished by hours of solemn parley.[2] Here and there in his writings a chance phrase reveals the athlete, as when he advises his children to cultivate diligence, which can supply "want of parts."

"Though that has the Heels, this has the Wind, and often wins the Prize."[3]

Such was the green corner of England where William Penn grew from childhood to boyhood, nourished in body and mind by the best his country could give. And only eleven miles away, Oliver Cromwell was fighting

[1] *Victoria History of the Counties of England*, ii, 544.
[2] Janney, p. 209.
[3] "Advice to his Children," *Works*, i, p. 896.

with his back to the wall for the life of the Empire: threatened by private assassins and public plotters, by the revolt of Scotland and Ireland and half the colonies across the seas, and by the hostility of the whole Continent of Europe.

CHAPTER V

"VINDICATION" OF ADMIRAL PENN

WRITING to his father in his early twenties, on the eve of a naval battle, William Penn made use of the following words:

"As I never knew what a father was till I had wisdom enough to prize him, so I can safely say that now of all times, your concerns are most dear to me. It's hard, meantime, to lose both a father and a friend."[1]

It is not difficult to trace the growth of this tender relationship throughout the ten years of the boy's life at Chigwell —a quiet life of development, physical and mental, punctuated at long intervals by the arrival of his father's letters, still reeking with the smoke of battle, or by the wild joy of his father's return. Each of these home-comings can be reconstructed with certainty from such records as we possess, and from their peculiar circumstances must have left an indelible mark on the boy's mind.

In the autumn of 1650 Penn was relieved of his guard duty in Irish waters, and dispatched as vice-admiral under Blake to hunt Prince Rupert in the Mediterranean. For fourteen months he was pitting his skill and swiftness against that elusive commander, while accounts of his cruelties reached him daily from friendly ships, or from the ports where he called to re-victual. It was with the

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 317.

utmost reluctance that he at last turned his fleet homeward, without having succeeded in forcing the enemy to a trial of strength, but bringing with him a large convoy of prize-ships won from the French, the Dutch, and the Genoese. To the end of his life Admiral Penn's son remembered the sight of these prizes as they lay in the river, and the five great chests full of silver and gold which were stored in the hold. He never forgot how his mother begged for only one of the curious foreign coins, offering its equivalent in English money from her own purse, and how the captains who had served under his father pleaded with him that some part at least of the treasure might be divided amongst them as prize-money; yet nothing could shake the admiral's resolve to deliver it intact to the Government.[1]

He sailed home from Gibraltar early in March 1652, and on Thursday, the 25th, he anchored off Spithead. Here they waited four days for a favouring wind. On the 29th the morning dawned, which as "Black Monday" has impressed its name for all time upon the English calendar. It was, to quote Carlyle, the

"fearfulest eclipse of the Sun ever seen by mankind. Came on about nine in the morning; darker and darker: ploughmen unyoked their teams, stars came out, birds sorrowfully chirping took to roost, men in amazement to prayers: a day of much obscurity; Black Monday, or Mirk Monday, 29th March 1652."[2]

We can picture how the light faded out from the great casement windows of the Chigwell classroom, and how

[1] "Vindication of his Deceased Father," quoted in Granville Penn, ii, 493.

[2] Carlyle, iii, 179.

the candles, suddenly called for, scarcely lighted up the astonished faces of master and scholars. How after the hush of the collect—"Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord"—the boys were released, to stumble home through the blackness at midday. And how William Penn would divine the consternation in his mother's voice as she spoke of his father's peril, and knew by the report of the ships which he had sent home before him that somewhere on the English coast he was groping that day for a harbour. He had, in fact, weighed anchor early that morning from Spithead, with a favouring wind, but encountering as he thought a very thick fog, he parted perforce with all his companions but one small vessel. Not until the 1st of April did they all anchor safely in the Downs, having lost none of their men-of-war or prize-ships. Here they were met by Admiral Blake, and the generals of sea and land came together in that association which was to break the power of Holland, and establish England's maritime supremacy for the lifetime of the Protectorate.

The months of Penn's absence in the Mediterranean had seen the gathering to a head of our quarrel with the Dutch. A series of small slights on their side had been met on ours by the Navigation Act of October 1651. This was a staggering blow to the carrying trade of Holland, and resulted, after nine months of fruitless negotiation, in the Declaration of War, on 9th July of the following year.[1] During that spring, while peace and war still hung in the balance, Penn was riding in the Downs, investigating, at Cromwell's command, the record and qualifications of the officers of the Fleet, and

[1] Carlyle, iii, 180.

making reports to the Commissioner for Intelligence, who was Captain George Bishop, of Bristol, his "honoured countryman." This home-coming marked the period of the peculiar intimacy between mother and son in the house at Chigwell. At the end of the year a sister was born, and christened Margaret, after her mother and grandmother. She grew up to be the Pegg Pen well known to readers of *Pepys' Diary*.

In almost all the nine pitched battles which followed the Declaration of War, Penn was present as Vice-Admiral of the Fleet. Every day throughout the thirteen months of war, when the wind sat in that quarter, the heavy poundings of the guns was carried over the sea as far as Walthamstow and Chigwell. At last, on the 1st of August 1653, came letters from General Monk to Cromwell, reporting the great fight at the mouth of the Texel, with the destruction of thirty or forty of the Dutch men-of-war, the loss of 4000 Dutch sailors, and the death of Van Tromp.

A Day of Thanksgiving was set apart by Parliament to celebrate the victory—a proud day for William Penn and his mother, and indeed for the whole village. A Thanksgiving Service was ordered to be held in every church in England, and an account of the battle read from every pulpit [1]—an excellent method of disseminating news which was not unknown in country districts in the last Great War. William Penn was nine years old at the time—an age for the dawning of hero-worship—and this day of village triumph must have stood out in his memory as the foundation of that chivalrous pride which he felt in his father's memory down to his own old age. It was

[1] Granville Penn, i, 446.

followed by a great dinner given to General Monk, at which Cromwell himself placed the gold chain about his neck, inviting him to wear it as he sat at table. It was most likely on the same occasion that Blake received his chain of the equal value of £300, and that a chain and medal worth £100 were presented to Penn and his old comrade-in-arms, Rear-Admiral Lawson, for their conduct in the great battle, which was characterised by Parliament as "very noble and renowned." What this honour meant to the Admiral and his son we can divine from the provisions of his will, which bequeathed all his jewels to his wife, and a ring set with a fawcett diamond to his son, Richard, together with all his swords, guns, and pistols—but to his eldest son, William Penn the Quaker, who eschewed ornaments and arms, his "Gold Chain and Medal."[1]

Nor was this the sum of the Admiral's honours. The three great land generals, Blake, Monk, and Desborough, were appointed that autumn to be generals of the Fleet, to ensure the somewhat doubtful loyalty of the professional sailors. But with theirs was joined the name of Vice-Admiral, henceforth General, Penn, the only seaman ever to be honoured with that title.

The Navy was not allowed to lie idle. Scarcely had peace been concluded with Holland before Cromwell turned his eyes towards Spain, the hereditary enemy of longer standing and more bitter memories. In the autumn of 1654 he began to equip a large fleet, destined to carry an army to the West Indies, the treasure house of Spanish gold, and the key to the power of Spain. The Army he placed under the command of General Venables,

[1] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 17, p. 57.

who had won his spurs in the Irish wars, and the Fleet under General Penn.

No sooner was the appointment made, than Penn applied to Cromwell on behalf of the family which he was about to leave behind. On the first of September he presented a petition to the Lord General in Council for indemnification for injuries received in his wife's Irish estate, and was immediately answered by the gift of lands in Ireland, to the value of £300 per annum.[1] Not content with this order, Cromwell wrote himself to the Lord-Deputy and Council in Ireland, to further the "settling of the said estate . . . we having engaged to take care of the performance thereof in General Penn's absence . . . as a remuneration of his good and faithful services performed to the Commonwealth."

Penn was still only thirty-three years of age, yet it must have seemed to him in those autumn days of 1654 that life had little more to offer. He found himself second in command of a conquering Navy, through whose prowess England had regained the pre-eminence won for her by Drake and Raleigh. He had been chosen for a post of peculiar honour, to fight the Spaniard, a duty to which he felt himself called by family no less than by national wrongs, and if he should fall in action his wife and children would be well protected and amply provided for. Yet in these same months he is generally believed to have offered himself and the ships in his charge to the young King Charles the Second, then an exile at Cologne, who was only prevented from accepting the offer by the same reasons which had influenced him at the time of Admiral Batten's overtures—the lack of a harbour for their reception

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, 42, 351.

and a revenue for their support. This disgraceful story was inserted by Clarendon in his *History of the Rebellion*.[1] It was transcribed by Granville Penn in his standard Life of the Admiral, and has been accepted without question by his son's later biographers. The accusation is too grave to be lightly passed over in any study of the influences which played upon William Penn in early life. If it can be proved, it shows his father to have been a man guilty of the blackest treachery and ingratitude—in the most literal sense, the "hypocrite" of Pepys' jaundiced imagination—and it shows himself as a son whose filial affection was stronger than his love of truth.

One may also note in passing that the accusation runs counter to the accepted theory of the Admiral's "worldly ambition," which, in this case as in others, is the explanation offered for his conduct by his son's biographers. He would have been seeking to transfer his service from the loftiest to the least ruler in Europe—throwing away a brilliant career and a certain fortune for the problematical rewards of fallen royalty. A public servant capable of such quixotic chivalry would not lightly stoop to the baseness which is said to have accompanied it.

Granville Penn's *Memoirs of Admiral Penn* were published in 1833, a dozen years before Carlyle's study of Oliver Cromwell restored that noblest Englishman to his rightful place in England's history. To the country squire of pre-Victorian date, the Protector appeared as a man of low birth and "dark heart," who, out of "avarice urged by ambition," pursued his "flagitious courses" at the expense of King and people. To this fervent royalist the one blot upon his ancestor's scutcheon was the faithful

[1] Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, p. 882.

service he had rendered to the " Usurper." Ignoring the assurance of Penn the Quaker that " My father was no domestick Incendiary: he plotted none of those tragedies,' [1] Granville Penn followed and amplified Clarendon's report of his attempted treachery, glorifying his loyalty to Charles the Second, at the expense of his honour and his common gratitude, which were pledged to Cromwell.

Before dealing with the body of evidence which can be brought to disprove the accusation, one may notice that Granville Penn, not realising how he damaged his own cause, proceeds naïvely to quote from the eighteenth-century historian, Oldmixon, author of *The Critical History of England*:

" Lord Clarendon seems to have been in some hopes that Penn and Venables would have run away with the Fleet and Army, and have set up the Royal Standard: which is said without the least reason or fact, and might have been built upon as much from a dream as from any authority he had for it."

" Clarendon," so Penn's descendant maintains, " on this occasion had the authority of reason and fact on his side." [2]

Yet Granville Penn, when it suits his brief, does not hesitate to cast doubt on Clarendon's credibility at other points of the story:

" Clarendon," he remarks on the next page, " wrote this statement during his exile, when he had no better information to guide him than the rumours and gossip of the itinerant Court; and he did not give himself the

1 " The Invalidity of John Faldo's Vindication," *Works*, ii, 451.

2 Granville Penn, ii, 17.

honest trouble to rectify it, after he possessed the means of doing so."[1]

The only confirmation of his ancestor's treachery which Granville Penn himself can supply is the vague recollection of a printed letter, in which his offer is alluded to by Charles the Second, and of this document he writes:

"I exceedingly regret that in the course of various removals, I have mislaid, and cannot at present recover, the collection in which this letter is contained (the title of which I do not remember)."[2]

On the other hand, there is nothing either in the conjunction of events or in the facts which can be authenticated, which would lend credibility to Clarendon's statement. If we take the word of contemporaries who had the best opportunities of judging him, we find Monk writing to Cromwell to recommend Penn for promotion, "of whose honesty and ability I hope you are well satisfied."[3] Cromwell himself, in the letter which he sent to inform the Admiral of his projects for the West Indies, in the very days in which he is said to have been plotting against him, "reposes confidence in the abilities, faithfulness, and good affection of you, General William Penn."[4] We have his son's definite statement that he took part in no plot, and we have a passage in one of his own letters, written shortly before his death, which bears directly upon his character for straightforward dealing. In the autumn of 1669 young William Penn was in Ireland managing the family estates, and reported to his father that one of the tenants suspected him of trying to

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 29.
[2] *Ibid.*, ii, 15, and i, 353.
[3] *Ibid.*, i, 492.
[4] *Ibid.*, ii, 22.

take advantage of him as his landlord. The sick Admiral confined his replies as a rule to the details of business, but this report drew from him an indignant disclaimer :

" There is one dirty expression in your letter, which I cannot let slip. . . . What is this, but to say, that I designed unfair dealing ? But I challenge him, and all mankind with whom I have had dealing, to charge such a thing upon me."[1]

Not only his public character, but his private opinions, so far as we can judge them, are directly opposed to Clarendon's statement. The news of the Battle of Worcester had reached him in the Straits of Messina during his search for the " Arch-enemy Rupert." The comments entered in his private diary are far from revealing any secret royalist sympathies :

" Part of our Malaga fleet . . . informed us of the Scottish Army's clear defeat and their King taken, etc., which was a great comfort to us. May the glory be the Lord's ! "

and three days later :

" Some part of this day we spent in praising our wonderful good Lord God, for his mercies to our poor land. After duty, we fired thirty-one guns." [2]

In the following summer he was lying in the Downs, while the Fleet was being equipped for the Dutch War, which now appeared inevitable. A report which he wrote at Cromwell's request upon the qualifications of the officers under him, ends with the following remarkable passage :

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 570.

[2] *Ibid.*, i, 368.

"My lord, I find the most, and indeed those that are best principled and most conscientious of our commanders, do much desire some information of the justness of our quarrel with the Hollander, which they do not in the least doubt of; yet I find them somewhat troubled and dejected for their ignorance in that point. This I humbly thought fit to signify unto your excellency, in obedience to those commands laid upon (me.)"[1]

These were not the words of a traitor, who in two years would betray without warning the ruler who trusted him.

The date which has been assigned to Penn's act of treachery is singularly ill-chosen. The eve of the war with the Dutch, which, as he reports, the Navy was expecting with some "trouble and dejection," would have been a more hopeful opportunity than that which he is said to have embraced, at its triumphant close. Moreover, though he lived to become the Hammer of the Dutch, his natural sympathies must have inclined to the side of his enemies, with whom he had connections through his wife's first marriage. On the other hand, he had already given extraordinary proof of his animosity against the Spaniard, to whom through his elder brother he owed a grudge of long years' standing. George Penn, who was a merchant in Spain, had in 1643 been cast into jail by the Inquisition. His Roman Catholic wife was taken from him, and married to a man of her own creed, while all his belongings were confiscated. When this bad news reached Captain Penn at his post with the Irish Fleet, he avenged himself upon the Spanish nation by treating a Don who had fallen into his hands with the ignominy which had been meted out to his brother, stripping him naked, and

[1] Granville Penn, i, 428.

turning him loose into the forecastle to be baited by the sailors.[1] He was not likely to throw away the still fairer opportunity of avenging the family honour which the expedition to the West Indies provided. Neither is it easy to conceive that he would be willing to deliver up himself and his ships to the leadership of Prince Rupert, of whom, two years earlier, he had written in his Journal :

" The Lord forgive this bloody wretch, and convert him, if he belongeth unto him ; otherwise, if His Holiness please, suddenly destroy him ! " [2]

It is generally held that Penn's imprisonment on his return from the West Indies was the result of Cromwell's secret knowledge of his intended treachery. The State Papers give a clear picture of the stir created in the exiled Court by Cromwell's punishment of the returning generals, but there is no word to indicate any reason for their disgrace beyond their failure to take Hispaniola. Finally the letter of submission which Penn wrote to Cromwell from the Tower contains no hint of any deeper cause for his imprisonment than that which appeared upon the surface—yet the apology was found to be sufficient, and brought about his immediate release.

In the face of this cumulative evidence, posterity may be justified in clearing the father of William Penn from the charge of treachery and ingratitude.

[1] Granville Penn, i, 230. [2] *Ibid*, i, 380.

CHAPTER VI

THE COST OF JAMAICA

THE equipment of the great Fleet for the West Indies obliged the Penn family to return for a while into the city. They took up their abode close to their first home—"upon Great Tower Hill, on the east side, within a court adjoining London Wall." The Admiral himself, as one may judge from his letters, had a meticulous care of every detail in the ships, down to "a right special good loadstone to touche the needles of our compass withal"—and he himself chose the men whom he would have to serve in them. These details we owe to the account written fifty years later at his son's request by one of his old seamen:

"Your late honoured father," he continues, "frequently came upon the hill next his dwelling, to be applied to by persons under the degree of Commanders. . . . Your late honoured father's interest was always very great, so as the Captains of his Fleet in the Straits had great and speedy preferment; and so had all the men he ever took notice of, before the Restoration. His favourites kept their places, being founded upon merit, and not preferred for money."[1]

These were the "roguish fanatick Captains," whose post on the quarter-deck was envied, and obtained after the Restoration, by the untried popinjays of Whitehall, to the impoverishment of the Fleet and the dishonour of England.

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 616.

When the day came for the expedition to put to sea, Admiral Penn and his wife, Margaret, travelled together as far as Portsmouth, where she lingered to watch the three squadrons sail away to the west. Mrs. Venables, however, accompanied her husband to the West Indies where, as fate would have it, she added her quota to his discouragements. General Desborough, who had helped to equip the Fleet, sailed with the commanders, but turned back to Portsmouth with the pilot, bearing a farewell letter from Penn to his wife, from whom he had parted a few hours earlier. Under Desborough's escort she returned to London, not, as she reported to her husband, without the overturning of her coach on the miry way near Godalming—an event too common to provoke remark.

One other letter written by her at the close of that eventful Christmas week of 1654 shows her care for her husband's wishes, and her interest in his subordinates. While he had risen from captain to admiral, and now bore the same title as the great General Blake, and she herself had exchanged the humble Tower Hill lodgings for a house in the country and an apartment in town, together with estates in Ireland newly granted her by Cromwell, Thomas Turner, the old friend of the first days of their marriage, had remained clerk to the Navy Commissioners, and his income had shown no sign of expanding to meet the claims of his growing family. Now she writes a covering letter for his petition sent to General Desborough for increase of salary—" her husband having desired it." [1] In this connection we may remember Pepys' grudging commendation of Lady Penn after their first interview ten years later :

[1] *Cal. S. P.* (*Dom.*), 43, 414.

"one that hath been heretofore pretty handsome, and is now very discreet and I believe hath more wit than her husband."[1]

She would need all her discretion and all her wit, if she were to steer her little family through the storm which was about to break upon them.

The expedition to the West Indies, by which Admiral Penn's name lives in history, was regarded during his lifetime as his most signal failure. The ignominious defeat of the land forces under Venables, in their attempt upon Hispaniola (or San Domingo, in modern parlance), had been followed by the brilliant capture of Jamaica by the seamen under Penn. But the gain of a poor, barren island, as it was then regarded, could not atone in any degree for the failure to seize Hispaniola—the treasure-house of Spanish gold and the key to the power of Spain.

For a month after the capture of Jamaica, the Fleet, with the demoralised army on board, lingered in the harbour, half starved, and decimated by fever. At last it was decided at a council of war to dispatch home the greater part of the battleships, whose removal would ease the problem of feeding the army, while they themselves could no doubt find more useful employment in home waters. For the latter reason, Penn was entreated, and finally prevailed upon, to accompany the nineteen ships on their return voyage, the argument being added that he was the officer best qualified to explain to Cromwell the difficulties which had been encountered, and the causes of the failure as well as of the success of the expedition.

Penn was indeed permitted to explain the situation, for

[1] *Pepys*, 20th August 1664.

on 12th September he was called before the Council, when he furnished an account of the proceedings of the Fleet, and of the state of the ships which he had left behind at Jamaica. A week later, on the advice of the Council, offered to the Protector, both he and Venables were committed to the Tower.

It is from this imprisonment that the theory that Penn had attempted to betray the Fleet to Charles the Second gains its only support. Yet there is no need to look beyond the known facts for the causes of Cromwell's displeasure. The scheme had been entirely of his planning, even down to the making of the map which guided his instructions.[1] If it had succeeded it would have brought about the achievement of his two dearest wishes—the power of Spain, "our natural enemy," would have been broken by the loss of her treasure fleet, and the consequent replenishing of our own empty treasury: and, more than all, a blow would have been struck at the heart of "that Roman Babylon, of which the Spaniard is the great under-propper." His disappointment upon its failure was more evident and more severe than had ever been observed in him before. The opening sentences of his letter to Major-General Fortescue, who had been left in charge of the depleted camp at Jamaica, show the extremity of his grief over this "very sore chastening." He commends Fortescue, "in the midst of others' miscarriages," for his constancy and faithfulness to his trust, and for his care of "a company of poor sheep left by their shepherd."[2]

The five weeks which Admiral Penn, thus most unfairly stigmatised, spent in the Tower, can have been

[1] Burnet, i, p. 103. [2] Carlyle, iv, p. 144.

wanting in no element of bitterness. The injustice of his punishment was only equalled by the suddenness of his fall, which flung him from the admiral's quarter-deck to the cell of a cashiered seaman. The very place in which he was confined set upon him " sorrow's crown of sorrow," for within view of his prison walls he and his bride had lodged in the first weeks of their married life, and only eighteen months were past since he had stood like a god upon the little hill dispensing favours and rewards.

It seems to have been at this time also that a cruel accusation was launched to insult the fallen sailor, and he was taunted with having taken refuge during a fight within a coil of cables.[1] The suggestion was plainly ludicrous, in view of Penn's nature and record, even apart from his behaviour during the last ordeal, when, mistrusting the morale of the army after the fiasco at Hispaniola, he had led the way with his own ship into the harbour of Jamaica. Yet his enemies welcomed the slander, and stored it up in their memories. Finally, there was not wanting a Job's comforter in his affliction, in the shape of his old friend, Sir Harry Vane, who is reported to have advised him " to search his heart, and see whether this fault or a greater sin was not the occasion of this so great tryall."[2]

Upon all this came the not unnatural breakdown of his iron constitution. The West Indies had proved a death-trap to both officers and men of the ill-fated expedition. At the turning point of success or failure, Venables, the land general, had lain six weeks in bed in his cabin. Mr. Winslow, one of Cromwell's commissioners in attendance

[1] *Pepys*, pp. 234, 777 (see Appendix).
[2] *Ibid*, p. 234.

upon the Fleet, had left his bones in the island, dead, it is said, of a broken heart, while the common soldiers perished " of Murrain " at the rate of two hundred a day. Such scenes were a poor preparation for the rigours and miseries of the Tower, and it began to be whispered amongst the sailors that their intrepid admiral would sit for hours in his cell " crying like a child."[1] In those autumn weeks, though he was still only thirty-four years of age, Admiral Penn began to grow old.

Meanwhile, Cromwell's treatment of his returned generals was arousing excitement in the exiled Court, to whose schemes any failure of the Protector might be an omen of success. News was sent to Secretary Nicholas at Rotterdam, not only that Penn and Venables were prisoners in the Tower, but that " the whole kingdom must pay a year's assessment towards repairing the shattered Navy, and paying the seamen and soldiers." In the beginning of October the Secretary was drawing his own flattering conclusions :

" Cromwell . . . has committed them (Penn and Venables) and may try them for their lives to vindicate his wisdom, that it may not be thought he failed in laying that design, but they in executing it. If Blake should, on Cromwell's rough usage of Penn and Venables, consider before he put himself in such a tyrant's power, it may much prejudice the Arch-Villain." [2]

On 25th October Admiral Penn drew up a petition to the Protector, in the form of a statement of his motives in the late action, which is both reasoned and dignified :

" Being honoured with the command of the Fleet in the late American expedition, I returned home without leave,

[1] *Pepys*, p. 234.

[2] *Cal. S. P.*, 43, 355, 364.

for which I have incurred your displeasure, and this is more displeasing to me than any worldly cross. My heart bears me witness that my return was not through refractoriness against superiors, but for advancement of the service, in giving an account of what would not otherwise be represented. As I was at first willing to part with all that was dear to me to help forward this Christian design, I would rather never have gone, if I thought my return would have made it less hopeful. I beg release from restraint, on account of my family, and my increasing distemper. It is the infirmity of man to err, but the virtue of a prince to pardon error."[1]

If Cromwell had not already repented of his harshness to the petitioner, this epistle, which is more in the nature of an explanation than an apology, would scarcely have obtained his forgiveness. A warrant for his release was made out on the same day in which his petition was received by the council, and after resigning his commission as General of the Fleet, he was set at liberty.

One may gather that the following winter which he spent with his little family at Chigwell was a time of unhappiness—probably of illness. The summary cashiering of their general was a source of embarrassment to his under officers, who found great difficulty in winding up the affairs of the Fleet without his assistance, who had been accustomed himself to look after every detail. Letter after letter was written begging for his advice on the disposal of the clothes returned in the ships from the West, and he was finally asked to appoint a suitable person to survey them with the Admiralty Commissioners. This request he not unnaturally refused, being now deprived of all standing in the Navy. The final fate of the clothes,

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, 43, 396.

probably the wardrobe of dead soldiers and sailors, was very curious. They were valued at £448, 13s. 5d., and it was recommended that

"the best should be sold to the fleet now going out, and the remainder be sold by the candle, as the longer they lie, the worse they will be."[1]

In April comes an account of seven hundred Jamaica hides rendered by his brother-in-law, Captain William Crispin, "with order to dispose of them for the use of General Penn, who will give any further information required."[2]

And these seven hundred hides, the covering it appears of some of the "immense droves of wild cattle, cows, and horses, which run about Jamaica," were the sole profit which accrued to General Penn from the island which he had conquered—his name being entirely omitted from the allotments of land made under his advice.

It is during this year of violently contrasted emotions that we are allowed our first glimpse into the soul of the boy, William Penn.[3] His father's fall had shaken his childhood's faith in the permanence of human relations. He saw his mother overwhelmed with the shadow of his disgrace, and dreading a fatal ending to his imprisonment. Himself no longer the hero of his classmates, the very villagers, whose plaudits had first made him realise his father's greatness, now looked at him askance and pityingly. In the midst of this gloom and dread came the

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, 44, 410. *Cf.* Milton, *Letters of State*, vol. ii, 227, "as to the manner of putting perishable goods to sale, the council thinks it meet to propose the way of selling by inch of candle, as being the most probable means to procure the true value of the goods."

[2] *Ibid.*, 44, 542.

[3] Janney, p. 22.

sudden news of his father's release, followed, in a few hours, by his return. The spiritual experience which we know to have happened in his twelfth year may with safety be assigned to this period in the boy's life, duplicating as it does the outward experiences which he was sharing with his family. The overwhelming joy of their re-union was lifted in the quiet and solitude of his own room to the plane of religious emotion. Behind the love of his father, now beyond all hope suddenly restored to him, he realised the love of his Father, God. As he had talked with his own father, and been admitted, perhaps for the first time, to share almost as an equal in his past dangers and present anxieties, so there was a spirit within him capable of communion with his Father, God, and even then enjoying it. This sense of communion was so strong that not only his own soul but the room itself—the scene of his boyish joys and sorrows—seemed to be filled with a holy light, and in that moment he realised that his life henceforth was dedicated, not to his own advancement, but to the service of God, his highest good.

It was an experience which comes in varying forms and at rare intervals to every sensitive soul, bringing with it a conviction of the nearness of spiritual things which can never afterwards be shaken by reason. Two years before the coming of the Quaker message the revelation of the Inward Light had illumined its future disciple, and the message when it was delivered fell upon ground prepared to receive it.

CHAPTER VII

THE CURSE OF CROMWELL

TWO days before Admiral Penn wrote his submission to the Protector, on 25th October 1656, England declared formal war upon Spain—a piece of courtesy which appears somewhat superfluous after our attack upon her West Indian possessions. If there had been a connection between this declaration and the Admiral's apology, and he had trusted that his immediate release was to be the prelude to further employment against the Spaniard, he was soon disillusioned. Colonel Montagu, a rising young army officer, was appointed to his command under Blake. On his first voyage at sea, he was decorated with Penn's hard-won title of General, and took up the fallen Admiral's career at the point where he had been forced to lay it down. The campaign against the Spaniard justified Cromwell's hopes, and wiped out the disgrace of Hispaniola. It culminated in September 1657, in the capture of Santa Cruz, and the long-delayed seizure of the Plate Fleet to enrich the Treasury of the Commonwealth. But long before this date, Admiral Penn had given up hope of employment in his own profession, and had turned his thoughts to the home in Ireland, which he had never seen.

The Admiral's salary as General of the Fleet had ceased on the day when he resigned his commission,[1] and he was now dependent upon the income of £300, which came to

[1] *Cal. S. P.* (*Dom.*), 44, 400.

him from the newly granted estates in Ireland, which Cromwell, with characteristic generosity, had left in the enjoyment of the offender. As his settlement at Chigwell had been determined by the neighbourhood of Admiral Batten, so now his removal to Ireland was rendered attractive by the friendship of Lord Broghill, which had continued without interruption from the days of their early service upon the coast of Cork. Meanwhile, Broghill had thrown in his lot whole-heartedly with the Protector's Government, under which he was now acting as President of Munster. His friendship with the Protector's son, Henry Cromwell, led to his becoming the unofficial mediator between the Irish Deputy and the English Parliament. One of Cromwell's letters to him, written with the rare sense of humour which he inherited from his father, warns him that

"the Councill here do either not think your Lordship lame, or that you will quickly recover, having cutt you out trotting Work enough to founder six sure-footed Sollicitors." [1]

On his return perhaps from one of these journeys, Broghill and his family crossed to Kinsale on the same boat with Admiral Penn and his family, now about to make their home in Ireland. The meeting must have recalled to both men the beginning of their intimacy on board the *Fellowship*, when William, now a tall boy nearly twelve years of age, had been barely a fortnight old. The little family was now increased by a second son, Richard, and with them travelled a tutor for William, whose days as a schoolboy had thus come to an end. They were accom-

[1] *Collection of Letters*, p. 231.

panied also by two mementoes of the Jamaica expedition —Jack, the negro, afterwards known to Pepys as the admiral's "black," and the parrot which General Venables had presented to his colleague as the first fruits of their conquest.[1] The families seem to have travelled in some little state, judging by a letter written to the Navy Council by the captain who was about to carry them to Ireland.[2] Captain R. Hodges, of the *Basing*, had "received their order to transport Lord Broghill, with his lady and family, as also General Penn, with his lady and family," and now, on 12th August 1656, "he will take such vessels as may be ready, bound for Waterford, Youghal, and Cork. He desires an order to supply him with a week or two's provisions, an ensign jack, pendant, and twenty hammocks. He has sufficient victuals to carry him to Kinsale, but may be detained for want of a wind."

The Ireland where Captain Penn had won his spurs at the relief of Youghal and the siege of Bonratty had now ceased to struggle against fate and the English, and lay to all appearance dead at the feet of its conquerors.[3] Cromwell's brief reign of terror had been followed by two years of guerilla warfare conducted in turn by Ireton, Ludlow, and Fleetwood. "There is not," says Clarendon, "an account in history of any nation, the Jews only excepted, that was ever reduced to a more complete misery and contempt than the Irish were at this time."[4] The remnant of the inhabitants who had escaped the pikes of the Ironsides, and survived the plague, pestilence, and famine which followed in the wake of their armies, had either been banished into the service of foreign princes,

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 101. [2] *Cal. S. P.* (*Dom.*), 170, 60.
[3] Trevelyan, p. 318. [4] *Clarendon*, p. 881.

or else penned into a desolate corner of their own country, there to perish of hunger. Thus swept and garnished, Ireland offered to the English settler, according to Macaulay, "a pleasant place of residence." Three-quarters of the country passed into the possession of English landlords, many of whom, like Admiral Penn, received their lands as a reward for service in the late wars. Nowhere on the market was there so cheap a commodity as Irish land. It filled the gaps in the English Exchequer, and paid off the "Adventurers" who had financed the Irish wars. (As an instance of the wide net thrown by this scheme, it is interesting to find that little Guli Springett, William Penn's destined wife, was entered as an Adventurer, in company with six others, to the amount of £2300).[1]

Even the private soldiers, whose pay had fallen hopelessly into arrears, were satisfied with farms taken from the Irish.

This settlement, which seemed so satisfactory to the Irish immigrants, was not viewed altogether without misgiving by the disinterested onlooker in England. A series of tracts, bearing the title *The Great Case of Transplantation in Ireland Discussed* and the date 1654, shows that considerable controversy had been aroused, and that the woes of Ireland, softened though they were by distance and the lack of impartial reporters, were arousing some faint sympathy in the mother country.[2]

"The sun never shined, or rather not shined," declares the first writer, "upon a nation so completely miserable. The tax sweeps away their whole subsistence: Necessitie

[1] *Cal. S. P.* (*Ireland*), 283.

[2] British Museum, Ireland, *Pamphlets*, 636.

makes them turn Theeves and Tories, and then they are prosecuted with Fire and Sword for being so. If they discover not Tories," he goes on, "the English hang them, if they betray them they are killed by their own people: nay, if any English shows pity upon them, he is aspersed as a Favourer of Tories and a coverer of blood-guiltiness."

He estimates that five-sixths of the whole nation are already destroyed, with all the "bloody persons," by sword, famine, pestilence, or the hand of civil justice.

"Is it not time," he asks, "at length to sound a retreat? No wise man inflicts a punishment because a fault is done, but that it may be done no more, for Justice is not Anger, but Caution."

From this argument, advanced at least three hundred years before its time, he turns to a consideration which was more likely to appeal to his readers. How, he asks, is the duty laid upon Englishmen of converting the Roman Catholics to be performed, "if they are all segregated beyond the reach of our discourse?" Further he asks, and the home thrust was equally pertinent—Where will the English settlers obtain their labourers, seeing that "the Army and all the inhabitants derive all their bread and meat from the labours of the Irish?"

This appeal for mercy so roused the indignation of one "Richard Lawrence, a faithful Servant of the Commonwealth," that he hastened to brand it as "a scandalous, seditious Pamphlet," seizing upon the accusation of disloyalty as an ever ready cudgel with which to beat the political "objector." But his defence of the English landlord in Ireland is not without value, daring as it does to put into words a motive which must be present

subconsciously to every oppressor. No treatment but banishment, he maintains, can meet the case of the Irish. The settlers, who are tender-hearted Englishmen, could take no pleasure in their newly gained estates, if they were condemned day by day to hear the complaining of the dispossessed, and to see him holding out his hand for alms. Again, how could the tenants take kindly to their new landlords, if the wrongs of the old were ever before their eyes? No, the Government had mercifully removed these painful objects to a distance, and only a traitor, thinks Richard Lawrence, would call in imagination to supply the place of eyesight.

One seems to hear an echo of these old wrongs in the beautiful passage on Mercy and Charity which Penn wrote years afterwards in a letter to his children.[1]

"I recommend little Children, Widows, Infirm and Aged Persons, chiefly to you. Spare something out of your own Belly rather than let theirs go pinched. Avoid that great Sin of needless expense on your Persons and on your Houses, whilst the Poor are hungry and naked. My Bowels have often been moved, to see very aged and infirm People, but especially poor helpless Children, lie all Night in bitter Weather at the Thresholds of Doors in the open Streets, for want of better Lodging. I have made this Reflection, If you were so exposed, how hard would it be to endure? The Difference between our Condition and theirs has drawn from me humble Thanks to God, and great Compassion and some Supply to those poor Creatures. Once more, be good to the Poor. What do I say? Be just to them."

The butchers' work, which for more than four years had been the daily task of Cromwell's Ironsides in Ireland,

[1] *Works*, p. 896.

had left its inevitable mark upon them. The green island, with her soft air, and her hierarchy of gentle saints, was now become a valley of dry bones, but the men who did her to death lost their own souls in the process. Here and there in writings of the period, one meets with the conviction that the Englishman in Ireland had become subdued to what he worked in. William Penn himself, in a pamphlet written against a Presbyterian parson, who had been a chaplain in Ireland, makes the half jocular reflection :

" If that vulgar fancy were true, of men's degenerating into the Irish nature by living in the Irish air, we might know whence to derive his massacring Style and Doctrine."[1]

The horror of the past years wrought so strongly upon George Fox's mystical nature on his first visit to Ireland that

" When we came on shore," he writes in his *Journal*, " the earth and the very air smelt with the corruption of the nation, and gave another smell than England to me, with the corruption and the blood and the massacres and the foulness that ascended."[2]

But Admiral Penn, whose sole intercourse with the original owners of the country had been through the mouth of a musket, and who knew them only as " rogues " and " merciless rebels," could be troubled by no misgivings as to his right of possession. The castle at Macroom to which he brought his wife and children had been the home of the Earl of Clancarty, the late general of the Roman Catholic forces in Ireland, and the head,

[1] *Works*, ii, 34. [2] *Cambridge Journal*, ii, 137.

according to Burnet, of "one of the noblest and richest families of the Irish nation, who had always been Papists." The fact that the countess was sister to Penn's friend, the Duke of Ormonde, was only one instance of the fate which continually connected the two families, and overshadowed their connection. Ten years later her eldest son, Lord Muskerry, was to meet his death by a cannon-ball on Admiral Penn's ship.

The fortunes of the estate were typical of the political see-saw of the century. Forfeited during the Civil War, it was given back to the earl by Penn at the Restoration, and finally lost at the Revolution of 1688 through the obstinate loyalty of the then earl to King James the Second. Penn's ownership was limited at first to lands of the value of £300 a year, with the castle and manor which stood upon them. At Cromwell's personal request they had been chosen for him "near to some town or garrison, for the security of such as he shall engage to plant and manure the same, and, if it may be, such lands as are already planted, or at least such as are capable of present improvement, it being our desire and intention that he may receive the full benefit of the said order to the utmost extent of it."[1] The Admiral prospered in his new life as a landed proprietor. Labour was cheap, and the ground fertile, and we may judge from the supervision which he had formerly bestowed upon his ships and seamen, that the farmer's eye was always upon it, making the corn to grow. In less than a year from the date of his taking possession, he was able to purchase further portions of the estate in Muskerry and County Cork, from his friend Lord Broghill. Three months later, in November 1657, he was

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 20.

writing to Henry Cromwell the Deputy, with the object of obtaining yet more land

"not only contiguous, but (as I may say,) interwoven, with those (of the little interest I have in Macromp and Killcrea) which should they be let unto any other, would certainly be my very great inconvenience, and probably my discomfort; the preventing whereof, with the hope I have of tenanting them with English (for which a former foundation hath been laid,) is the great advantage that I do eye."[1]

These English tenants seem to have been drawn as much as possible from the members of his own and his wife's family. Captain Crispin, his brother-in-law, who had commanded a ship in one of the Jamaica squadrons, came with his family to settle at Kinsale. His "kinsman," Captain Richard Rooth, was another old friend of the Navy, who was tempted to take up his abode in the south of Ireland, finally succeeding to the Admiral's position as Governor of the port of Kinsale. One other relative at least, of the name and family of Penn, came to earn his living at Kinsale under the Admiral's friendly shadow.

A fine estate and a loyal circle of neighbours were being prepared for the boy William—an heir in whom his father could take increasing pride and delight. But meantime a different variety of visitor from England was giving food for thought to Henry Cromwell and his officers, and was fated in the end to shatter the Admiral's dreams.

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 167, 168.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RISE OF QUAKERISM

IN the fateful winter months which brought Charles the First to the scaffold, George Fox left his shoemaker's last to "go abroad into the world"—

"glad," he says, "that I was commanded to turn people to that inward light, spirit, and grace, by which all might know their salvation and their way to God—even that divine Spirit which would lead them into all truth, and which I infallibly knew would never deceive any."[1]

Perhaps there has been no other period in English history when the message which he brought would have been so secure of a welcome. Religious freedom had been one of the prime objects of the Civil War; yet no sooner was the Church of England dethroned than she was succeeded by seven other spirits more tyrannical than herself. The bonds of religious observance under the Presbyterians and the intricate network of Independent creeds and catechisms threatened to strangle the religious life of England even more effectively than Laud's saints' days and surplices. "New Presbyter was but old priest writ large."

For us who live in a world of multiple interests, bounded by an horizon which has immeasurably expanded, not only geographically but spiritually, it is difficult to realise the absorption in personal religion of the average English-

[1] *Cambridge Journal*, i, 35.

man in Cromwell's day. To find anything like it one must search the diaries of the Wesleyan Methodist Revival—yet the parallel is an imperfect one, for Wesley's movement scarcely touched the fringe of the educated classes, while the Puritan view of life permeated society from top to bottom. For the ten years of the Interregnum, England was a nation of John Knoxes, who based their daily life upon the Old Testament, and sacrificed the whole complex world of beauty and laughter newly expounded to them by the Elizabethans, in a grim endeavour to save themselves and their neighbours from the almost inevitable hell.

Through this oppressive atmosphere the simple faith of George Fox blew like a sea wind. His revelation of the Inward Light was no new doctrine amongst the Puritans, by whom it had always been tacitly accepted and disowned in practice. For centuries on the continent of Europe it had been working like leaven, quietly permeating men's thoughts at a period when exile and the stake were the visible accompaniments of Christ's Kingdom here on earth. It was left to George Fox to accept it as the cardinal, if not the only indispensable article in his theology. Once raised to the level of a working creed, it could not fail to undermine the foundations of Calvinism ; for if every man be the Temple of the Living God, it is impossible that any should be fore-ordained to destruction.

Fox's love of truth and swift recognition of non-essentials wrought havoc amongst the dearest notions of his contemporaries. Both Scotch Presbyterian and English Independent had a wholesome respect for learning, and looked upon the universities, duly reformed under their appointed teachers, as the proper nurseries of

religious thought. Fox came before them—an unlearned shoemaker ; swaying them with his homely Leicestershire provincialisms as they had never been swayed by the ordained clerics from Oxford or Cambridge ; and taking his stand, not upon the works of the Fathers, but upon the Word of God, and His Light in man's heart. They had learned to trust in forms and ceremonies—in " communions," water-baptism, pædo-baptism, and countless other sacraments. Fox believed that man's intercourse might be direct with his Maker. Fox preached indifferently in the graveyard or on the side of the hill ; while they, who had broken the Popish windows and defaced the statues in the parish churches, continued to look upon them, thus purified, as the only fit places for worship. They exacted, for their ministers, the tithes formerly paid to the Church of England, while the unpaid Quaker preachers not only drew away the congregations from their legitimate pastors, but refused to pay the lawful dues of those whom they stigmatised as " greedy, hireling priests." It is small wonder that the new sect found in the " priests " their most inveterate enemies, and that as time went on a great part of their energy was diverted from the work of evangelising England, into the sterile paths of pamphleteering and debate.

Such was the effect of the Quaker pebble thrown into the pond of English religious life. But the revolution which it sought to accomplish in the social world was even more drastic. At the time when High and Low Churchman, Presbyterian, and Baptist, had unanimously sprung to arms, looking upon victory in the field as the one satisfactory arbiter in their dispute, George Fox was the sole voice crying in the wilderness on the side of peace.

When he lay in prison in company with pressed men and robbers after the Battle of Worcester, a captaincy was offered to him, who had never been a private, " because of his virtue." Discredited and lonely, the exquisite compliment must have appealed to him with almost irresistible temptation. He would see in it a way of escape from noisome imprisonment—high honour and the opportunity for the leadership of men, for which he knew himself to be peculiarly fitted. Yet his answer to his astonished jailers betrayed no hint of hesitation : " I told them that I lived in the virtue of that life and power which took away the occasion for all wars."[1]

With that reply the leaven of pacifism found its way into the lump of English life. Its action was immediate. Partly influenced by their leader, but more generally led to his conclusions by following for themselves his train of reasoning, men and women began to turn from methods of violence to verbal persuasion and passive resistance. Soldiers left the Army and returned to their work as civilians. In Ireland they were called to a heavy sacrifice, for the land which they themselves had helped to wrest from the rebels now appeared to them as " the price of blood," and they refused to accept Cromwell's accommodation in place of their arrears of pay, which were past hoping for. Again, the fighting sailor in Blake's squadron would be seized by a " scruple of conscience " in the act of training his gun upon the Spaniard, and turn away from the forecastle to face almost certain death at the yard-arm, rather than take his brother's life.[2]

Still more impressive was the spectacle of persecution

[1] *Cambridge Journal*, i, 11.
[2] *The Fighting Sailor turned Peaceable Christian*, London, 1710.

endured by the Quakers, both men and women, without flinching and without resistance. By their passive bravery they, almost single-handed, kept alight the flame of religious liberty through the dark days which were ushered in by the Clarendon Code, and at last prepared men's minds to accept the freedom for which they appeared to have fought in vain at Marston Moor and Worcester.

During the early days of that evangel there was no convert who was not also a missionary. The doctrine of the Inward Light made no distinction between young and old, male or female. The ploughman, the soldier, even the judge on the bench, recognising the divine message, laid down the work which was his livelihood, and set out to carry it along the roads of the world. In those years not only the remote corners of Great Britain and Ireland had heard the good news brought by the Quakers, but there was scarcely a country in Europe which was not familiar with their appearance. A servant-girl travelled to the half-known land of America, where she hardly escaped burning as a witch by the grandchildren of the *Mayflower* settlers.[1] Then with her life in her hand she took ship through the Mediterranean, and walked alone over the mountains of Thrace to carry the tidings of salvation to the Grand Turk, meeting on her way with that respectful courtesy which the religion of the Turks to this day bids them accord to the lunatic and madman.[2]

When Admiral Penn and his family arrived in Ireland the new sect was already one of the chief topics of discourse. Three years earlier their first meeting had been established at Lurgan by William Edmundson, an old soldier of

[1] Bowden, *History of the Friends in America*, i, 34, 35.
[2] Sewel, i, 472–474.

Cromwell's, who had come to Ireland to make his fortune as a shopkeeper amongst the garrison and settlers. Since then, chiefly by his missionary efforts, meetings had been established in most of the large towns, including Dublin and Cork. Meanwhile, a steady stream of travelling preachers came over from England, and encountered the same mixed reception to which they were accustomed in the mother country. The pacifism inherent in their creed was peculiarly unwelcome in a land which had been won and was maintained at the sword's point, while even in an army so democratic as Cromwell's their rejection of polite forms and salutations was found subversive to discipline. In 1656 there were thirteen men in prison in Cork and Limerick for their Quaker practices, and of these ten were soldiers. Two English missionaries, Burrough and Howgill, were brought under guard to Henry Cromwell, the Deputy, and by him banished from Ireland. Scarcely had they been led away before a Quaker woman, Barbara Blaugdone, from Bristol, pressed into the audience chamber to remonstrate with the perplexed deputy,[1] whose life, through the treachery of his officers, the plots of his enemies, and the failure of supplies from England, was already, to use Clarendon's expression, "sufficiently uncomfortable and melancholic."

Between Oliver Cromwell and George Fox himself there was a peculiar sympathy which was felt by both men on the rare occasions of their meeting. The utter honesty and the deep religious core of both their natures, to say nothing of that most lovable sense of humour, which preserved them each from the gloom and extravagance of many of their respective followers, could not fail to attract

[1] Sewel, i, 202–204.

the one to the other. In the thick of his multifarious duties, the Protector appealed to Fox to come oftener to see him, that they might do each other good. Unfortunately, the essential unity of these, the two greatest leaders in England, was invariably obscured by absence. To Cromwell, the sect of the Quakers was one among many which could claim his tolerance, even his protection, from the persecution of their fellow Christians. But neither they, nor any of the contending bodies, could look for support from the Protector when their methods of propaganda infringed the rights of other Churches. Their bitter attacks in word and in print upon the "priests" —a word which signified the occupier of any salaried pulpit—their refusal to pay tithes, and their interruptions of the orderly Church service—met with scant sympathy from Cromwell. As year by year more of his followers suffered for their faith in prison, in the stocks, or at the whipping-post, Fox realised with grief that "Oliver had begun to harden."

In this autumn of 1656 Cromwell had sanctioned the trial and savage punishment of James Nayler, one of the foremost Quaker evangelists, whose mind had been turned by overwork and adulation to a too literal acceptance of the doctrine of God's indwelling. At the suggestion of some of his women followers he had consented to make the chief figure in a procession which passed through Bristol in imitation of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and twelve weeks of Cromwell's last Parliament were occupied with his trial for blasphemy. His long-drawn-out and brutal punishment, both in London and Bristol, ranks in miniature, with the subjugation of Ireland, as the chief blot upon the Protector's record of government.

It was inevitable that word of these doings should reach Admiral Penn. Bristol was the home of his childhood—the town where his mother lived and was buried. Captain George Bishop, who had become one of the leading Quakers in the city, had long been his friend, and to him, as Commissioner for Intelligence at Whitehall, the Admiral had addressed his reports from the Fleet. Early in 1657 Bishop published his defence of Bristol Quakers in a pamphlet—*Truth Rescued from Imposture*—which was successful in clearing them from the charge of complicity in Nayler's aberrations.

General Desborough, Penn's former colleague, had himself come, too intimately for his peace, in contact with the new sect. His name constantly recurs in any account of Nayler's fall and punishment. As one of Cromwell's unpopular major-generals, he executed the warrant of release from Exeter Jail, which set the Quaker preacher free to make his pitiful entry into Bristol, and himself took a leading part in the interminable debates of the trial which followed.

Madam Desborough, who was the Protector's sister, was nursed through her fatal illness of the same year by the erratic Quakeress, Martha Simmonds, who had been the leading spirit in Nayler's downfall.

There seemed indeed in those years to be no rank in England untouched by the Quaker message. When in April 1657 Madam Penn wished to cross to Bristol on a visit, it was to a Quaker captain, Daniel Baker, that she applied for a passage. He had been " convinced " three years earlier during that great mission to Bristol, when Captain Bishop also had become a convert, and three years later he was to be the hero of a quixotic attempt to

release two Quaker women missionaries from the prison of the Inquisition at Malta. Madam Penn arrived in Bristol at the time of the publication of Bishop's book,[1] when the spectacle of Nayler's ignominious punishment was still fresh in men's minds. It was most likely after her return to Macroom, charged with the strange tales which she had heard on her visit, that an incident happened in Ireland which sharpened the Admiral's curiosity on the subject to the point of wishing to judge for himself of the Quakers.

[1] *To all people upon the Face of the Earth*, etc., London, 1663.

CHAPTER IX

ENTER THOMAS LOE

THE first Quakers in Ireland had been unfortunate in arousing the enmity of the two ruling classes in the immigrant population—the Army and the Church. In Ireland, as in England, the "priests" became the most active opponents of the new sect, which was threatening to impoverish them, not only in prestige, but in pocket. Many years later, in a pamphlet with the suggestive title of *Judas and the Jews*, William Penn recalls a memory of his boyhood in the County Cork, which throws a most curious light not only upon the relations between the Churches, but also upon the social structure of the community as a whole:

"T. Jenner, a Presbyterian Independent Priest of Ireland, writ a Book against us for Gain: for he went from House to House of many sufficient and some great Men, to present them. Some gave him a Crown, some two Crowns, some a Piece. Among others he had the Confidence and Avarice to give one to the Lord Lieutenant of that Kingdom, but he returned the Book to the Parson with this Account—That he was sorry to hear that the Quakers held such ill Principles: but the Tares and Wheat must grow together till the Day of Judgment. So the Parson was corrected of his Baseness, and disappointed of the great Bone that he crept thither for."[1]

If Admiral Penn, as we may suppose, was one of the "sufficient" men who expended a crown upon Jenner's

[1] *Works*, ii, p. 372.

book, the impression he gained by it would scarcely be unbiassed. But, during those same days, news came to Macroom of a Quaker from England, who was preaching in the neighbouring town of Cork to large congregations, and the Admiral, who from his youth had been in the habit of judging men, determined to see this representative for himself, before condemning the whole sect upon hearsay. He "proposed to some others," says his son, "to be like the noble Bereans, to hear him before they judged him."[1] The comparison was well chosen, and showed at least so much sympathy with the Quakers as an intimate knowledge of the New Testament could give him. For the Bereans are reported in the Acts of the Apostles to have been "more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so."

Thomas Loe, the preacher from England who answered the Admiral's invitation, was an Oxford tradesman, who had been connected in some way with the university. He had been converted to Quakerism three years earlier by John Camm, the Apostle of Bristol, and from that date, till his death in 1668, his life was a series of travels, punctuated by imprisonment. From the first days of his "convincement" he had been attracted to Ireland, having joined Burrough shortly before his banishment from Dublin in 1655, to their mutual "refreshment." This, his second missionary journey, began in Munster, whence he would travel on foot to Dublin, "where," says the old Quaker chronicle, "he declared the day of the Lord through the streets thereof, preaching the word of

[1] *Penns and Peningtons*, p. 174, from the Huntly MS.

life and salvation from James' Gate until he came to Lazer's Hill."[1]

When we try from his own writings to gain some clear impression of the man who touched the spring which turned William Penn into a Quaker, and, as far as we can see, influenced in great measure the history of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, we find that his personality eludes us. The letters, once so powerful and "consolating," have lost their savour. Only the qualities which he held in common with all the early Friends—his tenacity of conviction, his fearless acceptance of consequences, and his brave patience under sufferings—are still to be read in them. Yet his personal charm and persuasiveness must have been as great as his courage, and it may be that his connection with Oxford (one biographer states that he was educated at the university), enabled him to make a peculiar appeal to men of good breeding. Thomas Ellwood, a squire's son, and a friend of Milton, who was in these same years converted to Quakerism, spared no effort, after once hearing Loe preach, to bring him again to his neighbourhood.[2] After his death in 1668, the Friends in Ireland drew up a Testimony, as their custom was, which in spite of the absence of light and shade common to obituaries, does succeed in presenting a picture of the man who was invited to hold a Quaker Meeting in Macroom Castle:

"He was a man of an excellent gift, sound, clear, and powerful in his ministry, elegant in speech, sharp and quick in his understanding, and his testimony was very convincing, to the stopping the mouths of gainsayers. Much people flocked after him: many friends up and

[1] Rutty, p. 105. [2] Ellwood, p. 78.

down this nation received their convincement by him. In conversation he was sweet and pleasant, and sympathizing with friends under afflictions."[1]

It is evident that chance, if chance it was, had favoured the Admiral in his endeavour to form a fair judgment.

There is no record of the words which were spoken by Thomas Loe at this meeting. We know that to young William Penn as he listened it seemed that the English stranger could read the very thoughts of his heart, for he was speaking aloud that secret experience of God's inward presence which had thrilled the boy two years before in his room at Chigwell. The impression which had then been made upon him had been overlaid by the excitement and changes of his family life. Now it returned with the added emphasis of an outward voice, and the silent sympathy of a roomful of friends. Long after, with the thought of this meeting still clear in his recollection, he wrote :

" The knowledge of God from the Living Witness from thirteen years of age hath been dear to me."[2]

He was startled out of his reverie by the loud sobbing of Jack, the black servant, and, raising his eyes to his father, he saw that his face too was running down with tears. What will our life be, thought the boy, if we all become Quakers ?

Indeed, the effect of the meeting upon the Admiral was as deep as it was evanescent. All his life he had been a devout member of the Church of England, but there was one trait in his character to which the emphasis laid by the Quakers made a peculiar appeal. The pellucid

[1] Rutty, 116. [2] *Works*, i, 159.

honesty of thought which distinguished their teaching, underlying even the most untoward of its outward manifestations, was one of the most cherished of his own ideals. It may even at one time have carried him some distance along the Quaker road, for it appears from a letter written by Winslow to the Protector that the Admiral's refusal to give or take an oath proved embarrassing to his colleagues in the West Indian expedition.[1]

Yet in spite of his young son's momentary impression, it is evident that he felt no temptation to throw in his lot with the Quakers. While, as a trained judge of men, he allowed his respect for Loe's character to chime in with the emotions aroused by his eloquence, he was too wholly devoted to his profession to be blind to the disintegrating effect of their pacifist teaching upon the forces of the realm. Moreover, he might be, and later certainly was, estranged by their contempt of polite ceremonies, which, as one may judge from the exordiums of his letters, were very dear to his heart.

Yet for the two years that remained of his residence in Ireland, the Admiral must have shown himself friendly to the uncompromising sect, and done what lay in the power of an important landowner to shield them from the consequences of their actions. Before long the rumour began to be bandied about among his old acquaintances in England that Admiral Penn was "turned Quaker."[2]

Nevertheless as the weeks passed, his young son realised that the impression he knew to have been made for life upon his own spirit had already faded from his father's mind. He saw, as he wrote long afterwards: "I had no Relations that inclined to so solitary and

[1] Granville Penn, ii, p. 44. [2] *Pepys*, p. 234.

spiritual a Way : I was a Child alone."[1] To the warm-hearted boy, brought up in an atmosphere of such close family affection, this secret isolation of spirit must have marked the beginning of his sufferings for conscience' sake.

[1] *Works*, i, 159 ("Letter to Mary Pennyman.")

CHAPTER X

ANNUS MIRABILIS

TOWARDS the end of the following summer this quiet country life, which had every appearance of permanence, was rudely interrupted by the death of the Protector. On 3rd September 1658, the heavy hand of the only master she ever knew was lifted from Ireland.

The immense implications of this event seem to have been recognised from the first. By the force of circumstances and of his own transcending personality, Oliver Cromwell had centred in himself the life of England—her government and her prestige. His death, like the removal of the keystone of an arch, brought to the ground the entire fabric which he had laboriously raised and sustained. In his last conscious moments he nominated his eldest son to be his successor, and for a few weeks his friends hoped against hope that Richard would be able to balance the burden upon his narrow shoulders. The letters which were written in these first days from Dublin, where he had been peacefully and even enthusiastically proclaimed, picture the stunning effect of the calamity upon the Deputy, Oliver's son, and his friend and counsellor, Lord Broghill. Broghill's letter to Secretary Thurloe is a model for that most difficult of all epistles—a letter of condolence. He tries to bring comfort to the secretary, "who needs it most of any," by the example of King David, who mourned and prayed for his sick child,

while it was yet living, " but when God's pleasure was declared, he knew 'twas a duty cheerfully to yield unto it."—" This one consideration of David's actings," he writes, " I could not but lay before you, it having proved an effectual consolation to me in the death of one I but too much loved."

The letter closes with a piece of good news which may have brought more comfort to the anxious Secretary than Broghill's somewhat facile philosophy. The new Protector was being proclaimed throughout Ireland " with signall Demonstrations of Love to his Person, and of Hope of Happiness under his Government. I heartily joyne," so the letter concludes, " in all the Good you say of him, and hope with you he will be happy, if his Friends stick to him."[1]

Here Broghill laid his finger on the crux of the situation. Richard had " neither genius nor friends, neither treasure nor army to support him." From the first day he tottered upon his great father's pedestal, and it mattered little from whose hand came the push which must dislodge him. If he had no friends, he had no man for his enemy, and no one thought of wasting heavy artillery upon " Tumble-down Dick." As it happened, his deposition was the act of the Army, who had been left after the Protector's death the only true masters of England. Within a month General Fleetwood, who had married Richard's sister, the widowed Bridget Ireton, summoned a council of officers, whose first act was to sweep him gently from the stage.

Broghill, who was now in London, saw with dismay the repeated attempts of the Army to govern England

[1] *Collection of Letters*, p. 243.

through a military junto. Though he had been a loyal servant to the Parliament, he had never wavered in his conviction that the Government should be centred in one supreme head, and of all Oliver's advisers he had been the most insistent in pressing the crown upon him.[1] Now that the Army had rendered Richard's situation impossible, Broghill urged him to throw all his weight into the opposite scale—to take the city, who were bitterly opposed to the council of officers, into his confidence, summon a free Parliament, and recall King Charles.[2] Richard had promised to follow Broghill's advice,[3] whatever it might be, but he had not reckoned upon such bold and revolutionary counsel.

Seeing it was no longer possible to break his fall, Broghill hurried back to Ireland, where he put his own advice into practice. Charles's friends in London might well advise him to wait in patience, for he would need no sword but that of the contending parties in England herself to clear his way to the throne.[4] Broghill was successful in winning over the whole of Munster to the royalist cause, and through his influence the North of Ireland, the stronghold of Presbyterianism, was converted to the same party. He now despatched his brother, Lord Shannon, to Brussels, with an invitation to Charles to come over and take possession of his kingdom of Ireland, and only the reception of similar news from England prevented the young King from landing at Cork instead of at Dover.[5]

Oliver Cromwell's policy of placing land generals in

[1] Carlyle, iv, 261. [2] Granville Penn, ii, 205. [3] *Pepys*, p. 40.
[4] *Collection of Letters*, p. 253 ("John Barwick to Charles the Second").
[5] Granville Penn, ii, 208.

command of his ships of war, while it proved brilliantly successful in the field of action, was not calculated to endear the Army to the Navy. Their smouldering ill-will burst into flame with the assumption of supreme power by the council of officers. News reached Vice-Admiral Lawson in the Downs that General Lambert had excluded from Parliament all members who would not submit to their authority. Thereupon that great sailor and gallant gentleman, followed by the entire Fleet, declared in favour of a free Parliament. Leading his squadron into the Thames, he acted on his own initiative upon the plan suggested to Richard by Broghill, and joining hands with the city and the apprentices of London, restored the excluded members of the Rump. Such was the plight of England's Government, as Pepys has depicted it in the first paragraphs of his *Diary*, when the common council of the city sent to Monk, " their sword-bearer," who was then with his army in Scotland, " to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full Parliament."

Admiral Penn's kinsman and biographer delighted to picture him as Broghill's confidant and fellow-conspirator, who throughout the years of his residence in Ireland had been secretly plotting the King's return. There is abundant evidence that Broghill only adopted the royalist cause after all hope had been extinguished of Richard's succession. Admiral Penn's innocence of political intrigue is no less capable of proof.

It appears that with the increasing recognition of the value of Jamaica, Cromwell forgot his chagrin at the failure of the Hispaniola expedition, and restored his favourite admiral to his command. In March 1658 he

was again with the Fleet,[1] most probably at his old post in the Mediterranean, where the Protector was now maintaining a permanent naval force. This service came to an end some time before April 1659, for on the eighth of that month he returned to Ireland "with his servants, etc.," in his cousin Rooth's frigate.[2] During the winter of 1659-60, when the whole country was lying in anarchy and confusion, he appears to have been sitting at Whitehall as one of the commissioners of the Admiralty.[3] He was thus as remote from participation in Broghill's conversion of Ireland, as from the fateful proceedings of the Fleet under Lawson, his old comrade in arms.

In the first week of April 1660, writs were issued for a new Parliament, and Admiral Penn, with Admiral Montagu for his colleague, was chosen to represent the nautical borough of Weymouth. He thus became a member of the Convention Parliament summoned by Monk "for the great business touching the settlement of these nations."

In that same eventful week, Montagu was lying off Gravesend in his flagship the *Naseby*, which, under her new name of the *Royal Charles*, was to have the honour of transporting the exiled King to his own country. The diary kept by Samuel Pepys, Montagu's cousin and protégé, reflects the ceaseless coming and going between this ship and the capital. He tells how on the 4th of April Montagu entertained his fellow "burgess," Admiral Penn, to dinner, together with another old sailor, "Colonel

[1] "Thurloe's State Papers," quoted in Granville Penn, ii, 168.
[2] *Cal. S. P.*, 48, 462.
[3] Granville Penn, ii, 209 ("Letter from the Mayor and Corporation of Weymouth").

Thomson with the wooden leg," and how the talk revolved round the doings of Monk and the council, with such sidelights as could be thrown upon the character of the King, whose return seemed now certain.[1] On 12th May, Montagu, in his flagship, weighed anchor for Holland, and two days later an order was issued in Parliament for "General Penn to hasten to the Fleet with such ships as are here in the river or at Portsmouth," while £100 was charged upon the Treasury of the Navy on his behalf, "for a special service."[2] This special service was no other than to bid the King of England welcome on the part of the Parliament, and it was as the people's representative, and not on account of any bygone treachery to Cromwell's Government, that he won and kept the King's gratitude.

This week in May which was pregnant with the destinies of England, proved no less fateful for the fortunes of the Penn family, both public and private. It was on shipboard sixteen years earlier that the foundation had been laid of the young captain's friendship with Lord Broghill. Now on board the *Naseby*, where he had joined Sir Edward Montagu off Scheveningen, he first met the two men who for the remainder of his life were to rule his fate and to sway his affections.

The day after the *Naseby* had taken up her station off the coast of Holland, she was boarded by the Duke of York, who, as Lord High Admiral, came to take possession of his Fleet. With him, as his secretary, came Mr. William Coventry, youngest son of the famous Lord Keeper of Charles the First's reign. Coventry was new to the sea, and a stranger to all the officers of the Fleet.

[1] *Pepys*, p. 20. [2] *Cal. S. P.*, 221, 27.

In his perplexity he applied to Admiral Penn to be his mentor, attracted to him no doubt in the first instance by their common friendship with the Marquis of Ormonde. But a close sympathy sprang up between the two men in the first moments of their acquaintance, ripening into a friendship which was one of the wonders of that callous time. Coventry, as Evelyn testified, was a "wise and witty gentleman," who, but for the fact that his nature was too finely tempered for courtly vices, might have risen to any height in the Restoration Government. Like Admiral Penn himself, he preserved in that venal age his lofty standard of uprightness and honour, and "with this man," says Clarendon, who loved neither, "Mr. Coventry made a fast friendship, and was guided by him in all things."[1]

Through this acquaintance Penn was brought into close touch with his new chief, the Duke of York, who for the next few months was to be the most popular figure in England. Unlike his elder brother, James was in his youth a very handsome man, and brought with him from the Continent, where he had fought under Turenne, the reputation of a brave and dashing officer. He was further unlike Charles, in that he took his new position seriously, and tried with all his limited powers to grasp the duties, and to fill, not unworthily, the post of Lord High Admiral. His character was of a type more easily understood and appreciated by the English than that of the King. His natural candour and sincerity had not yet been obscured by the necessity of concealing, first, his unfortunate marriage, and, later, his still more unpopular religion. The active courage of his youth had not yet

[1] Clarendon's *Continuation*, ii, 328.

hardened into cruelty, nor obstinacy usurped the place of slow and painstaking apprehension. The Duke of Buckingham's dictum summed up the two brothers with accuracy: "The King could see things if he would, and the duke would see things if he could."[1]

Such was the master to whom Coventry and Penn had sworn fidelity, and under whose banner they returned to England. There was now no thought of Penn's returning to his *quasi* exile in Ireland. Knighted by the King on board the *Naseby* on the 23rd of May, he was reinstated at Coventry's recommendation as Commissioner of the Navy, with a salary of £500 a year, and a house in Navy Gardens. With him, as Surveyor to the Navy, was associated his old friend Sir William Batten, now restored to public life after ten years of rustication at Walthamstow, while the beloved and garrulous old Sir John Minnes filled the office of Comptroller upon the same Board.

Samuel Pepys, maternal cousin to Montagu, now Earl of Sandwich, assisted the newly appointed commissioners as Clerk of the Acts. Beside his relationship with Montagu, he had some distant connection with the Penn family, through that sprightly damsel, "The" Turner, well known to students of the *Diary*, who was the Admiral's niece.[2] Pepys proved himself to be in many ways an ideal clerk. His conscientious exactitude and his love of hard work could not fail to commend him to Admiral Penn, and for two years their relationship seems to have been mutually satisfactory.

To each of these officers was assigned a house in Navy

[1] Burnet, i, 235.

[2] "Letter from William Penn to Pepys," 4, 9, 1670 (*Pennsylvania Magazine*, 39, p. 112 (see Appendix).

Gardens, in close neighbourhood to one another. The gardens were placed under the care of Pepys, and here, when work was over, the commissioners and their families would walk, discussing the ladies of the Court or the latest news from Holland. And on a fine night Sir William Penn would come out in his shirt sleeves upon the leads of his house, to drink great draughts of claret with Sir John Minnes, and listen to Pepys on his leads across the way, discoursing upon his flageolet by the light of the moon.[1]

[1] *Pepys*, p. 91.

CHAPTER XI

"A NURSERY OF PIETY AND LEARNING"

WHEN in October 1660 William Penn entered his seventeenth year, and was judged ripe for the university, it would be impossible to overestimate the completeness of the change which took place in his surroundings. Since the visit of Loe to Macroom Castle, the Admiral had been little at home, and during his long absences at sea, or later, at the Admiralty Office, the boy would see few faces but that of his tutor, outside his own family. The time which was not devoted to study would be spent in roaming on horseback over the moorland, or along the sea coast, thinking the long thoughts of boyhood. Never again until his youth was past was he to know solitude unbroken by pain or sorrow, and it was in these quiet months by the Irish Sea that he laid the foundation, not only of learning, of which he had an astonishing store, but of the character which deliberately made choice of the highest, and could not hereafter be shaken from its choice by flattery or by threats.

The young freshman would arrive in London on his way to Oxford during the week which was devoted to the execution of the regicides, and could scarcely escape the sight which met Evelyn in the narrow streets—"their quarters, mangled, cut, and reeking, as they were brought from the gallows, in baskets on the hurdles."

All through that month of October the stiffened limbs

were displayed upon Aldersgate, while the head of Harrison looked down from beside Westminster Hall as a warning to traitors. One doubts whether the country boy, fresh to the sights of the city, would be able to echo Evelyn's sophisticated comment: "Oh, the miraculous providence of God!"[1]

He would be glad to turn his back on the exulting metropolis, and ride with his father through the leafy Buckinghamshire lanes on the way to Oxford. The Admiral had relatives in the heart of the Chilterns, where the elder branch of the family had settled on the land given by Henry VIII to their ancestress, the Lady Sybil, and at his kinsman's manor at Penn, young William would find a welcome on his journeys to and from college.

With the exception of London itself, no town in England had taken so prominent a part in the Civil War as Oxford, Charles the First's substitute capital and the seat of his last Parliament. No other city had been so drained of its treasure to fill the King's empty coffers. This tradition of loyalty had subsisted throughout the interregnum, in spite of the steps taken by the Government to supply the chief posts in the town and the colleges with Parliament men. Their efforts had been so unavailing that as late as 1659 a resolution was passed in Parliament

"That the Universities and Schools of Learning shall be so countenanced and reformed that they may become the Nurseries of Piety and Learning."[2]

[1] *Evelyn*, p. 236.

[2] *Mercurius Politicus*, 568, 454, quoted in Wood's *Annals of the University of Oxford*, p. 697.

But the time had already come when the very names of Piety and Learning were useless save as pegs from which to hang witticisms, and those students who dared profess either would be chased from the classrooms. A contemporary writer has left so lifelike a picture of the colleges at the time when William Penn entered Christ Church as a gentleman-commoner, that its vividness may atone for the length of the quotation:

"Of all places the Universities being fast to the Monarchy, suffering most, and being most weary of the usurpation, when Oliver was dead and Richard dismounted, they saw through a maze of changes that in little time the Nation would be fond of that Government which twenty years before they hated. The hopes of this made the Scholars talk aloud, drink healths, and curse Meroz in the very streets. Insomuch that when the King came in, nay, when the King was but voted in, they were not only like them that dream, but like them that are out of their wits, mad, stark, staring mad: to study was Fanaticism, to be moderate was downright Rebellion, and thus it continued for a twelve-month."[1]

A studious lad of sixteen coming up from the country must needs be possessed of extraordinary strength of conviction and of will, to stand against this tide of what he in later years called "hellish darkness and debauchery." Perhaps on his first arrival he was not conscious of the extent of his disillusionment, nor of the fact that he had entered a hostile world. A youth so well-connected, so handsome and athletic, would be hail-fellow-well-met in any circle of his fellows. It is true that he carried a weight of learning, but to the end of his life this was a weight

[1] *The Guardian's Instruction*, or *The Gentleman's Romance*, by Stephen Penton, 1688, quoted in Wood.

which he carried lightly. He knew, as his first biographer testified, how to be "learn'd without vanity, apt without forwardness,"—and even after he had become a Quaker, he was, like his father, "facetious in conversation."

He was fortunate, too, that immediately after his arrival the opportunity arose of displaying his loyalty and his scholarship without suspicion of pedantry. The King's youngest brother, the Duke of Gloucester, had died suddenly of smallpox six weeks before, in the midst of the Restoration festivities. The death of this young and promising prince cast a gloom over the Court, and indeed over the whole nation, and the students of Oxford were invited to commemorate it in Latin. William Penn, as has been seen, was no fervent lover of poetry, though his father was known on occasion to compose for a drowned sailor an epitaph whose tender naïveté placed it far above the average of lapidary verse. But the occasion of this composition was such as would appeal to any lad of sensibility, and he is prosaic indeed who cannot write a poem at sixteen. The first verse of the elegy which he produced is worthy of preservation, not only as an historical curiosity, but as evidence of an ingenious fancy, and Latinity which is above reproach :

"Publica te, Dux magne, dabant jejunia genti.
Sed facta est, nato principe, festa dies.
Te moriente, licet celebraret laeta triomphos
Anglia, solennes solvitur in lachrymas.
Solus ad arbitrium moderaris pectora. Solus
Tu dolor accedis, deliciaeque tuis."

Which is thus translated by his biographer, Thomas Clarkson :

"Though 'twas a Fastday when thou cam'st, thy birth
Turned it at once to one of festive mirth.
Though England, at thy death, still made her show
Of public joy, she passed to public woe.
Thou dost alone the public breast control.
Alone bring joy or sorrow to the soul."[1]

With one exception, and that a most curious one, the substance and manner of William Penn's reading at Oxford are known to us only by their evidence in his later life. In one of his pamphlets he refers to his study of anatomy, drawing from it an argument against materialism which has been in frequent use since his day:

"If soul and body were intermixedly and inseparably generated by man, then in all anatomies it were no more difficult to find out the soul than any other part; and in case of opening or dissecting of living men, as I have at the University seen living beasts by anatomists, it would not be impossible but rational that one should behold the very thoughts, purposes, and intents, of such men's hearts and souls."[2]

The Anatomy Lecture was an important foundation at Oxford, and endowed at the rate of £25 a year. Out of this sum the King's Professor of Physic, who read the lectures, was ordered to pay £2 or £3 to a skilful chirurgeon to procure a body after every Lent Assizes, and attend to its burial after its purpose had been attained. This dissection of hanged persons must have been a gruesome ceremony, and twice at least met with an unexpected dénouement in the resuscitation of the corpse.[3]

[1] Clarkson's *Life of Penn*, 1849 Edition, i, 4.
[2] "New Witnesses prov'd old Hereticks," *Works*, ii, 158.
[3] Wood, ii, 883.

John Locke was at this time an obscure don at Christ Church, devoting himself to the study of medicine; and if, as one would like to believe, the foundation of the lifelong friendship between himself and Penn—a freshman twelve years his junior—was laid at Oxford, it may well have been over the dissecting-table that their acquaintance began.

Apart from its association with Locke, who for all future times was to be its greatest glory, Christ Church was in this century very much in the public eye. In 1636 Oxford had set the stage for the pageant of that which a modern historian has called "the last careless hour of the old English monarchy."[1] Here Laud, as Chancellor of the University, received King Charles and his Court, and in Christ Church Hall a new play was produced, ridiculing the whole Puritan party, and Prynne, with his cropped ears, in particular. Before twenty years had gone by, the men who had been their laughing-stock had turned the tables upon their opponents. The King and his archbishop had lost not only their ears but their heads upon the scaffold, and the High Church dons had been expelled from the universities.

Christ Church was greatly the gainer by this purge, for in March 1651 Dr. John Owen, one of the most learned as well as the most broad-minded of Nonconformist preachers, was raised to the dean's chair, and became in the following year Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. He owed his promotion to Oliver Cromwell himself, whose chaplain he had been during the Irish and Scotch campaigns, and through him he had been chosen to preach the Thanksgiving sermon before Parliament after the Battle of Worcester.

[1] Trevelyan, p. 180.

Dr. Owen's sympathies seem indeed to have been as much military as ecclesiastic. He dressed at all times more like a layman than a minister, and if his love of flute-playing allied him to the cloth, his passion for athletics was a strong link between himself and the undergraduates. When in 1654 a royalist rising was looked for at Oxford, he rode at the head of a troop to overawe the rebels. His martial proclivities were so well known, that on Richard Cromwell's abdication he was commissioned by the Council of State to raise a volunteer corps for the defence of the city.

Upon Monk's declaration for a free Parliament in March 1660, the universities were the first to feel the force of the incoming tide. On the thirteenth of the month Cromwell's nominee was ejected from his offices of dean and vice-chancellor. The object of his removal quickly became evident, the new dean, Dr. Reynolds, beginning at once to introduce the High Church ritual into his services, and to bring back to the choir-stalls the surplices which had proved so constant a bone of contention in the days of Laud. Dr. Owen lingered on the outskirts of Oxford, holding religious meetings at his own house, and corresponding with his old students, whom he encouraged both by word and example to resist the "Popish" innovations which were being thrust upon them.[1] Their common friendship with Lord Broghill would incline him to take a special interest in young Penn, and we know on the authority of Pepys that he continued to write to him after his expulsion from the university, to which catastrophe his counsels had been the main contributor.[2]

[1] Article on Dr. Owen in the *D.N.B.* [2] *Pepys*, p. 133.

There was, however, another element in the religious life of Oxford, which, if he had come in contact with it, would have inclined the young freshman even more powerfully against the authorities. From the first the antagonism between Quakerism and the universities had been bitter and unconcealed. No words could be too strong to express Fox's contempt for these nurseries of paid preachers—" dumbe dogges," as he called them, and " greadie hirelinge priests "—while on their part the students repaid his hard words with harder knocks, and the city authorities with the whipping and imprisonment of his followers. In 1654 one is sorry to find Vice-Chancellor Owen himself involved in the controversy. In this year two Quaker men were committed to the county jail, for " speaking to the vice-chancellor in the street,"[1]—a euphemistic phrase which requires no comment. Dr. Owen was a lifelong champion of religious liberty, but this experience was sufficiently exasperating to shake him for a while out of his convictions.

Later in the year two Quaker girl missionaries came to Oxford, and took upon themselves to convert the undergraduates by open-air preaching. The younger girl, who is always mentioned in contemporary letters as " little Elizabeth Fletcher," was " an innocent, comely young maid " of good family.[2] The rough reception, however, which she and her friend met with, so worked upon her mind that she thought herself commanded of the Lord to be a living testimony against the colleges. Stripping herself to the waist, she went in this guise through the streets of Oxford, proclaiming the terrible day of the Lord.

[1] Besse, i, p. 567. [2] *Ibid.*

Walking "naked as a sign" was a form of witness borrowed from the Old Testament, and frequently employed by the early Quakers, but on no other occasion can it have been performed with such exquisite inappropriateness nor in such an agony of soul. In this case also it met with its invariable consequence. The missionary, having been held under the pump and brutally mishandled by the students, was imprisoned with her companion in the Bocardo, and finally whipped out of the city. The mayor, who had refused to have any hand in their imprisonment, pleaded for the simple expulsion of the preachers, but the vice-chancellor, outraged by their offences against decency and morality, insisted upon the punishment reserved for women of bad character.

This history must have been retailed in Oxford whenever a discussion arose on the subject of the Quakers, or of their doctrine of guidance by the Inward Light. In conjunction perhaps, with the notorious shipwreck of James Nayler upon the same rock, two years later, it goes far to explain the lack of interest which Penn showed during his college life in a sect to which as a child he had been so strongly attracted, and must itself have played a considerable part in his religious confusion and distress. By the date of his arrival, the baiting, or as we should say, the ragging of the Quakers, had become a recognised sport amongst the students, and seems to have been encouraged by the authorities for its flavour of episcopal orthodoxy. Their activities in 1659, when they wrecked the meeting-house, and lighted squibs and gunpowder in the midst of the congregation, are related by the old historian, Besse, with the trenchant comment:

"This is the Fruits of the Scholars, who are called young Ministers, in Oxford, against the People of God, daily disturbing their Meetings like wild Savages."[1]

In the same October of Penn's entrance at Christ Church, the musty Statute of Præmunire, which had been devised in the fourteenth century as a protection for the Royal prerogative against papal pretensions, was resuscitated to meet the case of the Quakers. Its first victims were found in Oxford, where two Quaker men, on their refusal to take the oath of allegiance, were put out of the King's protection, their estates forfeited to the crown, and themselves thrown into prison, whence they could only be released at the King's pleasure.[2]

It is one of the most remarkable facts in Penn's life that he should have spent two years in the very crater of Quaker persecution, and remained either unconscious of, or indifferent to it. The anomaly, as has been shown, is capable of explanation. He was at this time under the influence of Dr. Owen who, as the result of his unfortunate experiences of Quaker "leadings," had newly published *Some Exercitations in Latin against the Quaker Theory of Inspiration*. On the other hand, though Thomas Loe, who had swayed the hearts of the Penn family at Macroom Castle, was a native of Oxford, it seems improbable that any meeting took place between himself and William during the latter's stay at the university. It has been generally stated that Penn attended a meeting at which Loe preached, but the belief receives no confirmation from his earliest biographer, Joseph Besse, nor from Sewel, the first Quaker historian, who was Penn's contemporary. During the first half of the year 1660,

[1] Besse, i, p. 567. [2] *Second Period*, p. 14.

Loe was in prison in his own city for his refusal to take the Oath of Allegiance,[1] and immediately on his release his restless missionary spirit drove him again to Ireland, where bitter persecution had broken out at the King's accession. Writing to George Fox on the 17th of September, he reports the great sufferings of the Quakers in Cork, Bandon, and Limerick, adding the characteristic reflection :

" It is yet on me to stay in this nation, and the thing hath oft run through me—thou must travel through this storm with Friends here."[2]

If any meeting took place between him and Penn at this time, it must have been in the brief interval between Loe's return from Ireland, and his next imprisonment at Oxford on 13th January. Fresh from the Irish persecution, he found that the English Quakers also had fallen under the ban of the Government, and in common with all other Dissenters, were suspected of complicity with the Fifth Monarchy men, who would have no king but Jesus. Charles the Second, in his Declaration from Breda, had promised perfect liberty for differences of opinion in matters of religion, but the discovery of the plot to dethrone him in the first bloom of his popularity was held to absolve him from his promise, and was the signal for a furious outbreak of persecution.

Through the early months of 1661, Loe, in company with almost all the men Friends of Oxford, was again imprisoned in the castle, within a stone's throw of Christ Church, where young Penn, who, as he confessed later,

[1] *Kaye Papers*, " Letter from T. Loe, 17, i, 1660."
[2] *Letters of Early Friends*, p. 271.

would have gone a hundred miles to meet him, was wrestling with his perplexities. At the same time, another young Quaker convert, Thomas Ellwood, was enduring a separate confinement in the city.[1] He was Penn's senior by only five years, and his life at a later period was to be most intimately bound up with his own. But that time was not yet come. William Penn had a long road to travel, and many creeds to weigh and find wanting, before he heard again the voice, which, to use the words of Fox, could "speak to his condition."

If at this unripe age the young freshman had again come in contact with Thomas Loe, there can be no doubt that seven years too soon he would have cast in his lot with the Quakers. His college life in France, his legal training, his experience of naval and military warfare, and his intimacy with the Duke of York, would never have been. His education would have been completed in the jails of his native country.

[1] Ellwood, p. 78 *et seq.*

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CHAPTER XII

"A CHILD ALONE"

IN the month of April 1661, Penn's college life suffered a welcome interruption. On the 23rd the King was to be crowned at Westminster, and Sir William, weary of his bachelor life in Navy Gardens, sent for his son to share the festivities with him. Pepys has left an enthusiastic account of the procession on the previous day, and we can follow him as he rises early and puts on his new velvet coat to make one of the party from the Navy Office.

"And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady and his two daughters, and his son and wife, and Sir W. Pen and his son and I, went to Mr. Young's, the flag-maker, in Corne-hill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well."

From the window they had a full view of the naval arch, which was erected near the Exchange in Cornhill, to enhance the glory of the procession—an arch upon which the fancy of the scene-painter had run riot in the representation of gods and goddesses together with their earthly prototypes, King Charles the First, and King Charles the Second. Underfoot the streets, which were usually thick with mud and befouled with garbage, were strewed with gravel. Gay carpets hung from the windows, and ladies gazed down from them upon the King and his triumph.

"So glorious was the show with gold and silver that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window."[1]

This week would give William Penn his first taste of Court life, and it was no doubt on this occasion that his father brought him to the notice of the Duke of York, between whom and himself, in spite of irreconcilable divergences of creed and conduct, there sprang up a lifelong confidence and friendship. At the Court he would meet the Marquis of Ormonde, the friend and patron of his father's Irish service, who was about to return as its Viceroy in triumph to Ireland, with Sir William Penn in his company. Here too he would find another Irish friend, Lord Broghill, lately created Earl of Orrery and President of Munster, who was soon to delight discerning playgoers with his historical tragedies.

It would be with regret that young Penn turned his face again to Oxford, where the education had become distasteful to him, and the crisis of his dissension with the Romanising authorities could not long be delayed. The learning which he had acquired at Chigwell and in Ireland was as solid as it was modest. Six months had sufficed to show him that learning, as it was understood at Oxford, was of an entirely different quality. His soul abhorred

"the vain Quiddities, idle and gross terms, and most sophistick Ways of Syllogizing, with the rest of that useless and injurious Pedantry, so eminently in vogue in Oxford and Cambridge."[2]

[1] *Pepys*, p. 83, and Granville Penn, ii, 257. [2] *Works*, ii, 56.

Deeper still was his disgust at the empty shows and formalities which masqueraded as the religion of Christ. While he had been brought up a Churchman, yet even in his earliest boyhood at Chigwell the rift between Anglican and Nonconformist can scarcely have escaped his notice. The county of Essex around Chigwell was "steeped in Puritanism." In 1641 the Vicar of Chigwell had been ejected for ritualistic practices, and the commissioners reported in 1650, when Madam Penn, with her son, was living in the village, that no settled minister had yet been appointed. The secret revelation of God's presence which had come to the boy at that time, and again three years later under Loe's preaching, could not fail to make him view with impatience the stress laid upon forms and ceremonies by the Anglican Church. He had heard God's voice in the quiet of his own room, or on the expanse of the Irish moorland, bounded only by sky and sea. It was impossible for him to envisage a Deity who must be placated with surplices and incense and approached through a liturgy.

In common with other students whom he had discovered to be of the same opinions, he began to absent himself from the regulation "chapels," and like John Wesley one hundred years later, to hold meetings for prayer and religious conversation in his own rooms, frequently also riding out to attend the services held by Dr. Owen at his house a few miles from Oxford. For this conduct all the undergraduates concerned were brought up before the heads of the college, and fined for Nonconformity.[1]

Sir William Penn, when he heard of this punishment,

[1] Janney, p. 24.

sent for his son to Navy Gardens, where Pepys saw him with his father on the 1st of November. Sir William was on the point of discipline very much the typical admiral of literature. Accustomed from boyhood to command and to be obeyed, his spirit rose at the first hint of insubordination. No one was more aware than himself of this trait in his character. Writing to his son on business some years later, he called him to witness—"You well know I yield to no men, and cannot be hectored out of anything."[1] That a boy of seventeen should set up his judgment against that of his pastors and masters was to him unthinkable, and we may assume that William was sent back to Oxford with strict injunctions to offend no more.

The Christmas vacation for which he came home again some six weeks later seems to have passed merrily without a hint of coming trouble. His little sister Pegg was now at Navy Gardens, having left Ireland in August to attend school at Clerkenwell.[2] In the absence of her mother, Mrs. Pepys acted as chaperon to the young girl, being as a Frenchwoman well qualified to advise her in all matters of dress and deportment. Pepys' account of an evening spent with the brother and sister shows that even in the midst of his religious preoccupations, William Penn was as yet a whole world removed from the Quaker standpoint.

"Home again to dinner, and by and by came the two young Pens, and after we had eaten a Barrel of Oysters we went by Coach to the Play (*The Spanish Curate*). From thence home, and they sat with us till late at night at cards very merry. But the Jest was Mr. Pen had

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 234.
[2] *Pepys*, pp. 98, 109, 116.

left his Sword in the Coach, and so my Boy and he run out after the Coach, and by very great Chance did at the Exchange meet with the Coach and got his Sword again."[1]

Then came William's return to Oxford, which marked the end of the old, happy confidence between father and son. The lad had reached the point when his father's wishes could no longer be law to him, and he must obey his conscience even when it ran counter to the judgment of that father who from his earliest boyhood had been his hero, and still ruled his actions in all matters outside the realm of religion. His own account of these last weeks at Christ Church, while couched in vague language, makes no attempt to conceal their misery. Writing of "the knowledge of God from the living witness," he declares:

"From sixteen I have been a great sufferer for it: at the University, by that inward work alone, I withstood many. I never addicted myself to school learning to understand religion by, but always, even to their faces, rejected and disputed against it. I never had any other religion than what I felt, excepting a little Profession that came with education. I was a secret mourner by the waters of Babylon, and underwent heavy stripes from my relations (afterwards by them repented of), and that frequently, only for my inward persuasion's sake, which was too strong for all opposition and allurements in the end."[2]

In all the events which followed, it is easy to trace the influence of Dr. Owen. He who three years later refused the high preferment offered by Clarendon as the price of conformity, was not likely to prove a wavering counsellor. Before his expulsion from Christ Church, he had set

[1] *Pepys*, January 1, 1662. [2] *Works*, i, 159.

himself in his writings to exonerate Nonconformity from the sin of schism, and in December of this same year he was to be denounced to Secretary Bennet as a " suspicious person . . . who scruples at the surplice."[1]

There is conflicting evidence as to Penn's final act of rebellion. Whether he attacked the Church of England in a pamphlet, whether in the manner of undergraduates of all times he resorted to physical violence, and " tore the surplices off the heads " of his fellow-scholars, or whether, in accordance with his future tenets, he was content with passive resistance, and continued to absent himself from college " chapel," the motive was one and the result the same. He was brought up again before the authorities, and expelled from the university.

Meanwhile, his father, who had more sympathy with his difficulties than he had allowed him to suspect, had realised that he would never again feel at home in Oxford, and had almost resolved to remove him to some private college in the sister university. Once and again in January he came to the garden, where Pepys, who intended it to be " handsome " next summer, was giving directions to the gardener. Walking up and down between the wintry flower-beds, he discussed with that loyal son of Cambridge the merits of colleges and tutors, and it was agreed that Pepys should make further inquiry into the qualifications of " Mr. Burton, of Magdalene."

On 16th March they met again in the garden, when Pepys learnt from Sir William that his son was at home— " not well." To the secretary's amazement, he had lost all interest in the Cambridge project, and Pepys, in ignorance of the cause, could only note in his *Diary*:

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, December 1662.

"All things I fear, do not go well with them: they look discontentedly, but I know not what ails them."[1]

The shame of his son's expulsion took the Admiral unawares, and would be the more resented by him because he had himself been planning, but all too leisurely, his honourable removal. When he reached home, the lad, to use his own words, met with "bitter usage." In the first flush of his anger and disappointment, the Admiral, not content with thrashing his son, turned him out of doors.

William now felt himself to be abandoned of all men. Apart from the faithful love of his mother, who supplied him from Ireland with money and necessaries, his only outward comfort was found in the letters of Dr. Owen. One of these, falling into the Admiral's hands at Portsmouth, whither he had gone with Pepys and other officials of the Navy to welcome the new Queen, was shown by him to his companion, and gave that inquisitive secretary the clue to much that had puzzled him in his neighbour's conduct.

"Sir W. Pen much troubled upon letters come last night. Showed me one of Dr. Owen's to his son, whereby it appears his son is much perverted by him: which I now perceive is one thing which hath put Sir William so long off the hookes."[2]

William had cut himself off from his father's Church, but had found no other community which could satisfy his ideal of pure and undefiled religion. His attachment through Dr. Owen to the Independents was only short-lived. As he explained later, in a curious passage, con-

[1] *Pepys*, pp. 121, 128. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 133.

science, which had driven him into their fold, after a brief trial drove him out of it. At the Restoration when the Independents realised that their ascendancy as the national Church had been taken from them, they turned their hearts for a while from the pursuit of dignities and preferments, to follow the true objects of worship. This impression, however, soon wore away: they sought once more for the favour of kings and bishops, and devoted themselves again to the acquisition of "lands, rich benefices, full and stately livings."

"My soul," says William Penn, "wandered for rest."[1]

His banishment from home was not of long duration. His father was as tender-hearted as he was passionate, and could not hold out against his wife's intercession. Moreover, his attendance at Court must have brought home to him the fact that a too practical championship of true religion was not the worst crime by which a son might disgrace a father.

In the spring, a great pleasure came to the Admiral in the shape of an invitation to accompany his old friend, the Marquis of Ormonde, to Ireland.[2] At the same time, his anxiety about William's future was relieved by a suggestion which came to him through this renewed intimacy, most probably from Ormonde himself, who was the father of brave and honourable sons of William's age. The expedient of despatching him upon the Grand Tour would remove him at once from the temptations of Nonconformity, and enable him to resume his interrupted education.

Midsummer week passed in preparation for these two

[1] "Judas and the Jews," *Works*, ii, 372.
[2] *Pepys*, pp. 144, 145.

journeys, and in mutual protestations of service between Sir William Penn, who went to Ireland, and his colleagues who remained at the Navy Office. Two farewell dinners, at which the Admiral and his son were both present, preluded their separation, and in the first week of July, father and son parted for two years—Sir William setting out with the lord-lieutenant on his spectacular progress to Chester and Dublin, and his son taking ship for France, "in company with several persons of rank."

CHAPTER XIII

BRITISH YOUTHS AND FRENCH PROFESSORS

THERE was little outward difference between Court life in London in the first years of the Restoration, and that of Paris, as Penn found it in the early years of Louis XIV. Charles the Second, of Pepys' ecstatic description—"looking most noble in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak,"[1] was exchanged for his cousin—"like a young Apollo, in a suit so covered with rich embroidery that one could perceive nothing of the stuff under it."[2] The twin forces of Catholicism and despotism, which upheld Louis' sceptre, were regarded in France, as in the majority of the countries of Europe, as the ideal form of government, and already, if the travellers had but known it, had been chosen as his working model by their own Protestant King.[3] On the other hand, to a visitor from England, where the first Acts of the Clarendon Code had just been promulgated, France must have figured as the home of religious toleration. The Edict of Nantes was not officially revoked for another twenty years, and was still nominally the policy of the country.[4]

Penn has left no record of his first visit to Paris, and only by inference can we learn the names of two of his fellow-travellers. The Earl of Crawford, whom the young men would naturally regard as their head, was an ex-

[1] *Pepys*, p. 83.
[2] *Evelyn*, p. 183.
[3] Trevelyan, p. 367.
[4] Burnet, i, pp. 140, 153.

perienced Scottish statesman, and a contemporary of William's father. He was the leader of the Presbyterian party in Scotland, and his young companion, still smarting under the disgrace of his expulsion from college, would look with respectful sympathy upon a sufferer in the cause of Presbyterianism against Episcopacy.

Robert Spencer, soon to be Earl of Sunderland, was of a totally different type. Of the same age as Penn, he was, if Pepys may be trusted, in the act of running away, by this continental tour, from a marriage which had been arranged for him with Lady Ann Digby, and which took place, *malgré lui*, on his return.[1] He was a man of versatile talents and insinuating manners, with the gift of winning and holding affection. This is proved not only by the fact that the travelling acquaintance now begun with William Penn lasted through the following twenty-five years of upheaval and conflict, but that as Whig or Tory, Protestant or Catholic, he was able to gain the confidence and become the adviser of three successive and mutually antagonistic kings of England.[2] To Spencer, at a later stage of their travels, Penn is said to have owed the introduction to his uncle, Algernon Sidney, now living in exile in Italy.

While we know little of Penn's companions in Paris, we are equally ignorant of his occupations. In any case, when the novelty of his surroundings had worn away, he would scarcely breathe at ease in the atmosphere painted for us by Dumas in his Musketeers' Trilogy. . . . His stay at the court of *Le Roi Soleil* was a brief one. One anecdote alone has survived of these weeks in Paris. Coming home to his lodgings one dark night, with the

[1] *Pepys*, p. 213. [2] Burnet, i, 495.

Earl of Crawford's servant in attendance, he failed to notice and return the salute of a passing stranger. This man, who mistook his absence of mind for intentional discourtesy, forced him thereupon to draw and defend himself. Penn succeeded in disarming him, and instead of killing his helpless antagonist, as was his prerogative by the laws of the duel, he allowed him to depart unhurt.

Such incidents were not uncommon in the Paris streets, and Evelyn, during his visit ten years before, twice witnessed a similar assault upon one of his countrymen, which had a less harmless conclusion. The episode, however, lingered in Penn's mind. As he had already revolted against the vain forms and ceremonies of the Church of England, so now he began to question the rationality of the hypocritical courtesies and codes of honour which were the rule of Court life.[1]

"I ask any Man of Understanding or Conscience, if the whole Ceremony was worth the Life of a Man?"

Penn was travelling primarily for his education, and was not inclined to take very seriously either the gaieties or the punctilios of his hosts. Indeed, on his return he could, in spite of his French exterior, be "mighty merry, talking of his travels, and the French humours."[2] His goal was Saumur, in Anjou, the home of the Huguenot College, which during the Protectorate had won great popularity in England as a kind of "finishing school" for lads of good family.

Apart from its attractions as an educational centre, which included a school of vinery and an academy for

[1] *Works*, i, 313. [2] *Pepys*, 5th September 1665.

young ladies, Saumur was a fascinating little city, full of pictorial and historical interest. It was known to the Romans as Salmurium, and the caves which had been the homes of its first inhabitants were to be seen on the right bank of the river which watered the modern town. A weather-beaten tower was still standing, which had been built in the ninth century for their protection. The original method of architecture persisted in the mediæval *Hospice de la Providence*, in which several of the rooms were carved out of the rock.

The Middle Ages survived in its public buildings. Two other towers, relics of the ancient fortifications, had been built in the fifteenth century. Among its many mediæval churches was that of S. Pierre de Nantilly, where Louis XI set up an oratory. The castle, dating from the eleventh century, was used as an arsenal and powder magazine.

Modern Saumur was a busy little town of many-sided activity. Its Gothic Town Hall possessed a museum, and it could boast a theatre, and a great library containing 16,000 volumes. In Penn's time there was a manufactory of enamel, and another of glass-ware. A section of the inhabitants were employed in making the celebrated white wine of the district, and beside the market for agricultural produce, such as corn, flax, and hemp, Saumur did a brisk trade in brandy and liqueurs.

But the pride of the city was its Huguenot Academy, which had been founded in 1600 by Duplessis-Mornay, Governor of Saumur for thirty-two years, and an ardent Protestant. Though he had been succeeded by two Roman Catholics in turn, they continued to encourage and support the college, which flourished without dis-

tinction of creed till the fatal year of 1685, when it was suppressed under the Edict of Nantes.[1]

If the academy was the pride of Saumur, its Professor of Theology, Moïse Amyraut, was the pride of the academy. This famous divine was born in 1596, and began his career as a student at Saumur, when he came up from Bourgueil in Anjou, to study theology under the great anti-Calvinist, Dr. Cameron. By a strange turn of fortune, Saumur, which had been given by Henri III to the Calvinists as a place of refuge, had become under Louis XIV the home and the platform of Calvin's opponents. In 1626 Amyraut was made pastor of a church at Saumur, and five years later he took a leading part as one of the deputies at the Synod of Charenton. He was commissioned to carry its recommendations to the Court, and was successful in obtaining the repair of vexatious breaches which had been made in the Edict of Nantes—notably the abolition of the humiliating order which obliged Protestant deputies, as distinct from Roman Catholic, to address the King upon their knees. Nevertheless, he was a firm upholder of the sovereignty of kings, and after the execution of Charles the First he declared for passive obedience in a book to which he gave that title. Thanks to these principles, he was entrusted by Mazarin with the delicate task of holding back the Protestants from participation in the wars of the Fronde. As a friend to both parties, he was consulted by Cardinal Richelieu on his plan of uniting the two Churches, and though this union has remained to this day an unfulfilled ideal, Amyraut continued to count his intimates in both communions, and accomplished more than any other

[1] Bouillet, *Dictionnaire de l'Histoire et de la Geographie.*

divine of his century to promote an understanding between Protestant and Roman Catholic.[1]

He had been originally destined for the Law, and when in 1633 he was appointed to the Chair of Theology at Saumur, he brought with him to the professor's desk the persuasive tongue of the advocate, and the graceful self-possession of the man of the world. The esteem in which Amyraut was held in his own country may be gathered from a Latin epigram composed by the learned M. du Bosc :

> A Mose ad Mosem par Mosi non fuit ullus.
> More, ore et calamomirus uterque fuit.

which was thus translated by Penn's early biographer, Thomas Clarkson :

> From Moses down to Moses, none, among the sons of men
> With equal lustre ever shone in manners, tongue, and pen.[2]

Till his death thirty-three years later, Saumur was the Mecca of theological students from every Protestant country in Europe, and it became the fashion with the great English families to send their boys to the Huguenot Academy that they might perfect themselves in the French language at a French institution where no assaults would be made from outside the walls upon their virtue, nor upon their orthodoxy within them.

Thanks to the promotion of one of these English students to the post of Keeper of His Majesty's Papers of State at Whitehall, some fragments of Saumur College

[1] Amyraut, *Biographie Universelle*. [2] Clarkson, i, 7.

gossip have been preserved in the solemn arcana of the Record Office, which help us to picture the daily life of the little community at the time when William Penn joined it.

Joseph, afterwards Sir Joseph Williamson, and Secretary of State, returned home from Saumur in 1657. He had been a private tutor, as well as a student in Amyraut's class of Theology, and left a pleasant memory behind him, not only with his professors and fellow-students, but in the heart of his elderly landlady, Mademoiselle Poitevin. Pepys, who met him in 1663, found him "a pretty knowing man, and a scholar," but added with his customary reservation, "it may be, thinks himself to be too much so."

The first of the letters which he has kept, referring to Saumur, is written to him in July on the eve of his departure, and contains a recommendation from Professor Gerard Langbaine of Oxford, that he should procure a testimonial from the Saumur professors as to the length of his residence and his "good carriage." Williamson then sends his landlady a parting gift in the shape of a pair of scissors which she must needs regard as a gift of ill-omen, seeing that the letter which accompanies them has lost the pleasant tone of intimacy to which her lodger had accustomed her:

"In fact I have remarked that the scissors have been sharpened to cut out the name of Aunt that you gave me!"

At the end of September letters begin to follow him on his leisurely journey back to England. He learns in Paris that Amyraut is disappointed to have missed him, having called twice to say good-bye, and is sending him

a book as a farewell gift. He is asked, and consents, to arrange an exchange of books between Saumur residents and his friends in England—a thankless task as it proved to be, for he only succeeds in sending out " not what they wanted, but what was pleasing to himself." Very disconcerting to modern readers are the lists of books furnished by Williamson's clients. Dr. Tanaquil Faber or le Fevre (to give him his French name) asks for the *Commentaries* of Budæus, adding the startling, if honest, proviso that he can never afford to pay for them. The same letter contains a request for the *Epistles* of Sarravius, together with a copy of the Theocritus newly printed at Heidelberg, with notes by Casaubon and Heinsius.

In July he learns that M. Jollivet's son is going to finish his studies at Saumur, and in the following March the unfortunate Williamson is requested by Dr. le Fevre (of the deep studies and slender purse) to inform M. Jollivet that his son, having failed two or three times to do his task, had been chastised with the cane, and " the little rogue " now refuses to return to college. M. du Soul, Rector of the Academy, should be written to, presumably by the father, and begged to have him well whipped, to teach him to be a good scholar.

The lighter side of college life is mirrored in the letters sent to Williamson by Alexander Callander—no doubt one of the many Scotch students who were first drawn to Saumur by the fame of their learned countryman, Dr. Cameron.

" It is *à la mode* here," he tells his correspondent, " for every one to draw impartial portraits of him or herself, body and mind. This is in imitation of M. Amirault, who has drawn M. l'Huisseau's portrait . . . in his last work."

Through Callander we share the consternation of the little community at the report that Amyraut has broken his thigh-bone in a fall, while his colleague, M. Capel, "was lying in bed"—very weak. (This was that Professor Louis Capel, who, together with Amyraut, was the chief expounder of the doctrine of Hypothetical Universalism.) "For academy and church we have only M. Beaujardin left."

Amyraut recovered, however, and had still two years of work before him when William Penn, towards the end of 1662, took his seat in the theological classroom.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MOSES OF THE PROTESTANTS

IT is a tempting, and, it may be, a dangerous exercise to trace the influence of Amyraut's theology upon his famous pupil's ideas and doctrine. William Penn was too great a man to borrow his principles from his teacher, no matter how eminent. Yet as his intercourse with Dr. Owen had coloured his life at Oxford, so there can be no doubt that Amyraut deepened his convictions on many vital points, and helped him to define the ideals which had already begun, perhaps unconsciously, to actuate his conduct.

The atmosphere of Saumur was very far removed from that of Oxford—that "signal place for Idleness, Looseness, Prophaneness, Prodigality, and Gross Ignorance."[1] Judging from his literary output, and the record of his work in other directions, Amyraut must have been a man of tireless activity, and round him revolved not only the scholastic but the social life of the little town. During less than two years in which Penn was in residence, he was able to become thoroughly familiar with the voluminous works of the early Fathers, besides making considerable acquaintance with the writings of other divines in Latin and Greek. The lectures were delivered in French—a fact which would help Penn to an intimacy with the language which could never have been acquired in his own country through the medium of a grammar.

[1] "Truth Exalted," *Works*, i, 243.

More strange to the Oxford student than the high standard of morality or even the hard-working scholastic atmosphere of the little city, would be the complete absence of sectarian jealousy and religious quarrels. No distinction was made between Roman Catholic and Protestant students, while the very names of High Church and Low Church, Independent and Presbyterian, were a matter of academic interest. The preoccupations of the past two years began to assume their true proportions. Undistracted on the one hand by persecution, and on the other by the duty of proselytising, students and professors could devote themselves to the study of past times, and the preparation for future usefulness.

While the ideal of religious liberty was Amyraut's chief study, and his most valuable contribution to the life of his time, there were many less vital points in his doctrine which find an echo in Penn's life and work. From a purely theological standpoint, his teaching was revolutionary. In the steps of his master, Dr. Cameron, he led the attack upon Predestination, fighting for theological as he fought for religious freedom. His system of theology took its stand upon a wider view of moral liberty than that held by the orthodox Protestant of his century—a view which, for the confusion of lay students, has been weighted with the name of "Hypothetical Universalism." Its teaching on the universality of grace, and on the relative freedom of the will, made an immense sensation, and provided the chief subject of discussion at schools and synods, and even at the Court.

Amyraut's treatise which bears the name of *La Morale Chrétienne*, has been called "one of the most important monuments of Protestant literature of the

seventeenth century," and won for its author a reputation as philosopher and moralist equal to that which he already enjoyed as preacher and theologian. In this book may be found a truer presentation of the doctrine of the Inward Light than that which Penn could have gained from the unfortunately prejudiced Dr. Owen. Amyraut seeks to portray a natural morality—that is, a morality founded upon the human conscience. Man should endeavour

"to build upon the foundations laid by nature, the instruction given to him by revelation; and to that end, while not neglecting the light which may reach him from without, it is the human conscience—his own conscience above all, which he must study and interrogate. The Laws of God are every where printed upon the heart of man, who is himself their true commentary."

His words on the subject of war are startlingly prophetic of another cardinal tenet of Quaker belief:

"There is so great an antipathy between War and the Love of Christ," he writes in the same book, "that without these (just and necessary causes) they would be absolutely incompatible."

When we try to follow him in the lesser details of his teaching, we realise how such words as these would appeal to his young pupil:

"A minister should be free from ostentation; he should enter the pulpit in a hat and a black robe, or in a surplice and mortar-board; he must not distract the attention of his congregation with embroideries and draperies and rings of flashing diamonds. Neither must he so give himself to eloquence as to be taken by the young people of his flock for the pattern of correct speech

and the emporium of elegant thoughts: the rivalry existing between ministers is greatly to be deprecated.

The Sabbath must not be made a burden through its many services. It was given to be a day of rest, and he who spends some portion of it in healthful recreation, such as walking in the country, is fulfilling God's purpose."[1]

Amyraut, like Penn, had a love of languages and a passion for quotation—a weakness which Penn inherited from his father, the Admiral, who, according to the prejudiced Clarendon, "had got many good words which he used at adventure." The professor's learned *Traité des Religions*, was interlarded with no fewer than fifty-two extracts from Greek and Latin authors which, contrary to his habit, he gave in a French version—having heard that the quotations in his earlier books "had incommoded those who had not those languages."

This was a style much affected by Penn in his early writings, in compliment, no doubt, to his French master, and it tended for many years to overlay his naturally clear and vigorous English.

Amyraut indeed excelled as a translator, as one may judge from his version of the Eighth Psalm, which is printed at the end of the *Traité des Religions*:

A l'heure, ô éternel, que je lève les yeux,
Afin de contempler la merveille des cieux,
Ouvrage à qui tes doigts ont donné l'origine;
Et que je voy la lune et les astres divers,
Que tu as arrangés au rond de l'univers,
Je dis, émerveillé de ta bonté divine:
Eh, qu'est-ce que de l'homme et de sa race aussi,
Que tu l'ayes jugé digne de ton souci!

[1] *Essai sur la Morale d'Amyraut*, Marc Fraissinet, Toulouse, 1889. *La Morale Chrétienne*, vols. iv and v

Even the pitfall of bathos into which he stumbled :

> Et dans les flots salés, les peuples écaillés
> Font part des beaux présens que tu nous as baillés,

is not to be regretted, since it reveals the French preciosity which must have formed an element in his lectures, rendering their theology at once more human and more entertaining to his English scholar.

Penn now found himself for the first time surrounded by men of his own age, who held the same ideals as himself, and were planning their lives upon the same pattern. In this congenial atmosphere his own nature expanded, gay, honourable, and untainted.

He had been fortunate in the date of his arrival, for his college life coincided with the last two years of Saumur's glory. After forty years of service as preacher and lecturer in the little city, Amyraut died in 1664, and Penn, in company with his friend, Robert Spencer, set out for Italy.

CHAPTER XV

PORTRAIT OF A PATRIOT

PENN has kept complete silence on the subject of his visit to Italy, which was probably even shorter than his stay in Paris. It was the occasion, however, of one event, whose influence was incalculable upon his thought and actions—the introduction to Algernon Sidney.

The travellers had scarcely reached Turin when an express followed them from Sir William, urging his son's return with all speed to London. As far as dates can be ascertained, it seems most likely that his meeting with Sidney took place on this return journey—probably at Rotterdam, where Penn would wait for the ship to carry him to Harwich, this being the route which he followed on the journeys of which we have detailed information.

In this year of 1664, Sidney was staying at Rotterdam, in close touch with Locke's friend and patient, the Quaker merchant, Benjamin Furley.[1] Penn's introduction would therefore be due, not to his travelling companion, Robert Spencer, who, like all Sidney's near relatives, would regard his uncle as the political black sheep of the family, but to John Locke, the Oxford don, their common friend.

If the name of Algernon Sidney, like that of his namesake and relative, Sir Philip, has come down to us un-

[1] *Algernon Sidney*, by Gertrude Blackburn (1885) and Blencowe's *Sidney Papers* (London, 1825).

dimmed through three centuries, it is rather owing to the austere beauty of his character than to any definite achievement which stands to his credit. He gave his life for England, as truly as any hero of the battlefield, yet the best part of his manhood was spent in exile, and he died upon the scaffold the death of a traitor.

The second son of the old Earl of Leicester, he belonged rather to the generation of Penn's father than to his own. While the future admiral had been studying his profession upon his father's ship in the Mediterranean, Sidney had followed in the train of his father, the Ambassador, to Denmark, Paris, and Rome. He crossed with him to Ireland, when the earl became lord-lieutenant, and served in his brother's troop in the wars of 1641.

The Civil War marked Sidney's definite break with his family. Having been captured by the Roundheads at Liverpool, and sent up to London, he threw in his lot with the Parliament. Three months before William Penn was born on Tower Hill, Sidney, who was then twenty-two years of age, won his spurs at Marston Moor, charging, as lieutenant-colonel, at the head of his regiment. After holding various commands in Ireland and England, Sidney, who was recognised, even by the royalists, as "a man of great courage, great sense, and great parts,"[1] was nominated one of the commission appointed to try the King. He was known to be entirely averse to government by monarchy, and in later years spoke of Charles' execution as "the justest and bravest action that ever was done in England, or anywhere else."[2]

[1] *Evelyn*, p. 409.

[2] *Collection of Letters*, p. 262 ("Earl of L—— to the Hon. Algernon Sidney").

Yet he could not reconcile to his idea of equity the trial of a crowned head by men who were his subjects and not his peers, nor could he in cold blood set his hand to the death warrant of the man who had been his father's friend, and now lay helpless in the power of his enemies. He refused to sit in judgment upon the King, and retired to his father's seat at Penshurst. Then followed his appointment to the Council of State, of which he was a member for two years. But being a convinced republican, he was as firmly opposed to the establishment of a Protectorate, as, after the Protector's death, to a government by military power, and it was after a further six years of seclusion from public life that he took up the post of Ambassador to Sweden and Denmark offered him by Richard Cromwell.

After the Restoration, which came about during his absence from England, he was excepted from the Act of Indemnity, as an avowed enemy to monarchy in general, and to the Merry Monarch in particular, of whom in one of his outspoken letters he had written that "the King's glory is the shame (of his subjects)—his plenty, the people's misery." At the request of his old father he remained abroad, though for his own part he was of opinion that "there are many things more to be apprehended than a hatchet."

Sidney was now in great straits for money. His many friends and acquaintances in Venice and Rome proved too great a strain upon his purse, and he fled to Frascati, where for three years he endured a "half-burial."

"In the end," he wrote, "I found that it was an ill-grounded peace that I enjoyed, and could have no rest in

my own spirit, because I lived only to myself, and was in no ways useful unto God's people, my country, and the world."

A visit to the old republican, Ludlow, now in exile at Vevy, acted as a spur to Sidney's "tragical principles," and at the date of Penn's European tour, he was hovering between Paris and the Low Countries, hoping that the time had come when a plot to dethrone the King of England might be launched with some prospect of success.

"No man," he had promised at the Restoration, "shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of the people his glory: none more his enemy, if he doth the contrary."[1]

These plans, which miscarried before they could be brought to maturity, he confided to Benjamin Furley, a rich Quaker merchant of Colchester and Rotterdam, from whom he may have hoped for financial backing. Furley, who forms the link between Locke and Sidney, and again between Sidney and Penn, is one of the enigmatical figures which emerge from time to time in that century of contrasts. He had been one of the earliest and most fervent converts to Quakerism, and in 1659 had offered himself as one of 164 Friends, to act as substitute, or, as their vivid phrase ran, to lie body for body, for those Quaker prisoners who had languished for years in jail without hope of release.

Furley's house in Rotterdam was famed in London and throughout the Low Countries as the home of a library of mystical theology, whose catalogue alone made up a

[1] *Collection of Letters*, pp. 264–268 ("Algernon Sidney to his Friends").

large volume, and whose sale at his death was one of the literary events of the early eighteenth century. As one of the few men of learning who had joined the society, Fox enlisted his help in compiling the *Battledoor*, that extraordinary text-book written in thirty-three languages and issued "to all nations under the whole heavens," to prove the antiquity and respectability of the "thee and thou" speech. Furley was later involved in one of the schisms which split the Quaker Church, and at the time when Sidney was seeking to interest him in his republican conspiracy, he had severed for some years his connection with the society.

In this strange and somewhat bewildering world, young Penn was now made welcome. Up till now his acquaintance with public life had come exclusively through his father's intimates, men who had fought and were ready to fight again for their country, right or wrong. So long as their bitter rival, the military power, could be kept out of the saddle, they concerned themselves very little with methods of government. If the seamen under their flag were promptly paid and the ships well victualled and equipped, they would fight the Dutchman as willingly for the Duke of York as for "the late powers." On the same principle, Broghill, that loving friend of the Protector, had accepted office and a title from King Charles, and was spending his life in Ireland as usefully and quietly as though there had been no change of government. Moreover, Penn came fresh from Amyraut's teaching on the divine right of kings, and through his father he knew the decent and honourable element which still survived in the English Court. In

Algernon Sidney, he met a patriot who loved England too well to be on any terms a consenting party to her enslavement.

"What Joy can I have in my own country in this condition? Is it a pleasure to see all that I love in the world, sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile Court Arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? . . . I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition, as that I cannot save my life, but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time is come wherein I should resign it."[1]

At Oxford, Penn had proved his love of religious freedom, and Sidney's defence of political liberty would meet from him with an immediate response. The love of country was inbred in the younger man as in the elder, and at that moment would be rendered doubly conscious through his two years' absence. One seems to hear an echo of these conversations with Sidney in the words which Penn wrote some ten years later:

"I have ever loved England, and Moderation to all parties in it; and long seen and foreseen the consequences of the want of it."[2]

To Sidney in this hour of his despair, Penn came like a breath of his own eager youth, and in this compatriot of twenty, who was yet no stranger to suffering for conscience' sake, he found fresh hope for England. If now and again as they talked, their thoughts turned to New England, and the elder man pictured that government of liberty, equality, and fraternity which often in his dreams

[1] *Collection of Letters*, p. 265. [2] *Works*, p. 588.

he had established there, the ideal was no new one to his companion. More than once, during the dark days at Oxford, when it had seemed to Penn that his contemporaries had thrown off every restraint and every tradition which had made their country great, his thoughts had turned to the virgin lands across the sea. Then, in his own vivid phrase, he had known "openings of joy," a window flung wide from the scene of England's sorrow upon a new world wherein should dwell freedom and righteousness.

Although as far as can be known the friends did not meet again for thirteen years, their friendship grew only more true and intimate with the passing of time. When at last, in 1677, Sidney returned to England, it was to make with Penn one final effort for political freedom. When that failed, they parted for ever—Penn to work out their common ideals in a new country, and Sidney, for the same cause, to lay down his head upon the block.

CHAPTER XVI

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE NAVY OFFICE

WHEN William Penn stepped ashore at Harwich in the month of August 1664, he was facing for the first time the life of an adult Englishman in his own country. Up till now he had been in the care of tutors and governors, and the short interval between his expulsion from Oxford and his journey to France had been passed under the shadow of his father's displeasure. But now he was summoned to take his father's place—to watch over his mother and the two children much younger than himself, and to care for the Admiral's interests while he fought England's battles at sea. The country to which he was returning was on the eve of war with her old and formidable enemy—indeed, in those days of mid-August the boat in which William crossed would narrowly escape capture by a portion of the Dutch Fleet which was cruising up and down off Ostend.[1]

Within England itself a war was raging more bitter than any foreign conflict. The return of the King from exile had been the signal for an outbreak of licence and a lowering of the moral standard of the nation such as had never been known before. This was due in part to a universal reaction from the too tight rein of the Protector, but chiefly perhaps to the example of the King and Court, who had been deliriously welcomed to the heart of England. For the first couple of years of the new reign

[1] *Pepys*, 27th August 1664.

View of the Navy Office as it appeared in 1664

the old cavalier element still put up a fight for decency and honour. In the councils of Whitehall, Penn's friend Ormonde and the Chancellor Clarendon stood as the representatives of the old order, and formed a barrier against the flood of indifference and active wickedness which was gathering to overwhelm it. But in 1662 Ormonde was removed to Dublin, and transferred to the Vice-regal Court the old traditions of cavalier nobility. Clarendon remained, to become the butt of the Court for his antique standards and his long-winded remonstrances, which succeeded at last in breaking down the protection which the King's gratitude had afforded him. At the exile of the chancellor, Charles put himself, as definitely as King Rehoboam before him, into the hands of the "young men."

Nowhere was the cleavage between the old times and the new more visible than in the Navy and in the staff of the Navy Office, whose two secretaries, Coventry and Pepys, might be taken as representative of the elements at war. If the key to Pepys' cipher had never been discovered, he would have gone down to posterity as one of the hardest-working and most conscientious of public servants—a member of the Royal Society and a lifelong intimate of the blameless Evelyn. His *Diary* shows him to have been in addition a treacherous friend—except in the case of Sandwich, where family pride came to the help of gratitude—and an envious and spiteful colleague, who never forgave an injury nor hesitated to stab in the back the man who trusted him. The grudge which he conceived against Admiral Penn in the first months of their work together grew more bitter with every year, till the Navy Office presented the appearance of two rival

camps—Pepys with Sandwich on the one side, and Coventry with Penn upon the other. Except on two occasions when it flamed out into fierce hostility, this enmity passed unsuspected by its object—"he being on all occasions," observes Pepys, "glad to be at friendship with me." Secure in the trust and support of the Duke of York and his secretary, William Coventry, the Admiral seems to have gone on his way unconscious of the back-biting and ill-will of the Clerk of the Acts, who, on his part, continued to accept his chief's hospitality, and listen with outward deference to his suggestions. When William came home, however, he went in and out of the Navy Office with eyes sharpened by his love for his father, and the one letter written by him to Pepys which has come down to us, reveals a hesitation in accepting the secretary's protestations of devotion, together with an insistence upon his own sincerity which are quite foreign to his usually ingenuous correspondence.[1]

The key to the position is found in *Pepys' Diary* for the 3rd of June 1662. In the previous month, Coventry had been added to the number of Navy commissioners, with a seat at the Navy Board, and at once set himself, with Admiral Penn's help, to inquire into all the "miscarriages" of its administration. Walking with Pepys in the garden, that recognised place for confidences, he told him that he "was resolved, whatever it cost him, to make an experiment, and see whether it was possible for a man to keep himself up in Court by dealing plainly and walking uprightly. In the doing whereof, if his ground do slip from under him, he will be contented, but he is resolved to try, and never to baulk taking notice of anything

[1] Printed in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 39, p. 112 (see Appendix).

that is to the King's prejudice, let it fall where it will."[1]

This was applauded by Pepys as "a most brave resolution," but it was not long before he realised that he himself was to be one of the first sufferers by Coventry's integrity. At the beginning of the year, Penn, with the authority of the Duke of York, had issued a Book of Regulations of the Navy, in which the duty of each officer and member of the Navy Board was carefully stipulated. At the same time he represented to the King the necessity of providing some effectual check upon the offices of treasurer, comptroller, and surveyor of the Navy. But a check was a thing not to be borne by the public servant of that day, and one by one as their "miscarriages" were exposed, and they were shorn of their perquisites, the friends who had been used to meet amicably round the Navy Board were transformed into enemies. Pepys has sketched the scene of his own discomfiture, which is no doubt typical of what went on from day to day under the searching inquisition of Coventry and Penn.

"At the office, and Mr. Coventry brought his patent, and took his place with us this morning. Upon our making a contract, I went as I used to do to draw the heads thereof, but Sir W. Penn most basely told me that the comptroller is to do it, and so begun to employ Mr. Turner about it, at which I was much vexed, and begun to dispute. . . . What Sir J. Minnes (the new comptroller) will do when he comes, I Knowe not, but Sir W. Penn did it like a base raskall, and so I shall remember him while I live." A few days later, as the Admiral was

[1] *Pepys*, p. 166.

about to set out for Ireland, "I did," says Pepys, "God forgive me, promise him all my service and love, though the rogue knows he deserves none from me, nor do I intend to show him any."[1]

Carteret, whose command of the finances of the Navy was recognised even by Pepys as "the bane of all our business," saw his chief depart with equally hostile feelings, and the threat expressed to his fellow-commissioners that he would find means to keep him in Ireland.[2]

Such was the condition of the Navy Office when war impended with the Dutch; all, as Pepys confesses, "going to rack for lack of money," each official struggling to improve his own position and fighting for his own hand, each envious of his fellows and afraid of Admiral Penn and his friend Coventry, "he being the activest man in the world."

Although war between England and Holland was not officially declared until March 1665, as far back as February in the preceding year a state of private warfare had existed abroad between Dutch settlers and English merchants. These adventurers, openly supported by the Duke of York and Prince Rupert, had wrested New Jersey and New York from their Dutch owners, while in India the Dutch had proclaimed themselves lords of the south seas, and denied traffic there to all ships but their own, upon pain of confiscation. Two months later Parliament urged the King to demand satisfaction for the wrong sustained by him from the Dutch.[3] They on their side were equally anxious for a decision of the long-vexed

[1] *Pepys*, pp. 139, 146. [2] Granville Penn, ii, 270.
[3] *Ibid.*, ii, 288 *et seq.*

question, and began in their news sheets to canvass their opponents' chances, and the probable choice of their officers. It is with a shock that one finds the name of the Admiral who ten years before had beaten De Ruyter in the battle of the Texel, included in the enemy's list as "Vieux Penn." The veteran commander had newly passed his forty-second birthday.[1]

Great activity now followed on both sides of the Channel. At the end of June four warrants were issued to Admiral Penn

"to press and take up carpenters, shipwrights, calkers, smiths, joiners, sawyers, mariners, gunners, soldiers, etc., to repair and set forth the King's ships; also provisions of all sorts, timber, iron, hemp, and other necessaries, boats, and horses, etc., for their conveyance. All who refuse to obey to be imprisoned; all magistrates, etc., required to assist therein."[2]

A lurid light is thrown upon these orders by the comment in one of Coventry's letters:

"I believe nothing short of hanging will secure the pressed men."[3]

England was facing a four years' struggle under two damning handicaps: lack of means to pay the sailors' wages, and lack of unity in the councils of war. When Parliament found that the huge sum voted for the needs of the Navy had been squandered upon the King's mistresses, they held back or reduced their following votes, so that supplies when they arrived were too late or too niggardly to save the situation. Long before the end of

[1] *Pepys*, p. 272. [2] *Cal. S. P.*, 61, 625.
[3] *Ibid.*, 62, 68.

the war ships were lying idle in the docks for want of money to repair them, while English sailors, their wages unpaid for four years, preferred service on board the enemies' ships to starvation in their own.[1]

If the problem of maintaining and provisioning the Navy grew more acute with each year of the war, the selection of commanders was fraught with no less difficulty and proved in the end the chief factor in England's discomfiture. The Duke of York brought over in his train at the Restoration a crowd of adventurers whose ambition was only equalled by their incapacity. To them the Navy seemed to offer an easy and lucrative career, and they were insatiable in their demand for posts of honour under the lord high admiral, even when their appointment would involve the cashiering of old and tried commanders, who had transferred their allegiance to the new Government. In this demand they found an unexpected ally in old Sir John Minnes, one of the few Navy men who had refused to sail under the Protector's orders. This friend and colleague of Admiral Penn sent word to the King that he would never be Master of the Fleet until he had made a clean sweep of all Oliver's captains.[2] The history of the Navy for the next few years is the record of the supplanting of experienced officers by youthful landsmen, and of the inevitable collapse of the Navy tradition. Its epitome may be studied in the career of the great battleship which, under its triumphant name of *Naseby*, had in 1658 feasted Cardinal Mazarin off the newly captured Dunkirk. As the *Royal Charles* she carried the returning King to Dover, and again, under Penn and the Duke of York, she

[1] *Pepys*, p. 509. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 113.

fought and conquered the hereditary enemy. Captured at last at her own moorings, she was towed in triumph to Holland on the day when the Dutch ships, venturing up the Medway, set fire to the English Fleet.[1]

Admiral Penn was to feel the full brunt of this reaction, and both afloat and ashore to be singled out as its most spectacular sacrifice. A law had lately been passed by Parliament prohibiting the employment of any public servant who had served under "the late powers," and it was in defiance of this order that the Duke of York requested Penn to furnish him with a list of the ablest sea-officers in the kingdom, to serve in the forthcoming expedition.

"I do very well remember," wrote his son some thirty years later, "he presented our present King with a catalogue of the knowingest and bravest officers the age had bred, with this subscribed: These men, if His Majesty will please to admit of their persuasions, I will answer for their skill, courage, and integrity. . . . And of my own knowledge conformity robbed the King at that time of ten men, whose greater knowledge and valour than any one ten of that Fleet, had in their room been able to have saved a battle or perfected a victory. I appeal to the King himself, he added, if ever he was better loved and served than by the old roundheaded seamen—the Earl of Sandwich, Sir William Penn (and others). . . . And to do our Prince justice, he deserved it from them, by his humility, plainness, and courage, and the care and affection he always shewed them."[2]

Until the King's indolent preferences were overcome by the importunities of his favourites, he himself supported his brother in his defence of the old sea captains, whose

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 448. [2] *Works*, p. 737.

loyalty he vouched for in a metaphor suitable to the times : " They had all had the plague, but were perfectly cured, and less susceptible to infection than the others."[1]

When Penn himself seemed likely to suffer by the pretensions of Prince Rupert, his former quarry in the Mediterranean, the Duke of York took him into his own ship, with the newly coined title of " Great Captain Commander." " Which honour," remarks Pepys, " God forgive me, I could grudge him for his knavery and dissimulation, though I do not envy much the having the same place myself."[2]

The winter months which followed were full of heart-breaking work. Penn himself supervised the fitting out of the Fleet, sending demands from day to day to the Clerk of the Acts for the most elementary requirements—spar to make a cross-jack, gun-wads, mast-yards, and all other stores, plank, and timber. In view of the complaints of lack of food for the crews which were daily reaching the Navy Office, it is satisfactory to learn that when on the 23rd of November, Sir William set sail with part of the Fleet, " the herring fleet from Yarmouth of twenty sail appeared on the back of the sands, stood into the Downs," and kept him company.[3] A week later the Admiral shifted his flag, and took command of the *Royal Charles*, the Duke of York's flagship.

Pepys might well refrain from envying Penn this honourable post, for its amenities began and ended with the favour of the duke, and the loyal assistance of his captain, Sir John Harman, who had served under him in

[1] " Speech to the French Ambassador," quoted in Granville Penn, ii, 301.

[2] *Pepys*, p. 289.

[3] *Cal. S. P.*, 62, 85.

the Mediterranean, and carried his dispatches after the defeat of the Dutch Navy in 1652. Of the two admirals next to him in command, Rupert was his sworn enemy, while from the moment of his promotion the friendship of the Earl of Sandwich had been transformed into jealousy. The deck of the *Royal Charles* was crowded with young courtiers of the duke's household, who grew weary of a seagoing life during the months of inaction which preceded the battle, and began to agitate for peace before a blow had been struck. They quarrelled amongst themselves, and fell foul of the seamen, but chiefly they complained of the Great Captain Commander, who, said they, failed to render them the respect to which they were entitled.[1]

During these weeks, two envoys were dispatched by the Duke of York to bring the King news of the Fleet. One of these, the Earl of Falmouth, visited the Chancellor Clarendon during his stay on shore, and from his report it is easy to picture the strained relations which existed on board the *Royal Charles* :

" He told him they were all mad who had wished this war, and that himself had been made a fool to contribute to it, but that his eyes were open, and a month's experience at sea had enough informed him of the great hazards the King ran in it. He reproached Pen as a Sot, and a fellow that he thought would be found without courage."[2]

The Fleet had been detained through the non-arrival of stores, but on the 22nd of April, which was the Admiral's birthday, they were at last under sail, and a second envoy was sent to bear the King what were likely to be the final dispatches before the engagement. The bearer was the

[1] *Clarendon*, ii, 504.

[2] *Ibid.*, ii, 504.

Admiral's own son William, whom he had taken on board to keep him company during the weeks of inaction, and who now returned most reluctantly to his duties on shore. He was charged to give the King a verbal account of the state of the Fleet, and carried letters from Coventry and Falmouth to the Secretary of State. Coventry's dispatch is characteristic, and reveals the fact that the great sea-fight of 1665 was won by hungry sailors.

"*Royal Charles* off Orfordness, 8 a.m., 22nd April.

"Mr. Penn will relate our condition, under sail with a brave fleet, wind and weather fair. Are looking for the Dutch, and think we see some of their scouts. If the Dutch find out our condition as to victuals, they will play their game very ill if they come out."[1]

William was detained for two hours on his arrival at Harwich, and employed the time in writing to his father, whom he had just quitted. This letter, together with a second which he wrote a few days later from the Navy Office, are proof of the tender confidence which existed between father and son, as well as of the intimacy to which they were both admitted by the King, whose friends were drawn for the most part from a different class of courtier.

"From Harwich, 23rd April 1665.

"Honoured Father,

"We could not arrive here sooner than this day, about twelve of the clock, by reason of the continued cross winds, and (as I thought) foul weather. I pray God, after all the foul weather and dangers you are exposed to, and shall be, that you come home as secure. And, I bless God, my heart does not in any way fail: but firmly believes, that if God has called you out to battle, he will cover your head in that smoky day. And as I never knew

[1] *Cal. S. P.* for 22nd April 1665.

what a father was till I had wisdom enough to prize him, so can I safely say, that now, of all times, your concerns are most dear to me. Its hard, meantime, to lose both a father and a friend. W. P."

The second letter describes the reception of the dispatches at Court.

"Navy Office, 6th May 1665.

"At my arrival at Harwich (which was about one of the clock on the Sabbath day, and where I staid till three), I took post for London, and was at London the next morning by almost daylight. I hasted to Whitehall, where not finding the King up, I presented myself to my Lord of Arlington and Colonel Ashburnham. At his Majesty's knocking, he was informed there was an express from the Duke: at which, earnestly skipping out of his bed, he came only in his gown and slippers; who, when he saw me, said: "Oh! is't you? How is Sir William?" He asked how you did at three several times. He was glad to hear your message about *Ka*. After interrogating me above half an hour, he bid me go now about your business and mine too. As to the Duchess, he was pleased to ask several questions, and so dismissed me. I delivered all the letters given me. My mother was to see the Lady Lawson, and she was here. I pray God be with you, and be your armour in the day of controversy! May that power be your salvation, for his name's sake! And so will he wish and pray, that is, with true veneration.

"Honoured Father,

"Your obedient son and servant,

"William Penn."[1]

Such letters would do much to fortify the Admiral against the hardships of his position. They are the strongest evidence of his own faith and piety, no less than

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 317, 318.

those of his son who could so confidently appeal to them. The references in the second letter afford an interesting glimpse of the family intimacies. It is safe to suppose that the symbol *Ka* stood to father and son for their friend Coventry, who was at present on the *Royal Charles*, between whom and the Admiral a private code of letters is known to have been in use.[1] Lady Lawson, to whom Lady Penn was to pass on the latest report of the Fleet, was the wife of Penn's old comrade of the last Dutch War, who was now acting as vice-admiral in his former commander's squadron.

The great victory which followed on the 3rd of June was thus concisely described by his son William the Quaker, when the anonymous libels which were rife after his father's death forced him into the incongruous position of apologist for his warlike activities.

"His service in the last Dutch War will not be questioned by any man that dares set his name to it: *not* that I would be thought to justify wars, I know, *they arise from lusts*. But, this being matter of fact, I shall take leave to tell this libeller, that the success of the first engagement, where about twenty-four ships were taken, burnt, and sunk; 2500 prisoners (said to be) brought home, besides what were slain and wounded, of the Hollanders; at the expense of but one old Dutch prize (that for want of sail fell into their body) and about three hundred Englishmen slain; has been greatened, beyond all common eulogies, by the unsuccessfulness of later engagements, whence greater things were promised and expected."[2]

This victory was universally ascribed to the Great

[1] *Pepys*, p. 500.
[2] "Truth Rescued from Imposture," *Works*, i, 496.

Captain Commander, and it was to commemorate his "conduct, courage, and discretion" on this memorable day that the King, fifteen years after, granted to his son a tract of land in America, and named it Penn-sylvania.[1]

Yet even in the moment of victory the fruits were snatched from the Admiral's hand by the Court favourites, with whom he was in unwilling association. They had been shaken at the outset of the battle by the horrible death of their three chief ornaments, who were blown to pieces by one cannon-ball as they stood on deck beside the duke. Of these, one was the Earl of Falmouth, who had lately borne the Fleet's dispatches, and whose premonition of the great "hazard" which he ran was thus amply justified. Another was Lord Muskerry, heir to the Clancarty estate, which Penn had lately restored to his father. With this warning before their eyes, the courtiers called to mind the strict injunctions privately given them by the Duchess of York, to restrain the duke from venturing too far into danger.

When night fell, the duke and Penn both went to rest, leaving all sail set upon the English ships, which were in hot pursuit of the fleeing enemy.[2] Penn, clad in a complete suit of armour, had directed the battle from three in the morning till ten at night, and was unable to stand with the agony of the gout which had once more attacked him. Seizing the opportunity, one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber took upon him to give orders to Captain Harman in the duke's name that all sail should be slackened. By this ruse both fleets were saved from a further encounter, and the shattered ships of Holland gained their harbours in peace.[3]

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 357. [2] Burnet, i, 308. [3] *Pepys*, p. 571.

Meantime guns were heard all day by the anxious watchers in London, and reports both good and bad "ran up and down" the city. At last news arrived from the Fleet, brought by a groom of the bed-chamber, of a victory, than which a "greater had never been known in the world." Pepys tells how he led the rejoicings at the Navy Office, and how he called to congratulate Lady Penn, finding the whole family "all joyed and not a little puffed up at the good success of their father." He left them together, but carried off their servants, to light a great bonfire at the gate.

"So home to bed, with my heart at great rest and quiet, saving that the considerations of the victory is too great for me presently to comprehend."[1]

[1] *Pepys*, p. 324.

CHAPTER XVII

WAR AND PESTILENCE

THE little family of which William Penn now found himself the temporary head had greatly changed during his two years' absence, and their home in Navy Gardens was almost unrecognisable. Shortly before leaving for Ireland with the Duke of Ormonde, Penn, in common with Batten and Pepys, had been authorised to add a storey to his official residence, and from time to time during the next few months we catch a glimpse in *Pepys' Diary* of these building operations. At first the Clerk of the Acts goes in daily fear that his next-door neighbour, old Sir John Minnes, will claim his bed-chamber from him, and is relieved to find him content to occupy his new house without this addition. By the following May, Admiral Penn's alterations seem to have been completed, for Pepys is invited "to drink a glass of bad syder in his newe far low dining-room, which is very noble," and nine months later, being at dinner again in the same room, he is amazed to find

"how Sir W. Pen imitates me in everything, even in having his chimney-piece in his dining-room the same with that in my wife's closet!"

During the two years of his son's absence, the Admiral's private life had been no less chequered than his life at the Navy Office. His stay in Ireland had been very short, for

by the end of August he had returned to his post in London, in order to be present at the sale of "the *Fellowship* hulke,"—once the little man-of-war to whose quarter-deck he had been promoted eighteen years before.[1] The following winter of 1662 had been one of painful illness—the gout, which had first attacked him in the Tower, now seizing on him in his lonely lodgings, where for two months his communication with the outside world was restricted to the bedside visits of Coventry and the Battens, and the dubious sympathy of Pepys. The summer of William's return brought many changes. On the last night of July, Pepys in the adjoining house was awakened by continuous knocking, and learned in the morning that the Admiral's brother, the captain, who had long been ill, was now dead. This was George Penn, once the victim of the Inquisition in Spain, for whose sake the Admiral, in his hot young days, had taken a shameful revenge upon his Spanish prisoner. A fortnight later, to her husband's infinite comfort, Lady Penn came home from Ireland, bringing with her their youngest child, Richard. Pepys' vivid little sketch of William Penn's mother is welcome in the absence of all other descriptions, and except in one detail is free from the venom which characterises his references to her husband. He writes on the 19th of August.

"To Sir W. Pen's to see his Lady for the first time, who is a well looked, fat, short, old Dutchwoman, but one that hath been heretofore pretty handsome, and is now very discreet, and I believe hath more wit than her husband. Here we staid talking a good while, and very well pleased I was with the old woman."

[1] *Pepys*, p. 155.

This description of Lady Penn as a Dutchwoman is a stumbling-block to this day for her son's biographers. A possible explanation may be that England standing on the verge of war with the Dutch, and Pepys overflowing with malice against the Admiral, he hazarded a guess as to Penn's wife's nationality, in the spirit which inspired the accusation of German connections against any unpopular public servant during the war just past.

His subsequent references to Lady Penn leave one with the conviction that she was a woman as merry as she was tender-hearted. She was as much at home in a boisterous party at Lady Batten's, where the guests blacked their faces and danced jigs till midnight, as at the bedside of her husband's old captain, Sir John Harman, invalided home from the war. It was to her that her brother-in-law, Captain Crispin, requested that his arrears of pay might be forwarded, and our last glimpse of Lady Penn is in a letter written by her, a newly made widow, to back up the claim for compensation presented by the widow of one of her husband's seamen.[1]

Through Pepys' critical eyes we see William's young sister, "Pegg Pen," on her arrival from Ireland—not the great beauty that connoisseur had been led to expect from the good looks of her father and brother, but "a very plain girl, and looks old." We see her take coach with Pepys and his wife, and "Sir Williams both," and "go a-gossipping" to Walthamstow, to the christening of Admiral Batten's grandchild. When a temporary coolness arises between the neighbours, Pegg tries to make peace with the gift of a crab, a gift which they are at a

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, 296, 12.

loss to interpret, Pepys' consciousness of his own duplicity leading him to suspect a "plott."

When we next meet her, she has left the finishing school at Clerkenwell, and is taking lessons from Mrs. Pepys' drawing-master. She is obliged to admit, however, that her fellow-pupil's drawings greatly surpass her own, which, says the proud husband, "did madd Pegg Pen."

After her brother comes home from abroad, with his "pantaloon breeches" and his modish airs, we meet her at church, "very fine in her new coloured silk suit, laced with silver lace"—a present, one suspects, from the Paris silk market—and a few days later she appears at Lady Batten's party, with her round, childish face for the first time decorated with spots. She rises very early on the 2nd of January, to walk with Mrs. Pepys in the wintry fields "to frost-bite themselves"—a variation of the custom of washing in May dew, which would prove more easy of accomplishment in the English climate—and after church old Sir John Minnes carries her off, under the nose of the gallant Pepys, to dine with him at his lodgings across the way. Then her fourteenth birthday arrives, and with this age of discretion a "servant," her betrothed lover, Anthony Lowther, of Mask, in Yorkshire.

William Penn's only brother lives before us in the same pages by the singular chance of an early morning visit which he paid to Mrs. Pepys on 14th February 1665:

"This morning comes betimes Dicke Pen, to be my wife's Valentine, and come to our bedside. By the same token, I had him brought to my side, thinking to have made him kiss me; but he perceived me, and would not; so went to his Valentine: a notable, stout, witty boy."

The family housekeeping does not seem to have altered for the better in the twenty years since it scandalised Mrs. Turner at the two-roomed lodging in Tower Hill. She was still prepared to regale her friend Pepys with "odd stories how the parish talks of Sir W. Pen's family . . . to think of the clatter they make with his coach, and his own fine clothes, and yet how meanly they live within doors, and nastily, and borrowing everything of neighbours." We hear much from Pepys himself, who took great pride in his many courses, and his newly acquired silver dishes and tankards, of Sir William's "mean dinners, served in a mean manner," and he complains that on one occasion he was asked to sit down to "a venison pasty, that stunk like the devil, and nothing else beyond a leg of mutton and a pullet or two." Indeed, before the end of their association, the Clerk of the Acts, who had become an epicure with the rise of his fortunes, was reduced to supping at Lady Penn's table, "on butter and radishes, which is my excuse for my not eating any other of their victuals, which I hate, because of their sluttery."

Yet in spite of himself it is a pleasant picture of the little family which Pepys leaves with us, leading a simple and united life in the midst of the extravagance and debauchery of their neighbours—cheerful through their anxiety, fearless and even merry in the face of insidious danger. For Admiral Penn had scarcely sailed with the Fleet before an enemy more terrible than the Dutch appeared at the gates of London.

The ships had been hurried out to sea, half fitted and half provisioned to escape the plague, which since December had been hovering on the outskirts of the

capital. When William returned from his three weeks' stay on the *Royal Charles*, there were already two or three houses shut up in the city, not one of their inhabitants being left alive. June set in, sultry and hot—the nights lurid with summer lightning. Pepys, walking home through Drury Lane to the Navy Office, observed doors marked with the fatal red cross—a sight which afterwards grew so common as to call for no comment. But as a novelty it aroused "sad apprehensions" in the passer-by, and he tried to fortify himself against the infection with a roll of tobacco, to smell and chew. By the middle of the following month 2000 were dying weekly in the city, a number which was increased in September to 8000 or even 10,000.[1]

London was depopulated by flight as well as by death, the King and Court, with all the wealthy citizens and their families, taking refuge in the country. Only brave old Monk, Lord Albemarle, held the fort at Whitehall at the King's request, while his friend, the Earl of Craven, who was generally supposed to have married the King's aunt, Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia, lingered for love of him in his town mansion at Drury Lane.

All through the summer and autumn Admiral Penn was absent from home, visiting port after port on the business of refitting the Navy, a work which he accomplished in the teeth of severe illness,[2] and it was not until Christmas that he returned to London. Pepys, as Secretary to the Admiralty, was left the sole representative of the Navy Board, to wrestle with the problem of wounded and starving sailors, and their unprovided families.

We have one glimpse through Pepys' eyes of Lady

[1] *Evelyn*, p. 276. [2] *Cal. S. P.*, 63, 13.

Penn and her daughter going about their ordinary occasions in this year of terror. We see them at morning service at St. Olave's, Hart Street, on the Sunday when the plague reached its greatest height, picking their way through the mounds of new graves which were being heaped one upon another in the churchyard. Before the end of the year 326 of the parishioners were lying beneath the chancel or in the churchyard surrounding it. But long before this date the rector, Dr. Daniel Milles, had fled from his dangerous post, leaving his flock to be tended in sickness and buried by strangers.

At the Restoration, Dr. Milles had been inducted to the pulpit of St. Olave's, and to the pastoral charge of the hospitable Commissioners of the Navy Board, who shared a pew in his church. This part of his duty he was very willing to undertake, and was indefatigable in his visitations, for, says Pepys, " he is a cunning fellow, and knows where the good victuals is, and the good drink, at Sir W. Batten's." His conduct in deserting his plague-stricken congregation was thought so little to his discredit, that in 1667 he was appointed Chaplain to the Duke of York, and continued from that time to hold the living of Wanstead, in addition to that of St. Olave's.[1] It was only two years since Dr. Milles had somewhat scandalised Pepys, who was a practised sermon-taster, by a discourse upon the status of the clergy, in which he approved the dictum of some learned man, that if one met at the same time a minister of the Word and an angel, the minister should first be saluted. Dr. Milles' desertion was only typical of the fate of the great majority of the London churches, whose congregations had no redress and the

[1] *Pepys*, note on p. 503 and p. 504.

poor consolation of nailing a placard across the door with the legend: This pulpit to let. With a few unforgettable exceptions, the angels of the plague were not drawn from the ranks of the Anglican clergy.

It was at this crisis that the persecuted Nonconformists rose to the height of their magnificent revenge. Defying the Act of Uniformity which had banished them from their pastorates, they returned to the stricken city, to comfort the people whose breath was infection, and whose touch brought death. They opened the closed churches, and thundered from the vacant pulpits, preaching the Gospel to the poor and vengeance upon their persecutors.

These contumacious doings came to the ears of Parliament, now sitting at Oxford,[1] and from that safe distance they launched a new weapon against the enemy who thus defied them. The Five-Mile Act, called "An Act for restraining Nonconformists from inhabiting in Corporations," provided that no clergyman or schoolmaster should come within five miles of a city or corporate town unless he would take an oath not "at any time to endeavour any alteration of Government either in church or state." The penalty for refusal was £40.[2] Thus Parliament stretched out its hand over the rising generation of Puritans, and debarred the children yet unborn from instruction in the faith of their fathers.

Throughout this terrible year William Penn was studying the law at Lincoln's Inn—a course which proved perhaps of more practical value in his future life than any other part of his education. When a few months later he went over to Ireland as his father's deputy, it enabled him to disentangle the various legal claims which were vexing

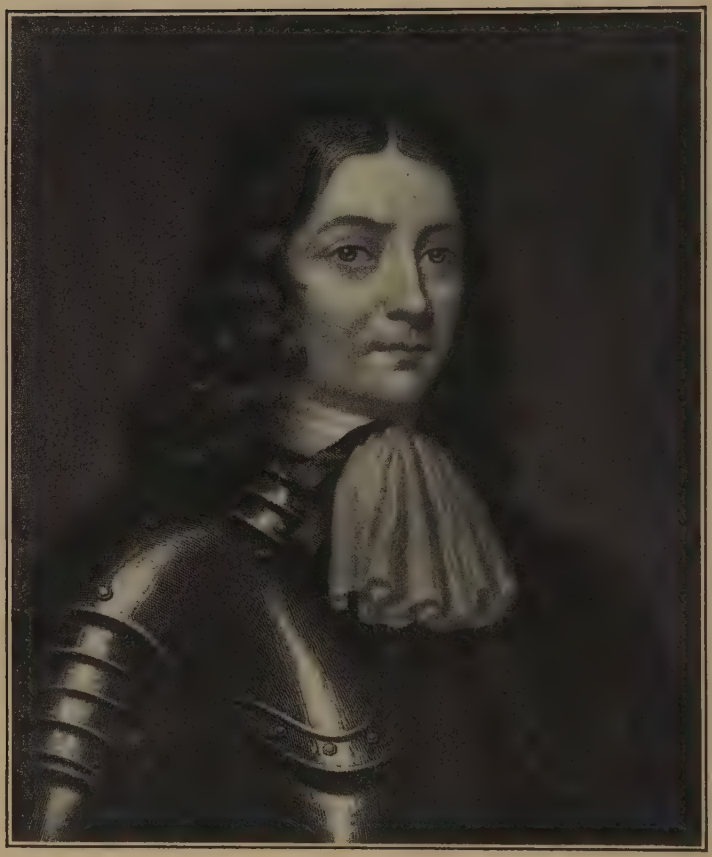
[1] Burnet, i, 314. [2] Sewel, ii, 193, 194.

the estate. When as a Quaker he stood as a criminal in the dock, he was able through his knowledge of English law to claim its protection for those who, with himself, were threatened with unjust imprisonment. Above all, when he took in hand the framing of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, he brought to the task not only a reformer's idealism, but the practical wisdom of a trained lawyer. Meanwhile the study offered a welcome escape from the insistent problems of life and death which were once more clamouring for solution. His daily journey between the Navy Office and the Law Courts lay through city streets grown green with grass, and past churches whose tolling bell was never silent. Fires burned night and day on each side of the Thames, mingling their glow as night fell with the flickering torches of the bearers and the flares of the watchmen, whose monotonous summons: "Bring out your dead!" echoed along the empty streets. It was a season when even the volatile Pepys began to think of "setting things in order, both as to soul and body."

What were the thoughts of William Penn we partly know, for he has left it on record that the experience of the plague year revived his sense of the "Vanity of this World, and the Irreligiousness of the Religious of it." Fifty years earlier William Shakespeare had walked those London streets, and through the mouth of Hamlet poured out his sense of "the vanity of this world." Like Hamlet, William Penn had returned from abroad to show himself for a few short weeks "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," and then to suffer a swift reaction from the emptiness and self-seeking of the life at Court. Like him, he was now obsessed by the thought of the

imminence of death, and its sure summons to all men—politicians, lawyers, fools, and beggars—who were alike borne daily on one common cart to an undistinguishable grave. Above all, the "religions" of Jesus Christ, which two years before had seemed to the Oxford student to be worthy of his life's service, had miserably failed in the face of danger. His disciples had either forsaken Him and fled, or else, more cruel than the plague itself, were bent upon each other's destruction.

The time was out of joint, and not for all his seeking—in Church, in State, or in his own heart—could he find means to set it right.



William Penn, Aged 22

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MAN IN ARMOUR

IF Sir William Penn had gained a house in town at the Restoration, he had lost the home in Ireland, which must be handed back to its original loyal owners. The King, however, was not willing that he should suffer by this act of justice. On 30th August 1660 he was made Governor and Captain of Kinsale, the harbour which had been his port of call during the whole of his Irish service. The post carried with it a salary of £400 a year, and the courtesy title of Admiral of Ireland, and probably also the right of membership of the Provincial Council of Munster, which he enjoyed from this date under the presidency of his friend, Lord Broghill. On the 17th of October, he obtained the further grant of a wide estate in the extreme south of Ireland, which had been forfeited by a "rebel" landlord.[1] It lay between Cork and Youghal, a region of which every inch was familiar to him as the scene of his naval and military operations from the year 1644.

This estate bore the Celtic name of "Shangarry"—the old garden—and was indeed one of the fairest spots in the green island. Nearly four miles long by two miles broad, it formed part of a peninsula, enclosed on the east by a tidal creek of the Atlantic, and on the west by Cork harbour. An old castle once held by Elizabethan troops against the Earl of Desmond stood in the grounds, but

[1] Granville Penn, ii, pp. 617, 249.

having been won from the Irish during the late wars, it had been dismantled by Cromwell's order. The modern mansion was at Imokilly, a mile or two distant, while to the south-west an old house with the pleasant name of Sunville still stands within the grounds, and is said to have been young William's home during his visits to Shangarry.[1]

Many little farms were grouped around the castle, and these Sir William, following his practice, let out to Englishmen. The family clan was increased at the Restoration through the arrival of the Admiral's brother George, Captain Penn, of Spanish fame. A pardon granted to him in April 1660, is amongst the State Papers, together with a grant of land in Ireland, or "satisfaction." This branch of the family is the occasion of much confusion to biographers, and George's son, Ensign William Penn, who was Clerk of the Cheque at Kinsale from the Restoration to 1673, has generally been mistaken for his famous cousin.

There was, however, a serpent in this Irish Eden, in the shape of Colonel Wallis, an old officer of the Army of Occupation. Shangarry had been bestowed upon him by Cromwell as a reward for his services in the Irish Wars, and Admiral Penn, succeeding to the ownership, allowed him to remain as tenant upon his former estate. Wallis made use of this concession to entrench himself more firmly on the land, which he regarded with some justice as his own property, and when the new owner wished to assume possession the old owner refused to be ejected.

Orders followed from the Commission of the Court of Claims, from the Lord Justices, and finally from the King's

[1] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 22, p. 329.

own hand, to confirm the Admiral's right. But the old Ironside, secure in the possession which is nine-tenths of the law, refused to budge from his post.[1]

Then came the Dutch War, and Sir William Penn, repeating his action before the Jamaica expedition, appealed to the King for a settlement upon his wife and children in the event of his death in battle. Charles the Second, like Cromwell before him, took a personal interest in the affairs of his favourite Admiral:

"His Majesty, well understanding the great difficulty the widow and the fatherless have to secure an unsettled estate (if it had pleased God Sir W. Penn had been therein slain), sent for the Solicitor General, Sir Heneage Finch: strictly requiring him to insert such a clause in the last Act as might be an undisputed explanation of his favour from the beginning intended for Sir W. Penn's effectual reprisal; extending it to £1000 a year, over and above all charges, quit rents and reprizes. Upon which, Mr. Solicitor, discoursing with Sir W. Penn, desired him to set his heart at rest: his life and estate on't, he would secure him his £1000 a year out of lands in his possession over and above the aforesaid charges; unless the land in his possession fall short of the said sum; if so, to be reprized out of other forfeited lands."

Admiral Penn came home at Christmas from the Fleet, and for the first time since receiving this guarantee had leisure to think of his Irish estates. But it was impossible for him to give them the personal supervision by which alone a satisfactory solution might be looked for.

When he stepped from the deck of the *Royal Charles*, he "took leave of the sea, his old element,"[2] and said farewell to his life as a sailor. The Fleet was committed

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 617. [2] See Admiral Penn's Epitaph.

for the following winter into the hands of Monk, the famous land general, working in conjunction with Prince Rupert, and Penn, who well knew the lack of naval experience of the older man and the brutal recklessness of the younger, was excused at his own request from taking part in the forthcoming expedition.[1] The five years which remained to him were to be devoted to administrative work, while his great talents as a sea-general were to be employed on land in preparing the ships which he had led to victory, for their almost inevitable defeat and surrender.

He worked under the ever-darkening shadows of ill-health, and the treachery of his colleagues, for the jealousy which he had always encountered at the Navy Office was now sharpened by the fame which he had won in the last battle, and by the disgrace which had overtaken the Earl of Sandwich.

Through all these weary days Sir William encouraged himself with the vision of retirement from public life. He dreamed of establishing himself with his family upon his great estates in Ireland, with the friends of his youth, Broghill and Ormonde, for his neighbours. In spite of his regard for the Duke of York, he knew that the Court at Whitehall, with its godless wit and its untrammelled licentiousness, was a place where no honest man could feel at ease, and he looked to the vice-regal court in Dublin to provide a sphere for his son's talents as well as for his courtly graces. In the three years of his vice-royalty, the Duke of Ormonde had attracted to Dublin the most cultivated minds and the most sprightly wits in Ireland. In this endeavour he was brilliantly seconded by

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 369.

his own sons, and by Broghill, now Lord Orrery, who, as one of the famous family of Boyles, lived in the forefront of the scientific and literary movements of the century. Both leaders, through all the temptations of exile or political upheaval, had preserved their reputation for upright dealing and their attachment to the Protestant religion.

Ormonde's two sons, the Earls of Ossory and Arran, were his able lieutenants, literally and metaphorically, both at various times acting as his deputy during his absence in England. These Irish noblemen of the third and fourth generation seem to have cherished a love for their country such as has been rare at any period among the Irish nobility. A Bill which was brought up in Parliament in the autumn of this year, prohibiting the export of Irish cattle, was hotly opposed by Lord Ossory, and gave rise to a notorious challenge sent by him to the Duke of Buckingham, who was equally strong in its support.[1] When the eldest son of the Earl of Cork and brother of Lord Broghill was left behind by his family and died in England, he was buried at Deptford under an extraordinary monument showing a tent and the map of Ireland in high relief.[2]

Realising that it was impossible for him to leave England, the Admiral determined to send William as his deputy, and thus advance the two projects which were nearest his heart. He would introduce the boy to the Irish Court, and at the same time entrust him, as a law student fresh from Lincoln's Inn, with the delicate mission of satisfying the claims of Colonel Wallis, and obtaining possession of the Irish estates.

[1] *Pepys*, p. 437. [2] *Evelyn*, p. 702 (note).

Early in January 1666 William crossed to Kinsale, and seems, on his arrival in Ireland, to have cast off the cares which had oppressed him in the stricken capital. Making his way at once to Shangarry, he succeeded beyond all hope in laying the foundation of a satisfactory settlement. Returning to Dublin, he reported his success to his father, who replied with a characteristic letter :

"2nd February (66)

"Son William,

"I have yours of the 26th ultimo, and am glad you are well returned to Dublin. I wish you find that agreement with W. prove according to your relation, and so I shall be satisfied ; my frame of mind being, for 'peace with all men, so far as in me lieth.' The Earl of Ossory left London this day, bound for Dublin : he hath received commands from his majesty and his royal highness to favour your business all he can ; and such was his goodness that he offered me no less, without asking. So that if you forsee any difficulty, it is advisable you stop until his arrival, and then fail not to apply yourself unto him, whom, I have cause to judge a very generous, worthy, noble person. I have no news for you. The Lord keep you unblameable, and return you with comfort to me.

"Your very affectionate father,

"W. Penn."[1]

The Admiral's desire for peace with all men was indeed a *cri du cœur* from the Navy Office, where the feuds had reached a point naïvely hinted at by Pepys, who would fain have drawn his advantage from all parties :

"Lord ! to see in what difficulty I stand, that I dare not walk with Sir W. Coventry, for fear my Lord (Sandwich) or Sir G. Cartaret should see me ; nor with either of them, for fear Sir W. Coventry should ! "

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 379.

William was received with great kindness by the viceroy—at his first coming for his father's sake, but before many days for his own. He found a firm friend in the Earl of Arran, Ormonde's younger son, who was about eight years his senior. The two young men had many interests in common. They had both returned recently from a life in France, they were both readers and students, and shared a passion for horses and a delight in athletics. Already in France, William seems to have been an expert swordsman, adept at disarming without injuring, a furious assailant. Now the Earl of Arran was to initiate him into a rougher side of warfare.

Three months after William's arrival in Ireland, his father's cousin, Captain Richard Rooth, was cruising in his frigate, the *Dartmouth*, off the Irish coast. He happened to be lying off Carrickfergus, when a mutiny broke out in the garrison, and he was ordered by the viceroy to remain within call till the castle could be reduced. Presently Lord Arran arrived from Dublin with four companies, supported, to Rooth's amazement, by his young kinsman, William Penn, who had volunteered for active service out of love for his friend. He acquitted himself so well in the subsequent action that Ormonde decided to invest him with a permanent command. He wrote at the end of May to the Admiral, suggesting that he should resign to his son the captaincy of the Company of Foot, which was attached to his Governorship of the port of Kinsale.

The Admiral received this letter with mixed feelings, and it was nearly three months before he could determine upon his reply. He was evidently delighted at the impression which his son had made upon his old friend,

and there can be no doubt that if he had desired a military career for William he would not have allowed him to miss this excellent opening. At the same time, Sir William, who was still in early middle age, in point of years if not of health, was a little piqued at the suggestion that he should resign his command to younger hands. Moreover, his cherished ambition to return and live in Ireland made him cling to the prospect of congenial occupation offered by the command of Kinsale Fort. Some ingenuity must have been needed to interpret his replies when at last they arrived in Dublin, and their composition provides a footnote to Clarendon's irritable remark that Penn "was a formal man, and spake very leisurely, but much, and left the matter more intricate and perplexed than he found it":[1]

"17th July 1666.

"Son William,

"I have received two or three letters from you since I wrote any to you. Besides my former advice, I can say nothing but advise to sobriety and all those things which will speak you a Christian and a gentleman, which prudence may make to have the best consistency. As to the tender made by his Grace, my Lord Lieutenant, concerning the Fort of Kinsale, I wish your youthful desires mayn't outrun your discretion. His Grace may for a time, dispense with my absence: yours he will not, for so he told me. God bless, direct, and protect you.

"Your very affectionate father,

"W. P."

To the viceroy he explained that while he was deeply grateful for his "great favour and benevolence" towards his son, he was himself hoping to settle in Ireland at the

[1] *Clarendon*, ii, 478.

end of the war—" God preserving your Grace's life, a main motive to my design." He therefore asked his Grace to postpone his favours to his son for the present.[1]

William's desire for a military career was not as inexplicable as it may seem to students of his later life. He had been from childhood under the sway of his affections, and his friendships, as they were formed, marked so many milestones in his career. The crises which occurred in his life were painful to him not as they affected his own status in the world, but as they brought distress to those whom he loved, and set up a barrier between him and them. There is no doubt that his friendship for the fascinating Lord Arran first inspired him to seek a career in his company.

But there was a deeper, though it may well have been an unconscious reason, for his choice. A military life offered a peaceful harbour from the sea of religious misery and doubt upon which he had been buffeted since childhood. A subjective attitude of mind would be undesirable, even impossible, to the active soldier. He must accustom himself to obey without question, and when his time came to command, he must submerge his own personality in the welfare of his men. Bodily exercise, which profited little, perhaps, to the introspective philosopher, would be of incalculable benefit to a man whose chief desire was to escape from himself.

William's decision was so definite that he beguiled the period of waiting for his father's consent by sitting for his portrait in the full panoply of war, a portrait whose youthful nobility and brooding strength has much in common with Rembrandt's ideal picture of " The Man in

[1] Granville Penn, 432 *et seq.*

Armour." It was an ordeal to which he must have been more than usually averse, for this is the only occasion on which he is known to have submitted to it throughout his long life.[1] In these very weeks his father was sitting, or rather standing, for his portrait to Lely, at the request of the Duke of York, who wished to adorn his room with representations of all the famous captains who had served under him in the last naval victory,[2] and it is possible that this news inspired the absent son to send home his own likeness.

His father's vague and belated veto must have brought him a keen disappointment. But he seems to have returned with a good will to his civilian duties, which chiefly consisted at this period in negotiations with Colonel Wallis. A second letter written by his father in October seems to contain a hint of the future, perhaps as a great lawyer and statesman, which he had in mind for his son :

" I have yours, with your answers to Wallis's reasons, and know not how to say more about that business ; but must leave you to the direction and blessing of God Almighty, who I am sure will be just, whatever men are. I am as much concerned for your honour (it being the first of your appearance in the world) as for the bone that's contended for : and yet, I judge it to be a bone very full of marrow."[3]

An alternative offer of employment was made to him by the viceroy at this time—that of victualling the ships in the port of Kinsale—and this his father was willing to

[1] It is doubtful whether the so-called " Place " portrait in the possession of Sir Henry Havelock Allen is painted from the Admiral, or from William the Quaker in middle age.

[2] *Pepys*, p. 405.

[3] Granville Penn, ii, 433.

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM PENN
(After the Portrait by Lely in Greenwich Hospital)

consider. It was a duty in which Sir William could take an expert interest, since he had newly been appointed to assist old Sir John Minnes, the comptroller of the Navy, in the victualling department. In a later letter he gives his son many useful hints as to how he might best perform his duties, and ascertain the profit which is likely to accrue from them. He urges him to make sure that the post would be of any considerable advantage to their family position in the town, and these preliminary points being settled, he suggests that William should "make a step over to him" to consult with the commissioners, who were then sitting in London.

"Yet," he adds, "let me give you this caution: contrive your passage so as to make it most safe, with reliance upon Him who alone is able to make it so."[1]

It is evident that his association with the court had not cured the Admiral of a devotional habit of mind, which in the last years had become as unfashionable as it was uncommon.

This summons home would be very welcome to William Penn, for his only sister was about to be married to her "servant," Anthony Lowther. The marriage took place on Valentine's Day, 1667, at the family church of St. Olave's, Hart Street, the bridegroom being twenty-four years of age, and the bride fifteen.[2]

The wedding was very quiet, attended only by a few friends of both families, and free from the ostentation and indelicacy which were the main features of Restoration

[1] Granville Penn, 434.

[2] From the "Marriage License," printed in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 22, p. 327.

marriages. The bride received a dowry of between four to five thousand pounds, but the buying of the trousseau was deferred—a curiously modern touch—until after Lent, when the fashions for the summer could be followed with more certainty. A small dinner was given a week later, at which the young couple were present, and wedding favours distributed to be worn in the guests' hats—making a "great show," as the bride's mother laughingly remarked, when they appeared later in the day at Court.

This "great show," was the one piece of pomp connected with the ceremony, and Pepys, as his manner was, saw in the private wedding further evidence of the "shameful meanness" of the Penn family.[1] Its true explanation lies, no doubt, in the fact that the Admiral was at this time too intimately in touch with the public distress to welcome an opportunity for personal display and extravagance. During William's absence in Ireland, more than half London had been burnt down in the Great Fire. In the long winter of intense cold which followed, a great proportion of the citizens were without proper shelter, and all comfort was at a premium, coals being sold at £4 a chaldron, or about two-thirds of a ton.[2] Meanwhile, private letters from the Fleet informed him of the true nature of its last encounter with the Dutch, and of the "no small encouragement" given to the enemy by the dubious engagement which Whitehall had chosen to celebrate with joy bells and bonfires. "Truth," as his old captain and correspondent reminded him, "is not always to be writ."[3]

[1] *Pepys*, pp. 468, 470, 471. [2] *Ibid*, p. 475.
[3] Granville Penn, ii, 391 ("Letter from Vice-Admiral Jordan, of the *Royal Oak*").

1667 was to witness the culmination of the two disastrous years that had gone before, when London, decimated by plague and gutted by fire, would see the enemy's Fleet sail up the Medway, and her own warships burning at their anchor.

Margaret's wedding was no sooner over than the Admiral returned to his labour of surveying and repairing, " cast," as he wrote to his son, " upon the hardest work of a shattered fleet," while William, having made a satisfactory composition between Colonel Wallis and the land commissioners, went back to Ireland, to take over the management of his father's estates.

CHAPTER XIX

THE TIME AND THE PLACE

IN striking contrast to the experience of the English Quakers, the Restoration had brought a lightening of persecution to the Quakers in Ireland. In Ormonde, the lord-lieutenant, and Broghill, Lord Orrery, the President of Munster, they found rulers and judges willing to listen to their side of the question, and open-minded enough to form their own opinion upon it. A few months before William Penn's arrival in Dublin, an appeal from Edmundson, the pioneer of Irish Quakerism, had led to a definite pronouncement from Ormonde in favour of religious liberty.

In 1665 Edmundson, with other friends, had been indicted by the " priest " of his parish at the Maryborough Assizes, on the charge of being at a meeting—" an unlawful assembly "—and refusing to pay tithes. The accused were fined and an order was given to distrain their goods. Edmundson, with another Friend, rode thereupon to Dublin, and had a " fair hearing " from the lord-lieutenant and his council, with the result that the verdict against them was quashed as illegal. A short colloquy followed between Edmundson and the viceroy, who wished to inform himself on the Quaker reasons for refusing maintenance to the " priests," and

" in the conclusion," says Edmundson, " he bid God bless us, adding, We should not suffer for not going to their public worship, neither for going to our Meetings.

Now this quieted the Priest, and it went soon abroad that the Quakers had the Liberty of their Religion, which was a great Ease to Friends, for we had been often imprisoned, and had much Goods taken from us, on that Account."[1]

Apart from the professional antagonism which they encountered in the "priests," the position of the first Quakers in Ireland was one of difficulty and misunderstanding. Nothing could be less akin to the nature of the Irish people than the outward manifestations of Quakerism. Their laughter-loving nature was repelled by the Quaker's solemnity, and they saw nothing to admire in his habits of silent introspection. His deliberate neglect of the small change of courtesy was felt as an unmerited rebuke to the politeness and eagerness to please which form the very texture of the Irish character.

But chiefly perhaps his methods of conducting business outraged the happy-go-lucky traditions of the country. The refusal to keep saints' days and holidays was peculiarly distasteful to his neighbours, and for many years was the occasion of annual riots in Dublin, when on Christmas Day a procession of apprentices marched through the streets, to force the Quakers to shut up their shops and observe the Festival.[2]

As persecution slackened, the trade of Ireland fell more and more into the hands of Friends. They had been drawn for the most part from the ranks of the small shopkeepers, to whom Edmundson himself had originally belonged, before his desire to bear testimony against tithes led him to become a farmer. Their principle of keeping to one price for the goods they sold, and refusing to make any abatement of that price once fixed, had in the

[1] *Edmundson*, p. 53. [2] Rutty, p. 204.

beginning the effect of emptying their shops and bringing the impracticable owners face to face with ruin. Little by little, however, as their customers "saw into the justice thereof," the convenience of a system of fixed prices began to make its appeal. So widespread grew their reputation for honest dealing that it became a common thing for a stranger entering a town to inquire for the shops which were kept by Quakers, and before long a fear arose among their unregenerate rivals that the Quakers were about to monopolise the trade of the nation.[1]

The Penn family, while they lived at Macroom, had dealt at a shop in Cork kept by a Quaker woman to whom also they owed the introduction which brought Thomas Loe to the castle. When William, in the early months of his bachelor life at Shangarry found himself in need of some articles of clothing, he bethought him of the expeditions of his childhood, and rode over to the familiar shop in Cork.

His own account of the interview which followed sets the young courtier before us in a most attractive light. His old acquaintance confronted him over the counter in her close cap and pinner, and her sad-coloured gown, exactly as she had impressed herself upon his boyish imagination ten years before, while her placid face and her soft Irish voice showed no trace of the years that had passed over them. Forgetting that he had grown in the interval from boy to man, he looked for her to show some sign of recognition, but it was not until he had told her his name that she remembered Admiral Penn's son, who had been measured for his childish garments at her shop so many years before.

[1] Sewel, i, 142.

In the talk that followed, William reminded her of how she had introduced Loe to Macroom Castle, and of the meeting which he had held there, and she wondered that he could remember so vividly the details of that visit. Then William, whose heart had warmed more and more as he recalled that boyish experience, exclaimed that he would never forget it, and if he only knew where that Friend was to be found, he would ride out again to hear him, though it were a hundred miles. There was no need to go so far, she replied, for Thomas Loe had newly come to Cork, and would be at the next day's meeting.[1]

The interval must have been passed by William Penn in an alternation of joy and misgiving. All his religious longings had been revived by the conversation just passed. He went back in thought to the revelation which had come to him in his room at Chigwell, and he remembered how that message had been linked to Loe's sermon in the hall at Macroom. Once more he heard the loud sobbing of the negro servant, and saw the tears running down his father's face, while in his own heart a great peace had come to dwell with the warmth of God's presence.

The ten years which lay between had proved very different from what he had pictured them in that hour of childish emotion, when he had imagined himself hand in hand with his whole family, walking the narrow Quaker road. He passed in review his long talks with Dr. Owen, and the letters which he had received from him, and marvelled at the chill which had fallen on that name which had once been his guiding star. Again he sat in the classroom at Saumur, listening enthralled to the

[1] "An Account of the Convincement of William Penn" (1727) quoted in *Penns and Peningtons*, p. 174 *et seq.*

French eloquence of Amyraut, and later in the great library at Amsterdam, he watched the grave, beautiful face of Algernon Sidney, and talked with him of the hope of the world. Was it likely that his boyish enthusiasm for Loe the Quaker could live again in his man's heart? Surely he would be wiser to shut the door on that childish memory, exquisite and intact as it now was, rather than submit it to the searching test of his ripe judgment?

When the next day came, William Penn was in the Quaker meeting-house, sitting with his feathered hat and modish garments like a finch among the sparrows. He looked eagerly for Loe in the row of solemn elders who faced the meeting, and could scarcely attune his recollection with the sight of the bent and grey-faced preacher. Loe was still only thirty-five years of age, but his sufferings in English and Irish prisons and his many journeyings in all weathers had left their mark upon him. His friends had begun to note in their quaint phraseology that "his natural strength was much impaired," and the following year was to see the end of his life and ministry.[1]

On one occasion when Loe had been eagerly pressed by a new convert to come and preach to his friends and acquaintances, he refused to give a promise, telling him that

"He was not at his own Command, but at the Lord's, and he knew not how he might dispose of him."[2]

This confession throws light upon the subject of William Penn's convincement. The time being now ripe and Penn's nature prepared to receive it, Loe was entrusted with the message which should "speak to his

[1] Rutty, p. 116. [2] *Ellwood*, p. 76.

condition." The moment had come, for which, as Ellwood said in another connection, " he was reserved."

"There is a Faith," he said, rising to his feet, " there is a Faith that overcometh the world, and there is a Faith that is overcome by the world." Nothing remains of the sermon preached from this text, but he who runs may read it in the life of William Penn. There was no more need of hesitation nor of self-criticism. In a flash he realised that he could no longer serve two masters. The life which he had lived, innocent and pleasant as it seemed, must be given up. Ambition, wealth, learning, even the pleasures of company, must hold him no longer. Like his father before him, " he wept much."

After the meeting, the Friends who had noticed his emotion spoke kindly to him, and introduced him to the preacher, and together they went to a Friend's house near by. Then as evening drew in, Loe made ready to go on to his next stopping place, and mentioned that his horse was unfit to travel. Penn pressed him eagerly to accept his own sumpter-horse, which he had brought with him from France. Loe, however, could not be induced to take the gift, and they parted, Penn sorrowfully concluding that he was " not enough of a Quaker " to make it acceptable.

This fault he set about to remedy. He went day by day to the Friends' meeting, drinking in the message of Christ as they gave it, but caring very little for the less vital parts of their teaching. He did not as yet adopt their " thee and thou " speech, nor discard his fine clothes, and when one day a soldier pressed his way into the meeting and began to interrupt it, Penn seized him by the collar and would have thrown him downstairs, if he had not been prevented by the remonstrances of the

congregation. His repentance came too late, and the peaceable people were hopelessly compromised.

The soldier, scandalised at meeting with resistance where he had looked for meekness, complained to the magistrates, and at their order returned to the building with a body of troops. They scattered the congregation, and took many prisoners, including the offending William. More than ever distressed at the result of his instinctive action, he refused to accept his release from the magistrate, who could not believe so fine a gentleman to be one of the Quakers. He was committed to jail with his friends,[1] under the proclamation of 1661, which prohibited the meetings of "Anabaptists and Quakers and Fifth Monarchy Men,"[2] while so far were his companions from realising the identity of their prison mate that his name stands to this day in the list of prisoners compiled by the contemporary Quaker annalist, as "William Paine." From the same source we gather that his first imprisonment, brief as it was, must have given the new convert a real taste of hardship, for one of his companions, Richard Pike, "died a prisoner of cold and distemper, contracted in the gaol."[3]

But William Penn was not a man to submit quietly to injustice. No sooner was he committed than he wrote to his father's friend, Broghill, Lord Orrery, who as President of Munster would have power to overrule the magistrate's judgment. This letter is of great interest on many counts. It is the first plea for religious liberty which we possess from the pen of him who was to become its most powerful champion. Its close reasoning is set out in a

[1] See the account in *Penns and Peningtons*, pp. 174–176.
[2] *Second Period of Quakerism*, p. 9. [3] Besse, ii, 475.

pleasant and epigrammatic style, free as yet from Quaker mannerisms. While the writer draws a strong argument from the customs of other countries, his closing appeal is made for the sake of the prosperity of Ireland, and for the good name of the mother country:

"The occasion may seem as strange as my cause is just; but your Lordship will no less express your charity in the one, than your Justice in the other.

"Religion, which is at once my crime, and mine innocence, makes me a prisoner to a mayor's malice, but mine own freeman: for being in the assembly of the people called Quakers, there came several constables back'd with soldiers, rudely and arbitrarily requiring every man's appearance before the mayor, and amongst others violently haled me with them. Upon my coming before him, he charged me for being present at a tumultuous and riotous assembly, and unless I would give bond for my good behaviour, who challenge the world to accuse me justly with the contrary, he would commit me. I asked for his authority: for I humbly conceive without an Act of Parliament or an Act of State, it might be justly termed too much officiousness. His answer was, A proclamation in the year 1660 and new instructions to revive that dead and antiquated order. I leave your lordship to be judge if that proclamation relates to this concernment: that only was designed to suppress fifth-monarchy killing spirits: and since the King's lord-lieutenant and yourself, being fully persuaded the intention of these called Quakers by their Meetings, was really the service of God, have therefore manifested a repeal by a long continuance of freedom, I hope your lordship will not now begin an unusual severity by indulging so much malice in one whose actions savour ill with his nearest neighbours, but that there may be a speedy releasement to all for attending their honest

callings, with the enjoyment of their families and not to be longer separated from both.

"And though to dissent from a national system, imposed by authority, renders men hereticks, yet I dare believe your lordship is better read in reason and theology, than to subscribe a maxim so vulgar and untrue; for imagining most visible constitutions of religious government, suited to the nature and genius of a civil empire, it cannot be esteemed heresy, but to scare a multitude from such inquiries as may create divisions fatal to a civil policy, and therefore at worst deserves only the name of disturbers.

"But I presume, my lord, the acquaintance you have had with the other countries must needs have furnished you with this infallible observation that diversities of faith and worship contribute not to the disturbance of any place, where moral uniformity is barely requisite to preserve the peace. It is not long since you were a good solicitor for the liberty I now crave, and concluded no way so effectual to improve or advantage this country, as to dispense with freedom in things relating to conscience: and I suppose, were it riotous or tumultuary, as by some vainly imagined, your lordship's inclination as well as duty would entertain a very remote opinion. My humble supplication to you therefore is, that so malicious and injurious a practice to innocent Englishmen, may not receive any countenance or encouragement from your lordship: for as it is contrary to the practice elsewhere, and a bad argument to invite English hither, so, with submission, will it not resemble that clemency and English spirit that hath hitherto made you honourable.

"If in this case I may have used too great a liberty, it is my subject, nor shall I doubt your pardon, since by your authority I expect a favour which never will be used unworthy an honest man, and

"Your lordship's faithful, etc,

"W. Penn."[1]

[1] Rutty, pp. 113, 114.

This letter was immediately successful in procuring his release, and for a few weeks more he lingered in Cork, attending the Quaker meeting:

"Now was all the Glory of the World as a Bubble, yea, nothing was dear to me that I might win Christ, for the love Friendship and Pleasure of this World was a Burden unto my Soul. And in this seeking state I was directed to the Testimony of Jesus in mine own Conscience, as the true shining Light, giving me to discern the thoughts and intents of mine own heart. And no sooner was I turned unto it, but I found it to be that which from my Childhood had visited me, tho' I distinctly knew it not."[1]

Absorbed in his search, and filled with unfamiliar preoccupations, William had deliberately postponed the explanations which were bound to come, and since his meeting with Loe had sent no word home to his father. News of his son's doings reached the Admiral, however, from another source. Broghill had not been content with relieving his young acquaintance from the consequences of his indiscretion, but determined, out of his old friendship for the family, that he should not have the opportunity of repeating it. Once again letters reached the Admiral to inform him of his son's doings in Ireland, and this time his reply was immediate and unequivocal:

"Sonne William,

"I hope this will find you in health. The cause of this writing is to charge you to repair to me with all posable speede, presently after your recept of it, and not to make any stay there, or any place upon yr roade untill it please God ye see mee (unless for necessary rest and refreshment).

"Yr. very afft. Father,
"W. Penn."

[1] *Travels in Holland and Germany* ("Letter to the Countess of Falkenstein").

Two years later, when William Penn, a prisoner in the Tower, wrote his *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, and called it "No Cross, no Crown," every page in that long treatise was steeped in memories of the struggle which he had just passed through. One passage in particular seems to throb with the hesitation and dismay into which he was thrown by his father's summons to London:

"O, what will my father and mother say? or, finally, what will the Magistrate do with me? For though I have a most powerful persuasion and clear Conviction upon my Soul, of this or that Thing, yet considering how unmodish it is, what Enemies it has, and how strange and singular I shall seem to them, I hope God will pity my Weakness: If I sink, I am but Flesh and Blood: it may be that hereafter he may better enable me: and there is Time enough. Thus selfish, fearful Man."

The passage closes, however, on a triumphant note, and in a wealth of nautical metaphor which he seemed to employ to draw him near to his father, even in the days of their estrangement:

"But deliberating is ever worst; the Soul loses in Parly . . . Tack about then, and hearken to the still Voice in thy Conscience, thou wilt soon find that the Power of its Charms exceeds that of the Wealth, Honour, and Beauty of the World, and finally will give thee that Tranquillity which the Storms of Time can never shipwrack or disorder."[1]

Ten days passed in "deliberating," and at the end of that time came a second letter from the Admiral yet more peremptory than the first:

[1] *Works*, p. 272.

" Sonne William,

" I have writt several letters to you since I received any from you. By this I agayne charge you and strictly command that you come to mee with all posable speede. In expectacion of your complyance,

" Your affectionate father,

" W. PENN."[1]

William could delay no longer. With a heavy heart he said farewell to his new friends, and took the boat for Bristol.

[1] Two letters dated from the Navy Office, 12th October and 22nd October 1667, now in the Granville Penn Collection, MS. Division of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania (*Pennsylvania Magazine*, 40, p. 46).

CHAPTER XX

FATHER AND SON

WILLIAM PENN'S early life provides a study in those strange conjunctions of events, which, for want of a better name, are called coincidences. As his second meeting with Loe had been deferred till his mind had expanded, and his character was strengthened to bear the message of renunciation, so now at this moment of his utmost need, a travelling companion was provided for him, who of all the hundreds of Quaker missionaries on the highways of England was best qualified to meet it. Feeling his imperative need of support in the ordeal which lay before him, William had so far disregarded his father's injunctions as to break his journey at Bristol, for the purpose of attending the Quaker meetings. His father's old friend, George Bishop, was now the chief figure in Bristol Quakerism, and it was no doubt owing to the interest which he took in the young convert that this support was forthcoming in a more practical form than he had dared to hope. He was introduced to a Quaker minister who was about to set out for London, and offered to accompany him.[1]

Josiah Coale was a man in the early thirties, who had been "convinced," in company with George Bishop, at the great Bristol revival of 1654.[2] In contrast with the humble Irish Friends, who, with the exception of Loe,

[1] *Penns and Peningtons*, p. 177.
[2] Coale's *Works*, London, 1669.

had so far represented Quakerism to its latest disciple, Coale was a man of good family and fair estate. Unlike the majority of the Quaker missionaries, who were indebted to a common fund for their travelling expenses, the cost of Coale's long and repeated journeys was met out of his own purse.[1] When in the following year he died, worn out, like Loe, while still a young man, by his travels and sufferings, it fell to William Penn who, by his own confession, had had "intimacy with him above many," to write the "Short Testimony," which was prefixed to his *Works*.

"In the Eternal Light," he wrote, "I knew him, and had often and sweet Fellowship with him therein, to my great Refreshment: even in the gloomy and dark Days of my early and deep Exercises: and though he was a Man free in his Disposition, and ready to help all thro' the Tenderness of his Spirit, yet was he endued with sound Judgment, to the discerning of spirits, and giving no Liberty to the Flesh: but was dreadful in his Testimony against the Life, Glory, and Customes of the World."[2]

The intimacy thus begun continued through the next, which was the final year of Coale's short life, and stamped an impression upon Penn's character altogether out of proportion with its brevity. Himself having abandoned the pleasures of wealth and position, he was able to sympathise with William's struggle, and encourage him in his sacrifice. Moreover, his work as a Quaker preacher had included a three years' mission to the English colonies

[1] Besse's *Sufferings*, ii, 380, and Sewel, ii, 232.

[2] *The Books and Divers Epistles of the Faithful Servant of the Lord*, Josiah Coale (London, 1669).

in America, and his experiences there must have quickened his companion's vague desires for the New World, and given him a predisposition in favour of the Indians which was of immense importance to him in after life. It seems certain that Coale's account of his attempt on behalf of the Quakers to purchase a portion of their territory, must have sowed the first seed of the planting of Pennsylvania in the mind of its future Governor. He would listen spell-bound while Coale described his journey on foot, with one companion, across hundreds of miles of wilderness, till then deemed impassable, and his reception by the Susquehannah Indians—"a hardy race of men"—who entertained the strangers with the choicest of food and lodging, and furnished them with guides to the Dutch plantations, the nearest country owned by the white man. He heard how the two missionaries had pursued their perilous journey to New England, stung by piercing cold and threatened by wild beasts, and in danger every moment of perishing in the unchartered marshes, bogs, and rivers. He learnt also how on their arrival they found the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers less humane than the untutored Indian, and were hauled out of the house of a Friend, committed to prison, and finally banished from Maryland. To all this and more, for Coale's later travels included visits to Holland and the Low Countries, did young William Penn lend a thoughtful ear.

As a parting gift of this fruitful friendship, there seems to be no doubt that it was to Coale that Penn owed his introduction in the following autumn to the family of Gulielma Springett, his destined wife, whose stepfather, Isaac Penington, was Coale's intimate friend and correspondent. But this meeting, like the founding of Penn-

sylvania and the friendship with the Indians, lay hidden in the future. At the moment William was conscious only of the great debt which he owed to his new acquaintance for his company along the road to London, and his countenance at the dreaded meeting with his father.

To Admiral Penn the summer of 1667 had been one of national disgrace and private trouble, and Broghill's letter with the news of William's imprisonment as a Quaker must have seemed the one ingredient which had been lacking in his cup of vexation. His immense labours in surveying and fortifying the Medway had been nullified by the disaffection of the seamen and the carelessness of the commanders, and had ended in the burning of Chatham, and the destruction or capture of a great part of the Fleet. In the early summer his failing health had led him to seek a home in the country, and gossip assigned him the palatial Wanstead House, which was this year in the market.[1] In the end he hired a large house, surrounded by a garden and "wilderness," which lay between Wanstead and Walthamstow, probably at Chigwell, where his wife and son had made their home some twenty years before. To this haven he retired for short week-ends; walking or driving in a hired carriage to Mile-End, where he was met and conveyed home by his own chariot.[2] Even this relaxation he denied himself on post-nights, and during the weeks when the Dutch were hovering in English waters he never slept at home, either at Wanstead or at the Navy Office, dividing his time between Gravesend, Woolwich, and Deptford, as his presence seemed most required.[3]

[1] *Pepys*, p. 489. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 547.
[3] Granville Penn ("Sir W. Penn to the Duke of York"), ii, 515.

The summer had proved as fatal to political as to naval reputations. In August the old Chancellor Clarendon had had to acknowledge himself defeated by the Court party, and had resigned the Great Seal, barely escaping with his life to France in the following November. A resignation which would touch Sir William Penn more nearly was that of his friend, William Coventry, which he handed to the Duke of York in September, and came no more henceforth to the Navy Board as secretary to the Lord High Admiral. Another gap had been made that autumn in the ranks of the Navy Commissioners by the sudden death of Sir William Batten. The first summons which Admiral Penn sent on 12th October to his son in Ireland was written with a sad heart on his return from his old friend's funeral at Walthamstow Church, when he found that after all Batten's lavish show and expenditure, and the huge cortège of from one to two hundred coaches which had accompanied his coffin, his wife and children were "all broke in pieces," and would have only £800 to divide amongst them.[1] In the midst of these private and public troubles his son must be sent for from Ireland, to add, as it seemed to Sir William, his wholly unnecessary quota to his father's discomfort.

The Admiral's opinion of his son's new friends was probably identical with that of Squire Ellwood, whose eldest boy Tom had stepped out of his sphere into theirs, some eight years before:

"They were a rude, unmannerly People, that would not give Civil Respect or Honour to their Superiors, no, not to Magistrates; That they held many dangerous Principles; That they were an immodest, shameless People;

[1] *Pepys*, p. 567.

and that one of them stript himself stark-naked, and went in that unseemly manner about the Streets, at Fairs, and on Market-days, in great Towns."[1]

The Quakers were frequent visitors at Court, to protest against the King's vices and the persecution of their fellow-believers, and their appearance invariably gave the signal for an outbreak of coarse witticisms, in which the Merry Monarch took his full share. Sir William had not forgotten the laugh which Charles had raised against his old friend, Sir John Minnes, who had had more than one stroke, and was afflicted with palsy, when he introduced him to a pretty petitioner as "a man the fittest for her quaking religion."[2] And the scene was yet fresh in his mind when on the eve of the peace with the Dutch at the end of July, Solomon Eccles, whom he had probably known in his pre-Quaker days as a fashionable music master on Tower Hill, had passed naked through Westminster Hall, "only very civilly tied about the loins to avoid scandal," and with a chafing-dish of fire and brimstone burning upon his head, crying, "Repent! Repent!"[3]

What had his handsome, brilliant lad to seek in this company?

On William's arrival, however, his father was at first inclined to hope that Broghill's solicitude had been uncalled for. It was true he had come home in company with a Quaker, but Josiah Coale was obviously a gentleman who could talk intelligently of foreign lands and customs which he had seen. The boy himself seemed to be unchanged, and wore his ruffles and his sword with all his old grace. Not until Coale had taken his leave did

[1] *Ellwood*, p. 38. [2] *Pepys*, p. 246. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 533.

the cloven foot betray itself, and William addressed his father by the pronoun "thou," which was reserved, except amongst the Quakers, for menials and dependants.

This address, together with the equally controversial question of "Hat-honour," stood to Fox and his followers as the test of their love of truth and their hatred of insincerity. It had already fallen into disuse in Shakespeare's time, except towards inferiors, and does not seem to have been employed even between near relatives and close friends, as it is to this day upon the Continent. The "thou speech" was felt as a deliberate insult by those to whom it was offered, and as their heaviest cross by converts of gentle birth who conscientiously employed it. Solomon Eccles has left it on record that he would willingly have gone miles about, rather than meet (his) old companions, to speak the plain language to them.[1]

Fox seems to have realised the exquisite suffering which the adoption of this mode of speech entailed upon his followers, and perhaps for that very reason attached a disproportionate value to its observance. He believed it to have formed part of the marching orders with which "the Lord sent him forth into the world," and defended it as we have seen, with the help of Benjamin Furley, and another erudite Friend, in a primer to which he gave the name of the *Battledoor*.

Sir William Penn looked with a lenient eye upon his son's adoption of the Quaker mannerism, and expressed no opinion upon its general suitability:

"He might thee and thou whom he pleased, except the King, the Duke of York, and himself; these he should not Thee and Thou."

[1] *A Musick Lector, etc.* (Undated Tract by S. G.).

Failing, however, to exact even this modest concession, he bade him good-night with unaccustomed sternness, bidding him be ready to go out with him in the coach in the morning.

That night William had no sleep. If the first meeting with his father had been less painful than he had expected, the next day was big with unknown terrors, and he looked for nothing better than that the Admiral would carry him to Court, trusting that his newly acquired principles would drop from him in an atmosphere so grotesquely unfavourable to their display.

But the Admiral's plan, as it was disclosed next morning, did more honour both to himself and his son. When they had driven some time in silence, he ordered the coachman to turn into the park, and William realised that he had chosen this method to insure uninterrupted privacy for the fateful conversation which must now take place between them.

Young Penn had reached a vantage ground from which his temporal prosperity seemed utterly inconsiderable when weighed in the balance with the favour of God. He had expected to meet with opposition from his father, but up till now the personal disappointment and pain which his decision must bring him had not entered into his calculations. Now he must listen in silence while the Admiral unburdened himself of the hopes which he had built upon him, and the ambitions which had already begun to be realised . . . proving to him that every step of his education had been carefully chosen, and every introduction carefully weighed, with a view to his advancement. Yet while he prepared him for the public position to which his birth and his gifts had destined him, the

Admiral had looked to his son to uphold the family tradition as "a Christian and a gentleman," and had trained him both by precept and example to lead a simple and honourable life. This work of preparation was now accomplished. William had won his spurs at Court, in battle, and in the field of legal dispute and property administration, and was ready to take his place as ambassador abroad, or minister at home. And as though this were not enough, he learnt that the Admiral had newly been offered a peerage as a mark of the King's gratitude for his services in the Navy, and a place in society was open to his eldest son, with the title of heir to the Earldom of Weymouth.

To all this William could only reply, with a sore but unyielding heart, that the step which he had taken was a "cross" to himself even greater than it could be to his father, and nothing but the clearest revelation of God's will could have strengthened him to take it. He reminded the Admiral of his own emotion under Thomas Loe's sermon at Macroom, and suggested that he would then have become a Quaker but for the sacrifice which the step would have entailed upon him.

This was a thrust hard to parry. Sir William stopped the coach as they passed a tavern, and alighting with his son, he took him into a private room to drink a glass of wine, and locked the door behind them. William's apprehensions were now painfully quickened. He remembered the treatment which had been meted out to him on his expulsion from Oxford, and from his father's growing excitement he looked for nothing better than a second flogging. Sir William, however, had fixed him with his eyes—those full, dark, shining eyes, of which his

own were the faithful copy—and leaning both hands upon the table, he told him that he had brought him into that quiet room that he might pray to God that his son should not be a Quaker, and should never again go to a Quaker meeting.

The Admiral had directed his coach to wait at the inn door: a new coach which had excited great interest among his acquaintances when he had bought it in the summer—"plain but pretty, and more fashionable in shape than any coach he hath." Seeing this "chariot," which was not to be mistaken, standing outside the tavern, a nobleman and friend of Sir William who happened to be passing, stopped his own carriage, and alighted to join him over a glass of wine. As he reached the door a window flew up, and the agitated face of the Admiral's son appeared behind it. "Rather than listen to that prayer," he cried, "I will throw myself into the street." The nobleman reached the scene in time to act as mediator, and, greatly to William's surprise, took his part against his father, telling him "he might think himself happy in having a son who could despise the grandeur of the world, and refrain from the vices which so many were running into."

A visit which they paid to a second nobleman on their way home had the same result, which must have been as unexpected to both father and son as Balaam's blessing was to the king who had hired him for his curses. The Admiral took comfort, and determined for the present to let William go his way, only keeping him at home under his own eye, and trusting to time and environment to bring him to reason.[1]

[1] *Penns and Peningtons*, p. 179.

The week of his son's arrival was crowded with business in Parliament and in town. The bitter disgrace of the Dutch Fleet's visit had set the political world hunting for scapegoats, and first one and then another of the officials of the Navy Board was summoned before the House to make good his defence.[1] Friendship called him during these days to the theatre, where a new play by Broghill, Lord Orrery, was being put upon the boards,[2] and in the same week he went with Pepys to see the King lay the first stone of the first pillar of the new exchange.[3]

In all these scenes he might reasonably have looked for his newly returned son to be his companion. But he was soon made wistfully conscious that the times had changed since they had watched the Coronation Procession side by side, or together paced the deck of the *Royal Charles*, himself not fearing his son's comparison with the handsomest of the King's titled favourites. William now, by his own confession, was " so far from seeking occasion of company that he avoided it what he could."[4] When Christmas came round again, he could take no part in its celebration at home or abroad, and that indefatigable gossip, Mrs. Turner, reported to Pepys that

" Mr. William Pen who is lately come over from Ireland is a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing. He cares for no company, nor comes into any."[5]

[1] *Pepys*, p. 571. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 570. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 573.
[4] " Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers," *Works*, i, 859.
[5] *Pepys*, p. 596.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ANGELS OF THE PLAGUE

AFTER the three calamitous years which brought the plague, the fire, and the Dutch in the Medway, it seemed in the early months of 1688 as though England, bereaved, buffeted, and disgraced, had leisure to draw breath and take stock of her position. To the Nonconformists the previous autumn had brought a welcome lightening of persecution. Clarendon, whose Code had pursued them to prison and banishment, was now himself in exile, and his place as King's adviser had been taken by Buckingham, who was in every detail the antithesis of the fallen chancellor. The contemporary of Charles the Second, and son of his father's closest friend, he had been the king's companion from boyhood, and it was to his early influence that Charles owed his "ill principles and bad morals."[1] His indifference to religion, however, proved a godsend to the Dissenters, for he who cared nothing for priest or presbyter save as they offered a butt for the shafts of his ridicule, showed a contemptuous tolerance to all creeds alike. The cabal, or council, of which Buckingham was the most prominent member, was composed of liberal-minded Protestants, and of Roman Catholics, who for their own sake were eager advocates of religious liberty, and with the acquiescence of the King, who was temperamentally opposed to measures of violence, they succeeded for the first few months of

[1] Burnet, i, 138.

the year in impressing their will upon the Cavalier Parliament.

The tragical events of the past years had themselves fought on the side of the Nonconformists. The plague had opened the way for the return of the banished ministers, and was followed by the fire which had swept away both church and pulpit alike.

"In that time," says Burnet, "Conventicles abounded in all parts of the City. It was thought hard to hinder men from worshipping God any way they could, when there were no Churches, nor Ministers to look after them."[1]

The lapsing of the Conventicle Act early in 1668 gave an opportunity to the broad-minded churchmen to make their voices heard. A "Treaty" as it was called, was set on foot for the re-union of Dissenters with the Church of England, and for the toleration of such as it might be impossible to include. This treaty was supported by the most honoured names on both sides—Tillotson and Stillingfleet on the one hand, and Manton and Baxter on the other. But the Cavalier Parliament, even when opposed by the cabal and the King himself, proved too strong for these tentatives of toleration. With the cry that "the Church was undermined and betrayed," the Bill was killed even before it could be offered to the House, by the passing of an extraordinary vote "that no Bill to that purpose should be received."[2]

Nevertheless, as Pepys records, the conviction was growing in town and country that the King favoured the Dissenters.

As the Quakers had been the greatest sufferers under

[1] Burnet, i, 379. [2] *Ibid.*, i, 363.

the Conventicle Act, so they were the greatest gainers from its temporary abrogation. It was high time that relief should come, for the young Society of Friends in London was decimated by plague, and robbed by fire of its chief meeting-place. They had foretold the plague as a punishment upon their persecutors, and it had first broken out, as the serious-minded could not fail to remark, in the house in Bearbinder Lane next to that lately occupied by Edward Brush, the first Quaker convict under Præmunire.[1] Yet as the contagion spread, it showed a disconcerting impartiality towards creed and morals, and the wife of Solomon Eccles, their most noted prophet, was one of the first to be carried in their new dead-cart to their private burying-ground.[2]

During the plague year more than 2000 Quakers were in prison in London under the Conventicle Act.[3] This Act, which penalised the flock as well as the shepherd, had tested the convictions of the rank and file of Nonconformity, and the Quakers alone had come unscathed through the ordeal. While other sects would stoop to such shifts as the camouflaging of their religious meetings by the presence of bread and cheese and tobacco pipes,[4] they alone continued to meet openly for worship, and when the meeting-house door was boarded up by order of the mayor, they met still more openly in the street before it. Hence they were dragged away daily to the common jail, where they lay till the plague released them, or until a ship could be found willing to transport them to Jamaica.

Throughout the months that followed, the risk run by ordinary citizens was overshadowed by the fate that

[1] Sewel, ii, 171.
[2] Defoe, p. 517.
[3] *Second Period*, p. 42.
[4] Sewel, ii, 218.

overtook the Quaker convicts, who lay in the river awaiting transportation. At first the waterside had been regarded as a place of refuge only less satisfactory than the country, but before the end of July the infection had spread to Wapping and Limehouse, and was raging in the innumerable "hoys, smacks, lighters, and fishing-boats" where the poor had fled for sanctuary. When the "plague ship," as she came to be called, was at last loosed from her moorings, twenty-seven men and women were dead out of the fifty-four who had been condemned to banishment.[1]

More happy than the members of respectable denominations, the Quaker victims of the plague were not left to suffer alone, or to die uncomforted. In no single case did a Quaker leader, man or woman, desert the post of danger, while in several instances, provincial preachers came up expressly to London to help with the work of relief. George Whitehead, who was now to become the leader of London Quakerism, travelled from Surrey on news of the plague, and throughout the summer he made it his daily task to visit the prisons, which had early become "infected and poisoned." He gained admittance to the convict ship—the *Black Eagle*—and, careless of the infection he might transmit or receive, he held a service on board for the doomed prisoners. Evening by evening he went to the meeting at the "Bull and Mouth," preaching in a more literal sense than Wesley conceived of, "as a dying man to dying men." One precaution only he took daily before he left home, putting his night-cap in his pocket to meet the overwhelming likelihood that he would spend the next night in jail.[2]

[1] Sewel, ii, 195.

[2] Whitehead's *Christian Progress*, pp. 291, 301 (London, 1725).

Defoe has embalmed the memory of the " pious ladies " who, during the months of that stifling summer, went from house to house, careless of their own peril, to carry relief to the poor and sick. It was then six years since the Quaker women of London had been organised into a " Box Meeting " to undertake the help of extraordinary cases of poverty, particularly those caused by the imprisonment of the family breadwinner. After the passing of the Clarendon Code, when the " breaking and subduing " of the Quakers had become the acknowledged policy of the Government, the scope of this meeting was enlarged to cover the appointment of overseers to the various jails of the city. The black record of these years of persecution is lit up by the heroism of the London women, who, ignoring the dangers of jail fever and plague, and the probability that they themselves would be captured to swell the ranks of the prisoners, undertook

" to see that all the prisoners in the respective Prisons in and about the said Cittie, who suffer for Truth's Sake, bee cared for with such Things as are necessary for them, in case they stand in need."[1]

As one after another the leaders were released by death from Newgate or Bridewell, they died, tended by the gentle hands of the women overseers, and closing their eyes in the prison which was " like Hell on Earth," their last vision was of " a Woman with the Face of an Angel."[2]

From the time of the passing of the Conventicle Act, a sense of the coming judgment of the persecutors lay

[1] Minutes of the Devonshire House Meeting, 18 vii. 1671.
[2] *A Collection of the Several Wrightings of William Bayly*, 1676.

heavy on its victims, and broke out here and there in signs and prophecies. One of the most remarkable of their threatening letters came from the pen of George Bishop, Cromwell's former intelligence officer, and Admiral Penn's friend, who, with more than two hundred fellow-Quakers, was lying in a Bristol prison under sentence of banishment.[1] Fox himself, imprisoned in Lancaster as one of the first victims of the Act,

"saw the Angel of the Lord with a glittering drawn Sword stretched southward, as though the Court had been all of a Fire. Not long after," as who could fail to notice, "the Wars broke out with Holland, and the Sickness brake forth, and afterwards the Fire of London: so the Lord's Sword was drawn indeed."[2]

While the ashes of the city were still smouldering, George Fox, himself broken with nearly three years of "hard and cold" imprisonment, came up to London to comfort and strengthen his bereaved followers. The day before the outbreak of the Great Fire he had been released from his dungeon in Scarborough Castle, his limbs swollen with frost and damp, and so weak in body that he, who was an expert and fearless rider, was scarcely able to sit his horse. He found the London Church in a situation of complicated distress. They had lost their meeting-house in the general conflagration—that historic hall in the "Bull and Mouth" hostelry—which had served them for eleven years as their chief preaching place, and the scene of their most heroic stand for liberty of conscience. As a result of the Conventicle Act, the majority of their trusted leaders had died in prison, while more than a thousand of their members had perished of the plague.

[1] Sewel, ii, 160. [2] *Fox's Journal* (Everyman), p. 235.

More insidious and deadly than either plague or fire was the spirit of schism which had crept into the Church during Fox's protracted imprisonment when, as he himself expressed it, he had been "as to Friends, as a Man buried alive." A returned missionary named Perrot was threatening to wreck the society with a propaganda of exaggerated mysticism, which appealed to the more refined and poetical spirits, of whom Benjamin Furley, of Amsterdam, was the most noted example. Where his ideas penetrated, the "comely order" of meetings was disturbed; individual inspiration was exalted at the expense of collective wisdom, and the whole loosely built structure of the Quaker Church was threatened with disintegration.

George Fox was a dreamer and a poet, but he combined with his mysticism the practical wisdom of a man of affairs. He had scarcely arrived in London before he set himself by vigorous measures to combat the dangers, internal and external, which threatened the young society. To the spirit of Perrot, which ran counter to regularity and order, he opposed the discipline of the five monthly meetings which, in addition to the quarterly and the women's meeting, were now set up in the city. After their establishment, he remained to preside over great gatherings which he appointed for the restoration of Friends who had been led astray.

Then, riding through England in the late summer of 1667, he drew the scattered members together by the sheer force of his personality, and grouped them into monthly meetings, according to their districts.[1]

By the extraordinary fortune which followed William

[1] *Second Period*, ix.

Penn during the years of his religious development, the months after his "convincement" which he spent under the roof of the Navy Office, were those employed by Fox in consolidating the shattered community in and about the city. At the end of March 1668, as Fox himself relates, he was lying in bed at Bristol, when the word of the Lord came to him that he "must go back to London."[1] The months of construction and organisation which followed coincided with the opening months of Penn's life as a Quaker, and were, perhaps, on those two counts, the most fateful in Quaker history. Persecution and woe lay behind and before, but it was in a brief period of calm and of quiet growth that the little Church opened its heart to the new convert.

As the outward sign of the cessation of persecution, and of the firm foundation upon which the Church was now settled, a large new meeting-house was built in Gracechurch Street, to take the place of the "Bull and Mouth," lost in the fire, and here, before a great congregation, George Fox preached the opening sermon. It was as a strong and united body that the Society of Friends faced the renewal of persecution.

William Penn has left a clear picture of his leader as he appeared to him in these first days, in which we seem to see the young disciple, trained as he had been under the most learned teaching that England or France could afford, sitting at the feet of this "new and heavenly minded man, a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making."

"He was a man," so he wrote in his Preface to *Fox's Journal*, "that God endued with a clear and wonderful

[1] *Fox's Journal* (Everyman), p. 251.

Depth: a Discerner of other's spirits, and very much a Master of his own. And tho' that side of his Understanding which lay next to the World, and especially the Expression of it, might sound uncouth and unfashionable to nice Ears, his Matter was nevertheless very profound: and would not only bear to be often considered, but the more it was so, the more weighty and instructing it appeared. And indeed it shew'd, beyond all Contradiction, that God sent him: in that no Art or Parts had any Share in the Matter or Manner of his Ministry: and that so many great, excellent and necessary Truths, as he came forth to preach to Mankind, had therefore nothing of Man's Wit or Wisdom to recommend them. So that, as to Man, he was an Original, being no Man's Copy. . . . So that, I have many times been overcome in myself, and been made to say, with my Lord and Master, upon the like Occasion, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that thou hast hid these Things from the Wise and Prudent of this World, and revealed them to Babes."[1]

Yet more eloquent perhaps than his many words is the line of dedication with which Penn assigned George Fox the gift of 1000 acres in Pennsylvania:

"I will honour his Name who honoured Truth above all Men, and loved Me."[2]

[1] "Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers," *Works*, i, p. 859.
[2] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 5, p. 15.

CHAPTER XXII

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

IT was well for William Penn that he had found a spiritual home, for his presence in Navy Gardens was becoming intolerable, not only to his parents, but to himself.

After Coventry's resignation and Batten's death, the Admiral found himself without a supporter upon the Navy Board. Though Pepys preserved the appearance of friendship, he was now making use of Sir William's repeated attacks of illness to undermine his credit with the Duke of York, and even dared to taunt his sick friend to his face with incapacity.[1]

In March, greatly against his will, Admiral Penn was constrained by the Lord High Admiral to accept the command of the summer fleet. This honour served to focus the jealousy of the rival commanders, one of whom, Monk, Lord Albemarle, was heard to vow that Sir William should never go out with the Fleet again.

The intrigue which he set on foot, with the aid of Penn's old enemy, Prince Rupert, is typical of the public life of the time. Admiral Penn, who had refused to exchange so much as one foreign coin out of the holds of ships which he himself had captured, was impeached before the House of Commons on the trumped-up charge of "breaking bulk," or embezzlement, from two prize-ships taken by the Earl of Sandwich. The impeachment deprived him

[1] *Pepys*, p. 611.

automatically of his seat in the House of Commons, whence, after debate, it was sent up to the House of Lords for judgment. But the object of his enemies was already accomplished. No officer lying under an impeachment could be permitted to take up a public command. Rupert sailed with the summer fleet, and Parliament ceased to be interested in the matter of Admiral Penn's guilt or innocence.[1]

Meantime, his good name was being attacked from another quarter. Admiral Penn had received no salary for many years, and he died a creditor to the Crown of more than £12,000.[2] Yet in this year of his disgrace, rumours began to be rife in the city of the enormous fortune which had been accumulated by the King's favourite admiral, and of a dowry of £16,000 which he had given to his daughter—rumours which Pepys, who rejoiced in the discomfiture of his colleague, was at pains not to contradict.[3] His name began to be bandied about as that of "Admiral Penn, who starved the seamen."

The accusation was well chosen, at a time when the contrast between the extravagance of the Court and the bitter poverty of the workers was in every man's eye. For months after the great victory at sea, the work of the Navy Office had been hampered by "the horrible crowd and lamentable moan of the poor seamen that lay starving in the streets for lack of money."[4] Yet how far Admiral Penn was enriched by their poverty may be learned from his son's statement:

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 461, and *Pepys*, pp. 640, 643, 644.
[2] Granville Penn, ii, 492.
[3] *Pepys*, p. 641.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 354.

"I can say, and that with sincerity to God and man, that after twenty-five years of public and very eminent Sea and Land employment: (requiring much Time, Prudence, Care, Faithfulness, Government), and the many great Opportunities he had to swell his Estate to a very considerable Bulk, and that as laudably as any public Officers raise themselves, he departed this World with a most clear Conscience in those Respects, leaving not half that which many London Shop-keepers arrive at by their private Acquisitions."[1]

It was obvious to Pepys, as to every public man behind the scenes, that Buckingham, flushed with his triumph over the old Chancellor Clarendon, had set himself to depose all the older friends of the King who yet remained in his service. In the same summer which witnessed Penn's impeachment, he succeeded in procuring Ormonde's recall from Dublin by an intrigue so shameful that the King, though a willing party to his old servant's disgrace, had not the courage to admit his acquiescence in the presence of the deposed viceroy:

"He is the greatest subject of any Prince in Christendome, and hath done more for his Prince than ever any yet did. But all will not do: he must down, it seems, the Duke of Buckingham carrying all before him."[2]

Admiral Penn himself was well aware that he was being used as a scapegoat to deflect attention from his Royal Master's misappropriation of public funds, and there was perhaps no more poignant moment in that frivolous monarch's experience, than that when his old servant, meeting him in Westminster Hall the day before his impeachment, cried to him that he was his martyr.[3]

[1] "Vindication of his Deceased Father," *Works*, ii, 451.
[2] *Pepys*, p. 689.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 640.

So matters stood throughout the last months which William Penn passed in his old home at the Navy Office. The Admiral had at last owned himself beaten by illness, and in the month of May he, who should have been in the prime of manhood, received his visitors chained to a "gout chair," specially designed for the relief of sufferers from that disease. This chair, as he told Pepys, had been originally made for Lady Lambert, once the sprightly leader of fashion at the Protector's Court, whose husband, the all-powerful major-general, was now dragging out in Guernsey the interminable thirty years of his political exile.[1] The analogy was not a cheerful one, and must have appealed with unpleasant force to the invalid, who had already had experience of the trust to be reposed in princes. It is small wonder that he began during this summer to seek for an opportunity of retirement from public duty.

It seems to have been at this point that Lady Penn herself turned against her impracticable son. In February "Pegg," now a matron of sixteen, had given birth to a daughter at the Navy Office, and later in the month Mrs. Pepys was present at the christening ceremony, which "was as mean as could be, and but little company, just like all the rest that family do."[2]

This last gleam of family rejoicing was damped by William's conscientious refusal to share in the festivities. Apart from the rejection of all sacraments, including that of baptism, which was incumbent upon him as a Quaker, he was now a member, as he himself described them, of an exercised people,

[1] *Pepys*, p. 654.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 620.

"(whose) very Countenances and Deportment declared it. . . . Our Words were few and savoury, our Looks composed and weighty, and our whole Deportment very observable. . . . guarding ourselves against the Cares and Friendships of the World."[1]

To Lady Penn's warm Irish nature it seemed incredible that her eldest and dearly loved son should fail her at this crisis. "Pegg" had a home and a little family of her own in Yorkshire, and was now only a visitor at Navy Gardens. Dick, her youngest child, was absent in Italy, exiled, one may suppose, for his health's sake, since he died five years later, while still little more than a boy. The new house at Wanstead was half furnished, and very lonely, for the old friends and neighbours, the Battens, whose gay parties had enlivened the little community of the Navy Office, were now bereaved of their husband and father, and living in poverty. And William had chosen this time of public trouble and private distress to add to his father's burden. She could see no reason for his rejection of the old beloved forms of religion, which throughout their chequered lives had been her husband's comfort and her own, and she was outraged by a piety which checked her pitiful efforts at merriment, and looked askance at the gay young life which she introduced to the house, to distract the Admiral from his sorrowful preoccupations.

She looked on helpless while William stripped himself little by little of the outward manners and trappings of a gentleman. How gradual the process was, may be divined from the traditional anecdote of his sword, related by his biographer, Janney.[2] He was wearing it

[1] "Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers," *Works*, i, p. 860.
[2] Janney, p. 50.

one day, according to the invariable custom of young men of his class, when it occurred to him to ask George Fox's advice upon it, having no doubt learnt to trust his judgment upon other and weightier matters. He had begun to realise the singular appearance which it presented at a Friends' meeting, yet, as he told Fox, he was reluctant to part with it—not because it was a badge of good breeding, but because it had once saved his life without injuring his antagonist. Moreover, and the argument from the words of Scripture was such as Fox himself might have used, Christ had commanded his followers that he who had no sword should "sell his garment and buy one."

Fox's reply, "Wear it as long as thou canst," throws a flood of light upon the methods by which the doctrines of Quakerism were spread during the lifetime of its founder, and presents a sorrowful contrast to those employed fifty years later, when an insistence upon sad-coloured aprons, and "gowns made decently in the shape and compass that Truth leads into,"[1] had in great measure taken the place of the passion for self-surrender and the missionary fervour which distinguished the primitive Friends. Once Fox had directed the eyes of his disciples upon the Light Within, he was not careful to instruct them in the details of their conduct, trusting to that Light to work out its own revelation. Now in this matter of the wearing of weapons, with which was bound up the whole question of passive resistance, his confidence was justified. When next he met William Penn, the sword was no longer at his side, and the young convert explained that he had taken his leader's advice, and worn it as long as he could.

[1] Rutty, pp. 389, 441.

A passage in one of Penn's early writings acts as a footnote to this process of outward transformation, which was going on during the last months which he spent under his father's roof:

"Those very Habits which once I judged impossible whilst here to have relinquished—(as well as I was unwilling), and did allow myself a Liberty therein, because not openly gross or scandalous, I thought myself excusable—became not only burdensome, but by that Light, manifested to be of another Nature than that which I was called to the Participation of."[1]

Yet his own heart was ready to betray him in the matter of the refusal of outward courtesy, upon which his father set so great a store.

"However differing I am from other Men, *circa sacra*," so he wrote a few years later, "I know no Religion that destroys Courtesie, Civilitie and Kindness, which rightly understood, are great Indications of true Men, if not of true Christians. Certainly there is such a Thing as Civil Uniformity, where a Religious one may be unobtainable, and methinks," he adds, with a wistful recollection of these months of estrangement, "there can be nothing more irrational than to sacrifice the Serenity of the One to an adventurous, if not impossible, Procurement of the other."[2]

It was not long, however, before his conscience forbade him to be a passive protester against the frivolity of his family and friends. "Often," he wrote afterwards, "had we the Burthen of the Word of the Lord to our neighbours, relations, and acquaintances, and sometimes strangers also." His letter to Broghill of the previous October

[1] "The Guide Mistaken," *Works*, ii, 20.
[2] "Letter to Iustice Fleming," *Works*, i, 157.

might have been written by any well-read and serious youth who had his country's welfare at heart: his "Letter to an Acquaintance, dissuading from a Vain Conversation," which was dated from the Navy Office on 10th July 1668, could only have been the work of a Quaker. Apart from the "thee and thou" language in which it was couched, its message was steeped in Fox's favourite theory of present retribution, and consisted mainly of exhortations to follow the author's example, and "retire from the noise and clatter of tempting Visibles, to the Beholding Him who is invisible." Yet in the midst of his "plain admonitions" he seems to have had a disconcerting vision of that dainty, and "so much indulged Flesh and Blood," against which he was directing this heavy battery of death and judgment, and assured her of the "true love" which was inspiring his words. "I have not," he explained with a hint of apology, "sought Fine Words, or chiming Expressions—the Gravity, the Concernment, and Nature of my Subject admits no such Butterflies."[1]

One would like to know if this "Acquaintance" was his own cousin and Pepys' "The" Turner—the "mighty witty but troublesome humoured" little lady, who dances in and out of the pages of *Pepys' Diary*. Two years later she makes her final appearance in William Penn's history, as the bearer of a letter from him to Pepys, in which, says the Quaker, forgetting for a moment his vow against "chiming expressions," "I doe not expect anything here can be oblidgeing, but for the vertue it borrows of her."[2]

[1] *Works*, i, 1.

[2] Original in the MSS. Division of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 39, p. 112.

At this period of his life William Penn was " a Man of great Anguish and Sorrow because of the Scorn and Reproach that attended his Separation from the World," and the impression made on his spirit by these months of estrangement form a sad undercurrent to many of his letters and pamphlets. He had embraced the Truth with gladness, yet it proved " as sharp to him as a well-pointed dart." In sheer self-defence it was inevitable that he should pass through a stage of Puritanical exclusiveness. The opposition and the mockery to which he was daily subjected by his dearest relations must either break down his resolution or strengthen it an hundredfold. And a young man of twenty-three who is the constant object of ridicule to others, may be pardoned if he loses for the time being his own sense of humour.

It seems to have been immediately after writing this letter that the new convert began to preach in the new Quaker Meeting-house in Gracechurch Street — a thoroughfare which had been burned to ashes in the fire two years before, and was now replanned to lead gently down from the Royal Exchange to London Bridge.[1] A missionary journey was next undertaken into the home counties in company with another preacher, for it was the habit of the Quaker evangelists to go out two by two in the manner of the primitive apostles. Their meetings were broken up by a magistrate, and again as in Cork, William's origin betrayed him. The magistrate recognised him, and instead of committing him to jail, he wrote to his father to inform him of the " tumult " which his son had been making.

Overwhelmed by the new disgrace which had fallen

[1] *Pepys*, p. 672.

upon him, Sir William wrote a peremptory letter ordering home the preacher. William, when he received the letter, was undecided whether to comply with it. The rift between himself and his family was already so complete that further argument would only confirm their misunderstanding. But the Friend who was travelling with him advised him to obey his father's summons.

Once again William turned his face towards the home which was no longer home to him, and again in his arrival in town he sought out the Quaker meeting, to gain strength for the coming ordeal, walking home afterwards with a Friend who lived near by. He had sat only a few minutes in that Friend's parlour, when the door opened, and a lady entered, who was introduced to the young man as Gulielma Maria Springett.

The encounter with his father which followed an hour later fell out as he had feared. The patience of both his parents was exhausted, and they had determined to make use of the one expedient remaining for William's reclamation. The words which his father spoke at this terrible interview never faded from his mind, and are reproduced in the account which he gave to a friend in his old age :

"His father told him he had heard what work he had been making in the country and after some discourse, bid him take his clothes, and begone from his house, for he should not be there any longer. Also, that he should dispose of his estates to them that pleased him better."[1]

It was at this moment, when, as his forebodings had

[1] From the Huntly MSS. quoted in *Penns and Peningtons*, p. 180.

told him, he was about "to lose both a father and a friend," that the girl whom he was to love and marry came into his life, and a second home was opened to him with a mother and father who would be only less dear than his own.

CHAPTER XXIII

EXPERIENCES IN THE LIFE OF MARY PENINGTON

GULI SPRINGETT was probably the first Quaker lady of his own age and class whom William Penn had yet encountered, and to her, as he quaintly said, his love went out, "for Virtue and Temper, Education and Person." She was descended, through both her parents, from that Puritan aristocracy which was perhaps the fairest growth of English life, and in these days of the triumph of the Clarendon Code was being slowly and ruthlessly exterminated. Little by little the Anglican Church, by threats and imprisonment, or by the more subtle penalty of class ostracism, was gathering into its fold the squire and the nobleman who twenty years earlier had beheaded Archbishop Laud, or destroyed the graven images in Lincoln Cathedral. Those members of the landed gentry who for conscience' sake still clung to their conventicles, were harried by magistrates and informers, and excluded from all educational advantages and public responsibility, till within the lifetime of one generation they sank, financially and mentally, to the level of the class beneath them.[1]

Mary Penington, the mother by her first husband, of Penn's newly found friend, Guli Springett, left two autobiographical letters addressed to her daughter and her daughter's little son, from which, in the absence of other data, it would be possible to construct a fairly complete

[1] Trevelyan, pp. 343–345.

image of domestic and religious life at the close of the Puritan epoch. Her childhood was passed during that hush before the storm, when the fabric of social England, so soon to be brought to the ground, still to the casual eye stood unshaken by religious and dynastic upheaval. She was born in 1625, the year of Charles the First's accession, the only child and heiress of Sir John Proude, of Goodneston Court, in Kent. Her father died when she was three years old, at the siege of Groll in Guelderland, where he was serving as colonel in the army of the Prince of Orange. At the age of eight or nine, his little daughter was sent to Ringmer, in Sussex, to the house of her guardian, Sir Edward Partridge, where she grew up under the care of his widowed sister, Madam Springett. This lady filled for Mary Proude the place of the mother whom she had never known, and not content with the care of her own family of two boys and a girl, she acted as Lady Bountiful to all the country round.

"She spent her time very ingeniously: and in a bountiful manner bestowed great part of her jointure yearly upon the poor, in providing physic and surgery."

Several poor women were kept in her employ, collecting herbs and simples in the summer, and in the winter pounding and distilling them, while her servants were daily occupied in the preparation of "oils, salves, balsams, syrups and conserves of many kinds, with pills and lozenges."

Madam Springett became renowned even in the capital for her skill in curing sore eyes and removing cataracts, and many patients whom he had failed to relieve were sent to her by Stephens, the great London oculist.

Invalids who had travelled hundreds of miles to consult her were lodged in the villages round about the manor house, and it was not unusual for her to treat twenty sick people, men, women, and children in one morning. She was, as one would expect from her manner of life, of an intensely religious nature. She entertained an Independent chaplain constantly at her house, inviting her neighbours to share twice a week in his ministrations, and a service in preparation for the Sabbath was held every Saturday at the manor house.

But the little girl who was growing up under Madam Springett's care had a mind which could not be led into conventional paths either by precept or example. Even before her arrival at Ringmer, her longings after a holy life had been focused around the promise of the Gospels —" Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled "— and for more than twenty years the text became the keynote of her religious experience. At the age of seventeen she was in ill odour with her guardian on account of the long tramps which she took weekly in all weathers, to hear a dissenting preacher, no less than for her steady refusal of eligible offers of marriage. In spite of her guardian's warning that none but mean persons were of her way of thinking, she reserved herself in the faith that God would provide for her a husband who feared his name. Her confidence was justified. Madam Springett's elder son, William, hearing from his mother of Mary's disgrace, turned his back on his legal studies and his promising career at the Court where the King had lately knighted him, and returned to his country home to marry his old playmate.

Though little more than boy and girl, the young people

before they came together had reached conclusions through their independent meditation and study, which formed the outposts of religious thought for the next decade, and were to become an integral part of the creed of the Quakers. Forestalling Fox by ten years in his belittling of the "steeple-house," they refused to attend the Parish Church, or to join in any printed liturgy.

Rather than have his little son christened according to the rites of the Church of England, Sir William Springett had him carried a distance of five miles, to be baptized by his wife's friend, the dissenting preacher Wilson, when he himself, "a gallant and very young man," held the child in his arms in the face of a great assembly.

The Civil War broke in upon this Puritan idyll. Springett threw himself whole-heartedly upon the side of the Parliament, and "without beat of drum" raised a force of eight hundred men, volunteers like himself, in his native county of Sussex. He kept a mess table for the officers at his own charge, slept with his men in the open field, and frequently, for fear of scurvy, fought on no stronger fare than a biscuit and some candied green citron.

Sir William Springett commanded as colonel at the Battle of Edgehill, and at Newbury was nearly killed by a spent bullet. Towards the end of 1643, the Cavaliers took Arundel, and fortified the castle, whereupon Sir William Waller appealed for help to the associated counties. Their response was immediate, and Colonel Springett, specially glad to be of service to his own county of Sussex, marched to his relief, and together with his colleague, Colonel Morley, succeeded in wresting both town and castle from the enemy.

The two officers took up their quarters for the winter as Governors of Arundel Castle. But Sir William Springett's course was almost run. An epidemic of virulent fever—the calenture, as it was called—broke out in the town, working havoc among the garrison. When the young Governor felt himself smitten, and knew how small was his chance of recovery, he sent for his wife from London. Immediately his message reached her, in the depth of winter and within a few weeks of the birth of her second child, Mary set out in a hired coach, through frost, snow, and flood, for her husband's sick-bed.

Though it was not written till the end of her long life, her account of the death of that boy husband speaks to us after nearly three hundred years like a voice of to-day, with all the poignancy of an unforgotten anguish :

" It was about twelve at night when we arrived. As soon as I had put my foot in the hall, there being a pair of stairs leading from it into his chamber, I heard him cry out—Why will you lie to me ? If she be come, let me hear her voice !—which struck me so I had hardly time to get upstairs : but being borne up by two of those present, he seeing me, the fever having took his head, in a manner sprang up, as if he would come out of his bed, saying—Let me embrace thee before I die. . . . His breath was so scorching as to chap his lips : but he, finding my mouth was cool, would hardly permit me to take it off to breathe, but would cry out—Oh, don't leave me !—which the doctor and my own maid and the attendants were very much troubled at, looking upon the infection to be so high that it endangered myself and child by taking his breath into me. I being also near my time, found it a very uneasy posture to be in for two hours at times, if not more, bending over him to cool his lips. The physic which was ordered being applied to him, he observed the

manner of its operation to be a signification of death, and called out to the doctor—This will not do, I am a dead man! From the like sign, the doctor had concluded upon the same, but he said nothing. He called on me again and again to lay my lips to his, which I did for a considerable time, and then he would lie very quiet while I was able to bear this posture, and in this stillness he fell asleep, which they that were by observing, constrained me to go to bed, considering my condition, and leave my maid servant with him, who might bring me an account if it were needed.

"In the morning when I came down, I saw a great change upon him, and sadness upon all faces about him, which thing stunned me: I having let in hope as before. At last he called me to him, saying—Come, my dear, let me kiss thee before I die; which he did, as if he would have left his breath in me.—Come once more, let me kiss thee, and take my leave of thee, said he again; which he did in the same manner as before; and then added—Now, no more! no more! never, no more!—which done, he fell into a very great agony. Oh! this was a dreadful sight to me. My very heart strings seemed to break. The doctor and my husband's chaplain, and some of the chief officers that were by, seeing that the bed was likely to fall to pieces under him, and noticing that this befel him from taking leave of me, considered together what to do, and concluded they must either persuade me to leave the bedside or remove me by force; upon which they came and desired me to go to the fire, as while I stood there he could not die—which word was so great, that, like an amazed creature, I stamped with my foot, and cried—Die! die! must he die? I cannot go from him! At which two of them gently lifted me in their arms and carried me to the fireplace which was a pretty distance from the bed, and there they held me from coming to him again. This time I did not weep, but stood silent and struck. Soon after I was brought from the bed, he

became very still, and when they thought his sight was gone, they let me go. Standing at his side, I saw the most amiable, pleasant countenance that ever I beheld, smiling like a young child, when (as the saying is), they see angels. Soon after this he died. When he was dead, I could weep. As soon as the breath was gone out of his body, they took me up into a chamber, and would allow me to see him no more."

Thus Mary Springett was left a widow at nineteen, with one son and a little daughter—Gulielma Maria Posthuma—the child of dangers and agonies, born a few weeks after her husband's death. The little girl united the names of her two parents, but they were never given to her at the font. In the interval between the baptism of his first child and the death of Sir William Springett, both he and his wife had travelled beyond the unconventional position which they had already taken up at that time. Like George Fox who, as an unlettered lad of nineteen, was starting out in this year upon his spiritual pilgrimage, they now rejected all sacraments, believing them to be based upon a false interpretation of the words of Christ.

But if Lady Springett had cast away the forms of godliness in which she had been reared, the life which lay in ruins about her had not yet submitted to any constructive influence. "I knew nothing," she confessed, "to be so certainly of God that I could shed my blood in the defence of it." Having in mind the commonly accepted notion of the Protector's Court as a place of gloom and penance, it is startling to read how this wealthy and beautiful young widow

"thought nothing about religion, but minded recreations

as they are called, and ran into many excesses and vanities ; as foolish mirth, carding, dancing, singing, and frequenting of music meetings, and made many vain visits at jovial eatings and drinkings, to satisfy the extravagant appetite and please the vain mind with curiosities. . . . Yet in all this excess and folly . . . I would often say to myself, What is all this to me ? I do these things because I am weary and know not what else to do. It is not my delight, it hath not power over me. I had rather serve the Lord if I knew how acceptably."

After ten years spent in this condition of "weary seeking and not finding," Mary Springett met a companion in tribulation in Isaac Penington, who, being the son of one of the chief citizens of London, was made welcome in the fashionable circles which she was frequenting. But he had been brought up a Calvinist, and the dismal conclusions which he had perforce drawn from that creed had plunged him into a melancholy which seemed to be incurable. His desolate condition, which she alone knew to be the counterpart of her own, attracted Lady Springett's pity, and then her love. "A desire was in me," she says, "to be serviceable to him in this his desolate condition . . . I gave up much to be a companion to him."

Isaac Penington, who was to share with Barclay and Penn the title of chief Quaker apologist, was the eldest son of Alderman Penington, who in 1640 had been High Sheriff and Member of Parliament for London, and in 1642 was chosen to be Lord Mayor and Lord-Lieutenant of the Tower. He was a member of the High Court of Justice which tried King Charles, though his signature was not affixed to the warrant for his execution, and in 1649 had been made one of the Council of State.

His eldest son, Isaac, was born in 1616, and was therefore of an age to profit by his father's advancement. But he had grown up with small taste for public life or civic dignities. His heart was set upon religion, and his passion was for purity of life both in family and state. One of his early books, published in 1651, deals with "The Fundamental Right, Safety, and Liberty of the People," and is a plea for just government, irrespective of party. Christian righteousness was the indispensable qualification in a Government, and could alone insure justice for the governed, and "whoever they are," he declared, "whom I saw fitted for it, and called to it, they should have my vote on their behalf." This was a thesis which would appeal to William Penn, and no doubt led in after years to long and fruitful discussions between the old and young Quaker.

When Isaac Penington and Mary Springett were married in 1654, a weary spiritual journey still stretched before them. They belonged as yet to the great body of "Seekers"—a wistful title which described the majority of thoughtful English men and women of their generation. The Bible was their chief study, and purity of life their one aim, while the search after God formed their overwhelming preoccupation.

The month of June in this year of 1654 is memorable in the history of Quakerism for its great home missionary exodus—the descent of the northern preachers upon the south. Hitherto, Fox had counted his disciples mainly in the Yorkshire Dales, Lancashire, and Westmorland, where they found a permanent home and a Mecca at Swarthmoor Hall, the home of Judge Fell, and his wife Margaret. In this year, however, Fox sent forth his

missionaries, two by two—"morris-dancers from the north," as they were described by a "priest" with a turn for caricature—"a matter of seventy ministers," in imitation of the sending forth of the seventy by our Lord himself. Like them also, they went out as sheep among wolves, facing persecution, imprisonment and death, with no money in their scrip.[1]

Two of these north country missionaries, Burrough and Howgill—the pair who in the following year were to be banished from Ireland by Henry Cromwell—reached London early in June, to carry on the work which had already been begun by two Quaker women from Yorkshire. Meetings began to be held at a draper's shop in Moorfields, and before the month was out,

"a report," writes one of their converts, "spread about the city that there was a Sort of People come there that went by the Name of plain North Country ploughmen, who did differ in Judgment to all other People in that city."[2]

This report seems to have reached Mary Penington, and did nothing to remove the prejudice which she had already formed against the Quakers.

"But one day," she wrote, "as my husband and I were walking in a park, a man that for a little time had frequented the Quakers' meetings saw us as he rode by in our gay vain apparel. He spoke to us about our pride, at which I scoffed, saying, "he a public preacher indeed! preaching on the highways!" He turned back again, saying he had a love for my husband, seeing grace in his looks. He drew nigh to the pales, and spoke of the light and grace of God that had appeared to all men."

[1] *Cambridge Journal*, i, 141. [2] *First Publishers of Truth*, p. 163.

This chance encounter was followed by a visit from two of the leading Quakers then in London, one of whom, Thomas Curtis, happened to be a neighbour to the family estate at Caversham, near Reading. Mary Penington's whole life had been governed by the teaching of the scriptures, and her creed had been reduced to the acceptance of one or two texts appropriate to her condition. The reliance which she found these Quaker visitors to place upon the Word of God chimed in with her own convictions, and disposed her to embrace the doctrines which they deduced from them.

"The doctrine is not mine," said Thomas Curtis, "but His that sent me. If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

But this doing of God's will meant for Mary Penington and her husband, as for William Penn ten years later, the abandonment of the "language, fashions, customs, titles, honour, and esteem, in this world." It meant also the opposition, and finally the enmity, of their former friends and relations, and, as in the case of William Penn, the loss, if only for a time, of their estates.

"The giving up of these things," says Mary Penington, "cost me many tears." She longed, however for the fellowship of the Quakers, and "minded not the cost and pain, but judged it would be well worth my utmost cost and pains to witness in myself such a change as I saw in them—such power over the evil of human nature."

Alderman Penington had given to his eldest son as a wedding gift the manor house of "The Grange," in the parish of Chalfont St. Peter, in Buckinghamshire. Isaac

and his wife removed to this country home in 1658, the year of Oliver Cromwell's death, and at once threw open their house for the meetings of Friends.

This chapter is taken from the two autobiographical letters written by Mary Penington: *Experiences in the Life of Mary Penington.* "A brief account of some of my exercises from my childhood, left with my dear daughter, Gulielma Maria Penn."

"A Letter from Mary Penington to her Grandson, Springet Penn." Written about the year 1680. Left to be delivered to him after her decease.

CHAPTER XXIV

A QUAKER INTERIOR

THE county of Buckingham, which runs northward from London like a wedge driven into the heart of England, has from the beginning of her history formed a bond of union between the metropolis and the country. At no time was this connection more evident than in the seventeenth century, and during the Civil Wars. Lying between Oxford, the King's headquarters, and London, the seat of Parliament, the Thames Valley was used as a thoroughfare by the rival armies, and it was from his home in the Chiltern Hills, only thirty miles from Whitehall, that Hampden rode down to the Long Parliament, and to his death on the field of Chalgrove.

In religious, no less than in political thought, Buckinghamshire has always taken a leading place. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the county was the centre of Lollardy, and from the reign of Henry the Fifth, when in 1414 four Amersham "heretics" were executed for their religion, down to 1532, when the last victim, Thomas Harding, of Chesham, was burnt at the stake, the little valley of the Misbourne was drenched in the blood of the martyrs. In 1553 John Knox preached in what was already the old Parish Church of Amersham, and found amongst the green slopes and the beech woods of Buckinghamshire a people as stern and unyielding in their faith as the Edinburgh Reformers.[1]

[1] *Memories of Jordans and the Chalfonts*, pp. 4–6.

In such a soil Quakerism took root and flourished. When Isaac and Mary Penington came to make their home at the Grange, they became the leaders of a society whose seed had been sown by some unnamed evangelist, three years before. Chalfont was so near to London as to be easily reached in one day by a good nag; indeed, the twenty-five miles which separated them were covered on occasion by a sturdy walker between dawn and sunset of a winter's day. Quaker preachers travelling from London into the provinces seldom failed to break their journey at Chalfont, to hold a meeting and spend a night at the Grange. For the three years before persecution fell upon it and scattered its owners, the home of Isaac and Mary Penington was the Swarthmoor of the southern counties.

Like Swarthmoor also, the Grange was a hive of young life. Guli, the eldest daughter, was the senior by ten years of the half-brother next her in age. She came to her new home as a lovely and noble girl of fourteen, soon to be beset, like her mother before her, by suitors of all conditions of life and shades of doctrine. The three younger children must have inherited a full share of their parents' ability, for in the year 1662, when the eldest was seven years old, he, with the brother and sister younger than himself, had already been led by their resident tutor "through Grammar Rules to the Highest Improvement they were capable of in the English Tongue."[1]

Isaac Penington is described by the historian Sewel as "a man of acute wit and great Endowments."[2] Unlike the majority of the early Quakers, he did not devote his life to missionary journeys. His ambition was to serve God and his fellows in his study. His writings, published

[1] *Ellwood*, p. 176. [2] Sewel, ii, 376.

after his death under the title of *The Works of the Long-Mournful and Sorely-Distressed Isaac Penington*, were read in that earnest age as another and more literal *Pilgrim's Progress*, and stand to this day as the most complete exposition of the faith of primitive Quakerism. There can be no doubt that it was through Isaac Penington's influence that Penn, immediately upon his expulsion from his father's house, embarked upon the career of theological writer and debater, which before the end of the year was to lodge him in the Tower.

In addition to his theological compositions, Penington was an indefatigable writer of letters, treating them, in the manner of the early Quakers, as another branch of the same art. The epistles in which he endeavoured to win his stern old Calvinist father from Presbyterianism to the principles of Friends, would fill a fair-sized volume. His warning letters to his sister Judith, with their haunting refrain, "Whither art thou travelling, O whither art thou travelling?" gain historical interest from the approving notice accorded to Mistress Penington in *Pepys' Diary*—"a very fine, witty lady, one of the best I ever heard speak and indifferent handsome."[1]

Mary Penington also, in these first quiet years, was turning her delightful literary gift to the writing of admonitory epistles. She wrote to Henry Cromwell's wife, who was the daughter of Sir Francis Russell of Chippenham, and a relative of her own, begging her to influence her husband in favour of the Irish Quakers; and to the King on his accession, asking him not to despise the Lord's message, though it was conveyed to him "through a weak, silly woman."[2]

[1] *Pepys*, p. 354. [2] *Works of Isaac Penington*, ii, 143.

Two adjectives less fitted to describe Mary Penington could scarcely have been chosen. She had been trained from childhood by Madam Springett in the exercise of housewifery and of neighbourly kindness. She was herself a woman of rare business ability, and her marriage to a dreamy idealist, often ailing in body and imprisoned for a fourth part of their life together, had resulted in her shouldering the entire burden of their household affairs. In addition, like Madam Springett, she was not content with the care of her own rapidly increasing family, but proved herself a friend and counsellor to all neighbours in distress. Chief among these was young Thomas Ellwood, the eldest son of a neighbouring squire, whose life was so closely bound up with that of William Penn's future wife, that any account of the one would be impossible without some mention of the other.

Ellwood's friendship with Guli Springett, who was five years his junior, dated from her infancy. At the outbreak of the Civil War, his father, Squire Ellwood, left his home at Crowell, which lay in the oft-disputed country on the borders of Oxford and Buckingham, and took refuge in London, where he became acquainted with young Lady Springett in the first days of her widowhood.

"This Friendship," says Ellwood, "devolving from the Parents to the Children, I became an early and particular Playfellow to her Daughter Guli: being admitted, as such, to ride with her in her little Coach, drawn by her Footman about Lincoln's Inn Fields."

This intercourse was broken off, however, at the close of the war, and it was not until Squire Ellwood heard that

the Peningtons had come to live at Chalfont, some fifteen miles from his home at Crowell, that he took his son once more to visit them :

" But very much surprised we were, when, being come thither, we first heard, then found, they were become Quakers : a People we had no Knowledge of, and a Name we had, till then, scarce heard of.

" So great Change, from a free, debonair, and courtly Sort of Behaviour (which we formerly had found them in) to so strict a Gravity as they now received us with, did not a little amuse us, and disappoint our Expectation of such a pleasant Visit as we used to have, and had now promised ourselves.

" For my Part, I sought and at length found Means to cast myself into the Company of the Daughter, whom I found gathering some Flowers in the Garden, attended by her Maid, who was also a Quaker. But when I addressed myself to her after my accustomed manner, with Intention to engage her in some Discourse which might introduce conversation on the Foot of our former Acquaintance : though she treated me with a courteous Mien, yet (as young as she was) —' she was fifteen at the time '—the Gravity of her Look and Behaviour struck such an Awe upon me, that I found myself not so much Master of myself as to pursue any further Converse with her. Wherefore, asking Pardon for my Boldness in having intruded myself into her private Walks, I withdrew, not without some Disorder (as I thought at least) of mind.

" We stay'd Dinner which was very handsome, and lack'd nothing to recommend it to me, but the Want of Mirth and pleasant Discourse, which we could neither have with them, nor by reason of them with one another amongst ourselves : the Weightiness that was upon their Spirits and Countenances keeping down the Lightness that would have been up in us. . . . We returned, not

greatly satisfied with our Journey, nor knowing what in particular to find fault with."[1]

The result of this meeting was the gradual convincement to Quakerism of young Tom Ellwood, his rejection by his father, and his adoption into the Penington family, first as Latin tutor, and finally as right-hand man-of-affairs.

With the Restoration a heavy trouble came upon the Peningtons in the imprisonment and death in the Tower of the old Alderman, as one of the members of the Parliamentary High Court of Justice which had condemned King Charles. His houses in London and estates in the country were forfeited to the Crown,[2] though for some years Isaac and his family were allowed to remain at the Grange as tenants under sufferance.

It was well for Mary at this time that she had the strong arm of Ellwood to lean upon, for out of the nine following years her husband was to spend five in jail, being six times imprisoned for his Quaker faith. He had early made an implacable enemy in the chief landowner of the district—the Earl of Bridgewater—through the crime, it is said, of remaining covered in his presence, and henceforth any pretext, or none, would suffice to carry him to jail, there to lie during the earl's pleasure. His two last imprisonments at Aylesbury happened during the Great Plague, at the time of the fiercest administration of the Conventicle Act. In consequence of the one, John Milton took up his residence at Chalfont St. Giles in a "pretty box" found for him by his late pupil, Thomas Ellwood, but as a result of the other, neither Isaac Penington, through whom they had become acquainted, nor Ellwood himself,

[1] *Ellwood*, pp. 13–15.

[2] *Cal. S. P.*, 60, August and December 1661.

was at liberty to bid him welcome. On the 1st of July, the month fixed for Milton's arrival, both men had been arrested in the High Street of Amersham while attending a Quaker funeral. The coffin had been flung to the ground from off the bearers' shoulders by a "forcible thrust" from a magistrate who happened to be passing through the town, and the mourners committed to Aylesbury Prison to lie there till the Assizes. It was not till the summer was nearly over that Ellwood was set free to visit his old friend in time to read the manuscript of *Paradise Lost*, which he had brought with him to the cottage. His suggestion of a sequel resulted in the writing of *Paradise Regained*, which the blind poet put into his hands a couple of years later, with the words: "This is owing to you."[1]

Ellwood was himself a poet, of no mean repute in his own judgment, and seems to have respected the author of *Paradise Lost* for the "accurate pieces he had written on various Subjects and Occasions" while secretary to Oliver Cromwell, rather than for his much less popular excursions into the realm of poetry. At Milton's death, Ellwood celebrated his memory in an elegy which contains the couplet:

> "His natural Abilities
> Were doubtless of the largest Size."[2]

The winter of 1665 brought disaster to the Penington household. Isaac had been released with Ellwood a month after the Assizes, but after four weeks of liberty he was again dragged from his house by soldiers, and

[1] *Ellwood*, pp. 191–197.

[2] "Upon the excellently Learned John Milton," printed in *Penns and Peningtons*, pp. 241–244.

committed to the familiar prison at Aylesbury. Here, in spite of the fact that the plague had broken out within the walls, he lay for nine months without trial. In his absence, the estate at the Grange, which had been his dead father's wedding gift to him, was confiscated by the Crown. At the same time, one of Mary Penington's estates was wrested from her by a relative, through her conscientious refusal to swear to her prior claim, and various debtors of her husband's, discerning their advantage in this Quaker idiosyncrasy, repudiated the debts which they owed him. When at last, early in 1668, Isaac was released through a writ of Habeas Corpus, the family who had been used to "great plenty" found themselves without a roof to shelter them, and faced the world with £100, besides the rents from Mary's property, now greatly reduced, which were yet to come in. Though most unwilling to leave their humble friends in Chalfont, who had known and learnt to love them in the days of their prosperity, and had in many cases been "convinced" by their means, they failed to find a house modest enough for their wants within a radius of five miles of the village.

The family was scattered, and remained without a settled home until the following autumn. The elder children were placed as the first pupils of the school at Waltham, established by Fox in the early spring of this year of his extraordinary activity. Together with the school at Shacklewell, "for instructing young lasses and maidens in whatsoever things were civil and useful in the creation," it was an effective counter-blast to the Five Mile Act, which sought to debar Nonconformists from education in their own faith. Here in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest, Isaac and Mary Penington took lodgings for the

summer, bringing with them the infant which had been born in January in the height of their distress.[1] The elder children came home from school at night, and perhaps atoned to their parents in some degree for the absence of all other friends and acquaintances.

Guli meantime found a home at Bristol with a married maid—the same, probably, who had added to Ellwood's discomfiture at the fateful interview in the Grange garden. Then returning to Chalfont under his escort, she set out for the west of England, still accompanied by her faithful squire. Fox was now making a tour of the western counties, followed from each town as he visited it by a shifting train of Friends. His business was to set up the "monthly meeting" in every centre of Quakerism, knitting up the loose fabric of church organisation, and holding meetings for the conversion and restoration of those who had been led astray by Perrot's schism. At Topsham, as they had hoped, Guli and Ellwood crossed his track, and turned back with him into Devon and Somerset, Ellwood, as one of Perrot's disciples who had early seen the error of his ways, proving himself an invaluable lieutenant.[2] The summer was nearly over before they returned in Fox's company to London, where Guli met William Penn in the Friend's house near Gracechurch Street, on the day of his expulsion from home. Thus, in that time of crisis, three friends were prepared for him, having been brought up to London by devious routes, who through their past history and present situation were of all Quakers then living the best qualified to come to his help.

[1] *Isaac Penington's Papers*, iv, 14.
[2] *Fox's Journal* (Everyman), pp. 252, 253, and *Ellwood*, pp. 210, 211.

CHAPTER XXV

"PERSECUTION WITH ITS OPEN FACE"

IT was nearly ten years since Ellwood, beaten and chased from home by the old Squire of Crowell, had found a refuge at the Grange, and in Mary Penington an advocate with his father who could not be gainsaid. To young Penn, whose position so closely resembled Ellwood's, Isaac and Mary would prove themselves "affectionate parents and tender nurses," and stand to him, from the first day of his exile from the Navy Office, in deed, though not as yet in name, *in parentum loco*. They were, however, no longer capable of furnishing him, as they had furnished Ellwood, with money for his present needs, nor even, in preparation for his missionary journeys, with "a brace of good geldings and a good riding-coat to his back"—a piece of generosity which Ellwood has recorded in his autobiography. It may be that Josiah Coale, his former travelling companion from Bristol to London, being a man of property, would meet the wants of his disinherited friend, who is said to have "conversed much" with him during this eventful summer, or it is possible that during the few months of his exile from home, he may have been indebted to the Quaker funds for his support. The first and chief duty laid upon the newly established monthly meetings was "the supply of the poor," and the Society of Friends in its primitive state was consciously modelled upon the Church in Jerusalem, "having all things in common."

Throughout the summer, Penn was much in the company of the two Friends who had been his spiritual guides in the first days of his "convincement." The lives of both men were drawing rapidly to a close, Loe dying on the 5th of October, and Coale when the winter set in. Loe was a married man, but both men, in their early twenties, had forsworn the joys of wife or child, and died far from their homes, worn out by travels and persecutions, before they had passed their thirty-fifth year.

Josiah Coale, in these last months of his life, was being cared for at the house of Thomas Curtis of Reading, the Quaker who had first impressed the Peningtons with his sincerity and the value of his message.[1] From the day of their meeting in London, the two families had drawn closely together, aided perhaps by the fact that the Peningtons had estates at Caversham, near Reading, to which it was their habit to retire in the summer. Curtis's wife Ann, who became an intimate friend of Mary Penington, is one of the most attractive figures amongst the early Quaker women. By the strange chance which linked William Penn to many of his new friends, she came, like himself, of a Bristol family. Her father, ex-Sheriff Yeamans of that city, had been hanged before his own door during the Civil War for his loyalty to King Charles —a fact which stood his daughter in good stead when she went in 1660 to plead with Charles the Second for the release of her "Friend," George Fox, from Lancaster Castle.[2]

Curtis and his wife were the leaders of the Quaker Society in Reading—a society whose sufferings and

[1] Sewel, ii, 209. [2] *Fox's Journal* (Everyman), p. 188.

bravery are outstanding even in the annals of primitive Quakerism, whose every convert was a potential martyr. It was founded by Fox himself in 1655 at a "glorious meeting" held in an orchard, and there was present Captain George Bishop of Bristol, Admiral Penn's "honoured countryman," with his sword at his side, for he was yet young in the Faith. This sword might well have been taken as an omen by the newly founded Church, for it was not peace that was brought to them by Fox's message.[1]

In 1661 Reading had a foretaste of persecution during the panic aroused by the discovery of the Fifth Monarchy Plot, twenty-two Friends being herded into one dungeon till the jailer himself confessed that "there was not such another bed in Berkshire."[2] But it was with the passing of the Conventicle Act that the powers of evil seemed to be let loose upon the devoted Church. The administration of this Act was very much a matter for the discretion of the local Justice. A jury had been necessary to bring in a conviction under the Quaker Act, but the provisions of the Conventicle Act empowered two justices to convict and imprison. The mere refusal of the accused to take a judicial oath could be recorded as a conviction, and incur the penalty of transportation.[3] In certain parts of the country, where the principles of the Quakers were understood and respected, they were permitted still to hold their meetings and go about their private business without molestation; on the other hand, there were towns in England, notably Bristol and London itself, where the extirpation of the Quakers became the ruling

[1] *Fox's Journal* (Everyman), p. 110.
[2] *Second Period*, p. 9. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 40.

passion of the magistrates, and the mayor would boast of his ambition to banish four hundred Quakers before he went out of office.[1]

Reading was unfortunate in its Justice of the Peace, who was none other than Sir William Armorer, equerry to Charles the Second, and hero of one of the most disgraceful scenes recorded in *Pepys' Diary*, when he made the King drunk and constrained him to toast his brother the Duke of York upon his knees.[2] This gentleman, whom William Penn describes as "the Reading knight-errant, and always in armour for the devil," found a sport to his mind in the harrying of the unresisting Quakers, and for the eight years which lay between the passing of the Conventicle Act and the Declaration of Indulgence, the entire Quaker Meeting of Reading was to be found, with brief intervals of liberty, in jail. Fifty years earlier the Greyfriars Church had been adapted as a prison, the roof of the nave being removed, and the nave used as a yard, while cells were formed by blocking up the arcades between the nave and the aisles. In this building, which had once echoed to the chanting of the monks, the Quaker monthly meetings were held for the district. Here, during the Wars of the Roses, Edward the Fourth of Lancaster had presented his bride, Elizabeth Woodville, with great pomp, to the assembled nobility, and here, two hundred years later, a marriage was solemnised between two Quaker prisoners, with the approval of the meeting, it being

"agreed and thought convenient, seeing it cannot well be otherwise, the generality of Friends being kept close prisoners."[3]

[1] *Second Period*, p. 46. [2] *Pepys*, p. 558. [3] *Second Period*, note on p. 569.

Long afterwards, in his Treatise on Oaths, Penn besought the Government to be

"pleased to consider the perishing difficulties we meet withal in our commerce with the world."

and it needs but a small effort of the imagination to picture the complete dislocation of trade entailed by these wholesale and prolonged imprisonments. The effect of these eight years upon the younger generation of Quakers can scarcely be estimated. A letter from Curtis to George Fox relates how

"our little children kept the meetings up when we were all in prison, notwithstanding their wicked justice when he came and found them there, would pull them out of the meeting and punch them in the back."[1]

"Pastime," as an Irish Quaker wrote at a slightly later date, "is a term reproachful in the mouth of a Christian,"[2] —but those "little children," upon whom devolved the care both of home and church, would have no need to be warned against the occupations suitable to their age. The theft of their childhood was not the least injury which the second generation of Quakers had to charge against their persecutors.

It is perhaps not surprising that Reading should have been the scene of the first of the strange psychic illnesses of Fox, and that the second should have attacked him on his way from a visit to the same imprisoned meeting. Then his strong physique was overcome by his sense of the suffering of his followers, and the wickedness of "the Powers," and he lay for weeks at a time, scarcely able to

[1] Swarthmoor MSS., iii, 88. [2] Rutty, p. 434.

eat or sleep, blind to the faces and deaf to the voices of Friends. "It was a cruel, bloody, persecuting time," he writes in his *Journal*, "but as persecution began to cease I began to arise out of my sufferings."[1] To Penington and to Penn himself, the Reading Meeting was a source of peculiar concern, and in the closing scenes of both their lives it formed a not unfitting background. While visiting the Reading prisoners, Penington was for the last time himself thrown into prison. It was to the Reading meeting, fifty years later, that William Penn, broken in body and mind, was driven Sunday by Sunday from his home at Ruscombe: careful always to express "his refreshment and satisfaction at being there,"[2] and even in his mental decay, as in the prime of his manhood, keeping a "clear soul and a light heart."

If the Friends endured Armorer's brutalities without resistance, their doctrine of passivity did not extend to verbal non-retaliation. Anne Curtis, who is described by the contemporary historian as "a witty woman," lost no opportunity of telling him of his "uncivil behavior," surely a mild epithet to describe the Justice's enormities—and drew down upon herself his especial enmity. Again and again she was returned to the jail as "a dangerous and suspected person," Armorer finally declaring that he would never release her "though she would give security but she shall lie in jail till she rot." Still the wholesale commitment which he had accomplished could not satisfy his lust for persecution. Curtis' money and goods, including many bales of cloth, were distrained by his order, while Curtis himself, with his wife and man-

[1] *Fox's Journal* (Everyman), pp. 174, 267.
[2] Janney, pp. 543, 544.

servant, were confined in the prison. Seizing this opportunity, Armorer himself picked the lock of the deserted house, searching from room to room till he came upon Josiah Coale, who was sick and drawing near his end. To him the Justice offered the Oath of Allegiance, and meeting his inevitable refusal to swear, he sent him to join his friends in the House of Correction.[1]

In 1667, the prisoners resorted to the one weapon at their disposal, and compiled a history of their sufferings under the title, *Persecution appearing with its open Face in William Armorer*. This book had no immediate result beyond the stiffening of Armorer's " exorbitant carriage " towards his accusers. But its effect upon William Penn, heightened by the confirmation which he obtained to every detail during his conversations with Coale, was such as to determine him to devote himself to the cause of the persecuted and the prisoners.

" I was much toucht," he writes, " with the sense of our Friends' many and great hardships, and the more for that they were inflicted in a Protestant country, and came from Protestant hands, and could not but think the severities they lay under, for mere conscience to God, must necessarily bring the very Protestant religion under scandal abroad. Being Protestants in all those points wherein the very Church of England might claim that title and whose main point was a strict and holy life, this made it seem reasonable and requisite to me to make their sufferings and them better known to those in authority: charitably hoping that if they would give themselves the leisure to be truly informed of both, they would afford them better quarter in their own country, than Stocks, Whips, Gaols, Dungeons, Praemunires, Fines, Sequestrations, and Banishment, for their peaceable

[1] Sewel, ii, 207–212.

dissent in matters relative to faith and worship: and accordingly I had framed a scheme to myself for that purpose."[1]

The first step in that scheme was to obtain an interview with the Duke of Buckingham, who was known to favour liberty of conscience. It was notorious that what the duke inclined to to-day, the King would incline to to-morrow, for as the favourite had been heard to boast, Charles "was a weak man, and unable to govern, but to be governed, and he could command him as he listed."[2]

But in this year of 1668 the duke's private affairs left him little "leisure" to investigate such cases of "tenderness of conscience." In the previous January he had shocked even the brazen Court of Whitehall by the duel in which he had slain the Earl of Shrewsbury, whose wife, standing by dressed as a page, held her lover's horse, to watch what the issue would be. The summer months were filled for Buckingham with his passion for "that impudent woman," and about the time of Penn's application he had taken her to his own house.[3] Such preoccupations rendered him deaf to his visitor's discourse upon the sacredness of conscience and the rights of Englishmen.

Penn chose three companions for his visit to the Court —the first which he had paid since his rejection of courtly forms of speech and costume.[4] Thomas Loe, his spiritual father, and Josiah Coale, fresh from the House of Correction at Reading, together with George Whitehead, the hero of the plague year, who was now the leader of London Quakerism. Henceforth, in Penn's absence, Whitehead

[1] Quoted in Janney, p. 60.
[2] *Pepys*, p. 583.
[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 605, 650.
[4] Janney, p. 60.

was to be its chief spokesman at Court, a service which lasted for fifty years, from the time of this interview with the Duke of Buckingham down to the year 1716, when he presented a neatly worded address of congratulation to the new King, George the First.

But this deputation was the last service which Loe, on the other hand, was to undertake for his beloved Church. A week earlier he had been with Whitehead and Penn at High Wycombe, which, in consequence of the confiscation of the Grange and the temporary removal of the Peningtons, had become the headquarters of Buckinghamshire Quakerism. Here they met with Isaac Penington, and it was to him on the 17th of October that Penn addressed his sorrowful account of the death of the friend to whom he owed more than life itself :

" I understand through thy dear wife of thy desire to be informed concerning the sickness and death of dear Thomas Loe, which was thus. G. W., Thos. L., and myselfe, being (the 6th day was a week after thou leftest us at Wickham), at the Duke of Buckingham's in relation to Friends' liberty, he was taken suddenly ill which necessitated him to leave us, and hasten to the house of one Ann Cullen, a Friend, who lived near, where after three hours we found him by excessive retching, very feaverish. My business called me to the city, so I left them. That evening he was brought by coach to Anne Greenhill's. (This would be the widow, Anne Greenwell, who in the following year was to be married to Whitehead, and who, as Anne Downer, had travelled on foot from London to Launceston, to be helpful to Fox in his captivity.)

" By reason of the continual noise her house was exposed to, we removed him to Edward Man's ; where we all had hopes of his speedy recovery, inasmuch as the retirement of the chamber in which he lay, occasioned great rest.

But having . . . an extraordinary fever the strength of his constitution could not long support it. . . . Some days before he left us we expected his departure. . . . About four days before he died, I fell sick myself: but hearing at what point it was with dear Thomas, I could not long keep my bed, but got up, and though in a sweat, yet I hastened to him, whom I found in a great readiness to be gone. Friends stood, much affected, round his bed. When I came in, and had set myself upon the bedside, severall heavenly expressions fell from his mouth, and so shook was he by the power of the Lord . . . that it was wonderful to all Friends. . . .

"His expressions as I writ them down were these: Glory, Glory, for the Power is known—Good is the Lord. Then taking me by the hand, he spoke thus: Dear heart, bear thy cross; stand faithful for God, and bear thy testimony in thy day and generation: and God will give thee an eternal crown of glory that none shall ever take from thee. There is not another way. . . .

"He lay some short time speechless, his spirit being centred, and at last he went away with great stillness, being the 5th inst. . . . having fought like a valiant Souldier the good Fight and overcome, whose works follow him. Whom my soul loved whilst living, and bemoans now dead, and yet have pure fellowship with that which lives for ever. The day following we laid the vessell in the ground, as having done its master's work and will.

"So dear Isaac, it is good that we all press after the pure and unchangeable mark: that in our generation we may all honour God's name and truth, that the unborn generations may call us blessed.

"So with my dear love to thyself, wife, and family, I remain in true love,

"Thy sincere friend,

"William Penn.[1]

"London, 17th of 8th Mo. (October) 1668."

[1] *Isaac Penington's Papers*, iv, 6.

CHAPTER XXVI

WHITE SHEEP AND BLACK SHEEP

ON Penn's first visit to Court after his conversion to Quakerism, he is said to have advanced to meet the King, as conscience dictated, with his hat upon his head. Charles, with a smile, removed his own, and upon Penn's surprised question, "Friend Charles, wherefore dost thou uncover thyself?" "Friend Penn," he replied, "it is the custom of this place for only one man to wear his hat at a time."

This story, if it be not true, appears in various forms in all Penn's biographies,[1] and is at least characteristic of that good-natured monarch, showing the tolerant spirit with which he met the vagaries of his old Admiral's son. This tolerance, however, he had at the moment neither "leisure" nor desire to extend to Penn's co-religionists. A second time in that summer the young Quaker came to Court with Coale and Whitehead, and a second time their application on behalf of suffering Friends was ignored by King and council.

A few weeks later Coale followed Loe to his rest. His funeral, in the Friends' Burying Ground at Chequer Alley, was attended by a huge concourse of more than a thousand Quakers, one of whom was young William Sewel, the future historian of the Society.[2] Though but a youth when Coale died, he "imagined he saw something in him so extraordinary valuable that he bore a very

[1] Janney, p. 61. [2] Sewel, ii, 232.

reverent respect to him." He took leave of him in words which both in rhythm and sentiment seem consciously to recall the most haunting phrase in the *Æneid*:

"Having himself passed through the path of sorrow, he was the more able to comfort the mourners in Sion."

A stout little calf-bound volume of Coale's Works, containing about 350 pages, is preserved in the Friends' Reference Library, and is embossed in gilt letters with the words *Gulielma Maria Springat's* (*sic*) *Book*. Coale had long been known to Guli as an intimate friend and correspondent of her stepfather—"his assured friend and brother whom he did dearly love"—and a *Short Testimony* from her new acquaintance, William Penn, forms the preface of the little volume. Thus the names of these destined lovers were for the first time brought together.

Two members only were now left of the deputation which had visited Buckingham in September. In this same winter Francis Howgill, who with Edward Burrough had been the pioneer missionary to London and Ireland, died in Appleby Jail, after five years' imprisonment. Burrough, though some twenty years his junior, had preceded him, dying in Newgate in the black year of 1662, one of the first martyrs of the Clarendon Code. Well might Howgill with his latest breath warn the Friends who were left behind to be very faithful, for "this generation passeth fast away."[1]

Penn's "Testimony" after a brief lament for the loss of these "Valiants," rings out like the sound of a trumpet:

"Herein am I satisfied, that our God that raised them, will fill up their places, and daily bring forth by his

[1] Sewel, ii, p. 233.

eternal arm, many noble Champions for his Glory, who shall sound forth his wonders to the ends of the Earth."

Penn, in his double bereavement, seems to have clung to George Whitehead, a man of excellent qualities, if somewhat pedestrian talents, attending the same meetings with him, and preaching in his company. Many who were not otherwise attracted to the Quakers flocked to hear Admiral Penn's son, while among the Friends themselves he seems to have been accepted at once as a worthy successor of their departed leaders. We learn from his contemporaries, what indeed we gather from his writings, that he preached in simple language, easy to be understood and followed, subduing his great store of learning to the comprehension of those whom he addressed. He delighted in apt illustrations drawn from common things, and in metaphors relating to the sea and sea-going men. Those who knew his origin and his connection with the Court were amazed at the gentleness of his bearing—his eagerness to give place to those who had been longer in the work than himself—and his kindness and sympathy towards young converts. Like Coale, his friend and mentor, his losses and sufferings had taught him to help the unhappy.

Penn was not long content, however, with the ministry of the spoken word, but began, like his companion, to turn his attention to theological writing. Whitehead, though still a young man, was already the author of twenty-nine books in defence of Quakerism. This year of 1668 offers the sad spectacle of a Nonconformity freed from outward molestation, and engaged in a life and death struggle within its own borders. It was as though,

THE QUAKERS' SYNOD
(From a Caricature at Friends' Library)

being accustomed to the storm and fury of persecution, the Dissenters were unable to draw breath in a peaceful atmosphere: or it may be, out of sheer force of habit, they sought out enemies in their own household upon whom to turn their rusting weapons. By a fatal paradox, William Penn, who from the first hour of his convincement to the day of his death, stood as the champion of religious liberty, now turned his young energies and the strength of his intellect, to the task of confuting and discomfiting the leaders of rival sects. During the first seven years of his life as a Quaker, he published no less than thirty books, of which more than the half were aimed at the refutation of the doctrines of other Churches, and the condemnation of their ministers. The Nonconforming clergy, he maintained, "always stood in the way of whatever tended to the true freedom of this mighty nation from greatest thraldom,"[1] and his publications bore such pregnant titles as: *New Witnesses proved old Hereticks*, or *Judas and the Jews, combined against Christ and his Followers*. He threw himself into the fray with the ardour of the hereditary fighter, who was denied the give-and-take of all save "apostolick blows and knocks," ingenuously confessing that no employment could be more pleasant to him.[2] Yet even in the heat of hand-to-hand conflict he was capable of giving a thought to the end for which he strove: he was waging "a war to end war."

"My design hath not been Conquest, but Information, that by these Religious Wars we may at last arrive at peace: and these Weapons be all beaten into Ploughshares, so as to learn War no more: that to fear God

[1] *Works*, ii, 449. [2] *Ibid.*, ii, 34.

and to work Righteousness may be the very Bent of our Hearts."[1]

On the 12th of October, a week after Loe's death, Pepys spent the evening with Pelling, the "potticary"—that versatile practitioner who, in addition to acting as his companion in many musical parties, and his purveyor of the last city gossip, made it his business to bring the newest books to his friend's notice. Thus it was that the first publication of his young acquaintance fell into Pepys' hands—by a strange coincidence, on the same night that his bookseller brought home his long ordered *Books of Martyrs*—and he found it "a ridiculous, nonsensical book . . . so full of nothing but nonsense that I was ashamed to read in it."[2]

The title page of this pamphlet gives a sufficient indication, not only of its contents, but of the contents of the bulk of Penn's controversial writings, which not all his erudition, nor his frequent flashes of humour, not even the gems of autobiography which are imbedded within them, have been able to preserve from oblivion.

"Truth Exalted, in a short but sure Testimony against all these Religions, Faiths, and Worships, that have been formed and followed in the Darkness of Apostacy—and for that glorious Light which is now risen and shines forth, in the Life and Doctrine of the despised Quakers, as the alone good old Way of Life and Salvation.

"Presented to Princes, Priests, and People, that they may repent, believe, and obey.

"By William Penn, whom Divine Love constrains in an holy contempt, to trample on Egypt's glory, not fearing the King's wrath, having beheld the Majesty of Him who is invisible."

[1] *Works*, ii, p. 454. [2] *Pepys*, p. 683.

A second book—*The Guide Mistaken, or Temporizing Rebuked*—followed in a few weeks, and was a direct onslaught upon a "priest" of Norfolk, who had misrepresented the Quaker doctrines. Such occupations of the study prepared the young theologian for the face-to-face dispute in which he was next to play his part.

Mr. Vincent, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Spitalfields, whom Penn describes as a "vain and ridiculous author," was nevertheless a preacher of some note in dissenting circles, and worthy to be named with Dr. Owen in a catalogue of divines. It was intolerable to him that the upstart Quakers, who despised learning and sought to abolish a paid priesthood, should be luring away his congregation, and when two of his members, a mother and daughter, seceded to the Friends' Meeting, his resentment carried him beyond the bounds of decorum. He threatened the straying sheep with eternal damnation if they should ever again give ear to the Quakers.[1]

Not content with this pastoral admonition, Vincent began to preach from the pulpit against the offending Society, misrepresenting their doctrines, and vilifying their leaders, and owing to his ingenuity, the slander was first launched that William Penn was a Jesuit in the pay of the Pope. This rumour, which Penn was never entirely able to conquer, gained plausibility from the fact that he had been educated at Saumur, an academy which, to an ear untuned to French sounds, might well be interchangeable with St. Omer, the great Jesuit College. Once the accusation had been made, it was abundantly justified by his agility in theological debate, and his

[1] *Works*, i, 249, from which the following account is taken.

mastery of patristic literature—both rare accomplishments in a young layman of fashion. It was perhaps the most damaging suggestion which could be made against a public man of that day, and one which continually recurred during the early history of the Quakers. It is interesting to find that nearly a century later, it was revived to meet the case of John Wesley, another travelling evangelist, the motive of whose life was equally obscure to his contemporaries.

Whitehead and Penn, as the special objects of Vincent's attack, pressed him to arrange a public debate, at which they might be heard in their own defence. This was a method of settling theological points at issue which had become very popular during the Protectorate, at a time when less reputable entertainments had fallen under the ban of the Government. It took place before a packed meeting of Vincent's followers, and was brought to an abrupt conclusion as he began to see himself worsted in argument. The adjourned debate which he promised was never arranged for, and Penn, despairing of the opportunity of verbally clearing the Quaker Church from the Presbyterian's charges, set about the writing of his third book—*The Sandy Foundation Shaken.*

Aided perhaps by his recollections of Amyraut, who had led the reaction in favour of liberty against Calvin's rigid doctrine of Predestination, Penn aimed at the refutation of the three doctrines specially dear to the heart of Vincent and the Presbyterians :

1. One God subsisting in three distinct and separate persons.
2. The impossibility of God's pardoning sinners without a plenary satisfaction.

3. The justification of impure persons by an imputative righteousness.

He took for his authorities the scriptures themselves, and man's unbiased reason, and if he had rested content with the three texts printed on the title-page, he would have proved his case to the modern reader :

" But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things."
" Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity ? He retaineth not His anger forever, because He delighteth in mercy."
" For I will not justify the wicked."

From the day of its publication the book was hotly discussed, even in the most unlikely circles. The worldly Pepys, who was not charitably inclined towards the Penn family, was moved to admiration when Pelling brought " W. Penn's book against the Trinity," to his house. His wife read it aloud to him, enduring the theology for the sake of her old acquaintance with that " most modish person," the author—and he found it " so well writ, as, I think, it is too good for him ever to have writ : and it is a serious sort of book, and not fit for everybody to read."[1]

On the other hand, the religious world was up in arms against this public statement of Quaker heterodoxy : for the doctrines attacked were almost universally accepted in the England of that date. The pamphlet was stigmatised in the *Newsletter* as " a horrid and abominable piece against the Holy Trinity "[2]—a statement which Evelyn echoed in his *Diary* without troubling to verify it by his own perusal.[3]

[1] *Pepys*, p. 717. [2] *Second Period*, p. 61. [3] *Evelyn*, p. 305.

But if the book was shocking to the orthodox churchgoer, it was welcomed with great joy by Unitarians and Socinians, the black sheep of the religious flock, who thought they discerned support for their own doctrines in Penn's refutation of Calvinistic scholasticism. For the brief period of liberty which he enjoyed after the publication of *The Sandy Foundation Shaken*, the young author was the object of an immense popularity, and meetings at which he was likely to speak were thronged by the followers of the discredited Biddle—a schoolmaster who ten years earlier had been banished to the Scilly Isles for denying the Divinity of Christ.

" Pulpits rang," says Penn, " of how the Quakers had unmasked themselves, and their warm Disputes in our Defence did not a little strengthen the common Reports that went of us, and me in particular."[1]

The enemies of Quakerism were not slow to envisage their own profit in this dubious connection, and carried their complaints to the Bishop of London, urging him to take action to suppress the growing scandal.[2]

Apart altogether from the matter of his book, Penn had unfortunately put himself in the wrong in relation to the bishop, by neglecting to obtain his licence for its publication. The censorship of the Press was in the hands of the Church, and no book could legally be printed without a licence from an archbishop or the Bishop of London. This was a relic of the Acts of the Star Chamber in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and had recently been revived as a useful weapon in the war against Nonconformity.[3] Infringement of this law might be rewarded by any

[1] *Works*, ii, 453. [2] Janney, p. 61. [3] Trevelyan, p. 170.

penalty short of capital punishment. Too cumbrous a mechanism for general use, its introduction had been hotly resented by the Dissenting Churches. But now in their anger against Penn they sought to inflame the bishop in defence of his prerogative, at the same time twisting the author's attack upon Vincent's abstruse syllogisms into a denial of the divinity of Christ. They proved him doubly criminal in the eyes of the Church, for not only had he written a blasphemous book, but he had published it without permission.

Bishop Henchman lives for us as the central figure of one of Pepys' unforgettable pictures, " a comely old man," sitting in a pew, " made a'purpose for him," beside the pulpit in Old St. Paul's, to give the parting blessing to the congregation—" which was a very decent thing, methought."[1] Since that date of 1664, however, the bishop had aroused the audible resentment of St. Paul's Churchyard and Paternoster Row, through his harsh dealings with his tenants, the book-sellers and printers, from whom, though they had lost their all in the Great Fire, he exacted every penny of the rent due for their burnt-out premises.[2] He was in no mood that winter to wink at an infringement of his prerogative by one of their contentious order. Search was made for the printer of *The Sandy Foundation Shaken*—John Derby, a name unfamiliar upon the title-pages of Friends' books—and he was sent to atone in the Gatehouse Prison for his sins of omission. On the first news of his arrest, Penn came forward as his principal, and surrendered himself at Goring House, to Lord Arlington, the Secretary of State.[3]

[1] *Pepys*, p. 255. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 604.
[3] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 22, p. 328.

CHAPTER XXVII

"THE WORST ARGUMENT IN THE WORLD"

WHILE the immediate cause of Penn's committal to the Tower is fairly evident, the reasons for his long detention and his rigorous treatment there are exceedingly obscure, and it is impossible with our present data to disentangle the threads of religious spite and political envy which united to keep him a prisoner. In addition to the charge of blasphemy, and his neglect to obtain a licence, there was a third and political reason for his incarceration which was not the less serious for being kept a secret. We have his own authority for the statement that "it was conjectured and reported that his Restraint was not continued on any Religious Matter, but for some Points deeply concerning the Safety of the King." He and his father had enemies in plenty, and the opportunity of the Admiral's disgrace and William's technical offence was seized upon to compass their ruin. A treasonable paper which purported to be written by young Penn had been picked up at Goring House after his visit, and the Tower gates had scarcely closed upon him before they opened again to admit the Secretary of State, who had himself ridden out to question the prisoner. A very short interview convinced Arlington of Penn's innocence on this melodramatic charge, and he went away promising to use his influence to obtain his speedy release.[1] This was on the 12th of December, and from

[1] "Young Penn from the Tower," *Cal. S. P.*, 279, 372.

that date till the 28th of July he was kept in close confinement. On the 16th of December, Arlington's action in committing him was approved by the council, and two days later a warrant was issued by them to the lieutenant of the Tower, to keep Penn a close prisoner till the King's pleasure should be further signified.[1]

It is unlikely that Arlington himself was the chief agent in these proceedings. He was not ill-disposed towards Dissenters, and the report that young Penn was a Jesuit in disguise would not alienate a statesman who had long been an unavowed member of the Roman Catholic Church. Harry Bennet, Lord Arlington, was the son of a Doctor of Laws, and had begun his dazzling career humbly enough at Westminster School and Oxford, with the parsonage of Arlington village as the summit of his ambition. His bravery in the Civil Wars, when he received "an honourable wound in the face," brought him to the King's notice, and the conspicuous black patch which he ever afterwards wore was a daily reminder of those services. After the Restoration his promotion was rapid. The King loved him for his loyalty, and for his well-bred and courtly manners: they shared the scientific tastes which led Charles to found the Royal Society, and in the less attractive domain of business, Bennet was naturally prudent and understanding.[2] In this year of 1668 he was at the height of his prosperity, and three years later his little daughter and heiress—"a sweet child if ever there was any"—was married at the age of five, at the King's desire, to his natural son, the Duke of Grafton.[3] Arlington had sworn a firm friendship with the

[1] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 22, p. 328.
[2] *Evelyn*, p. 357. [3] *Evelyn*, p. 332.

first favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, and as the chief members of the notorious Cabal, they were ruling England and the King. Both, however, had flung themselves into the round of costly pleasures with which Whitehall was aping the French Court, and the business of the Secretary of State was falling entirely into the hands of his own secretary—none other than Joseph, now Sir Joseph Williamson, the tutor of Saumur, to whom his landlady had once been indebted for a pair of scissors.

"He," says Evelyn, who loved Lord Arlington, "was absolutely Arlington's creature, and ungrateful enough."[1]

It is evident from Williamson's correspondence that he viewed the Quakers with extreme hostility, and if, as Evelyn reports, he was the power behind the Secretary, and consequently behind the King, it may well have been to this disciple of Amyraut that Penn owed his long incarceration. A curious letter, written to him by a correspondent at Deal, is evidence of the widespread interest aroused by the affair, and of his own unsympathetic attitude:

"News also to some Quakers here is that their Saint Penn is taken. Hee is divelishly cryed up amongst that pervers sullen ffaction."[2]

If his son's imprisonment had been devised as a move in the campaign against Admiral Penn, it came too late to effect its purpose. Two months before William's arrest Sir William had himself retired from the Navy Office on the ground of failing health, accepting a light post as assistant victualler, which still allowed him a seat upon

[1] *Evelyn*, p. 341. [2] *Extracts, S. P.*, pp. 279, 102.

the Board. There may perhaps have been some truth in the report which was current at the time, that Admiral Penn had consented to his son's imprisonment in order to prevent a worse evil.[1] Persuasion and exile from home having failed to move him, it is possible that Sir William, who knew by experience the daunting effect of disgrace and captivity, was willing to try the experiment of a Tower lodging upon his resolution. In any case, for the first two or three months of his imprisonment the Admiral was himself confined to the house by the severest attack of illness which he had yet known, and it was not till the end of March that he took any steps either to communicate with, or to relieve his son.

From his babyhood the Tower had been a familiar object to William Penn, and when he was eleven years of age his father's imprisonment within it had thrown a shadow across his childhood. When the family made their home at the Navy Office, the old fortress was again their near neighbour. Sir John Robinson, to whom William Penn's warrant had been addressed, was a friend and frequent visitor of his father, for whose convenience a private path had been cut leading from the Tower through the Navy Office garden.[2] Robinson, whom Pepys, with his usual lack of charity, ridicules as a "talking, bragging, buffle-headed fellow," seems to have united a sense of his own importance with a very genuine care for the city and its government, which led him in the following year into the forefront of the struggle against the law-defying Quakers. His intimacy with the prisoner's father did not incline him to any relaxation of prison discipline.

[1] Sewel, ii, 230. [2] *Pepys*, pp. 192, 193.

William Penn's demeanour under imprisonment was so brave and unyielding, and his words so spirited, that one is tempted to overlook the extreme severity of the punishment which he was now undergoing, a punishment altogether out of proportion with the gravity of his offence. A political prisoner—and as such he seems to have been regarded—enjoyed considerable liberty. He might be said to have held open house for his friends, who were allowed to provide him with unlimited luxuries in food, drink, or furniture. He was granted fresh air and exercise in the Tower gardens, and even on occasion would be released on parole, on his promise to return at a given date.

Young Penn, however, according to the terms of his warrant, was kept a "close prisoner." He was cast into the Tower in the depth of an exceptionally hard and frosty winter, and confined in a room under the tiles, where he suffered from the extremity of the cold, no less than from the untempered heat of the summer sun. He was debarred not only from luxuries, but from necessities. No barber was admitted to shave him or cut his hair. Perhaps the little detail that from henceforth he was obliged—to the scandal of strait-laced friends—to wear a wig, his own hair having "shed away," may help one to realise the rigours of his confinement.[1] He was never allowed to leave his cell, and, what was perhaps hardest of all to a man of sensitive temperament, he must share it with a keeper, never knowing one moment of solitude.

No friends or acquaintances were permitted to visit him, but at the end of a few days this rule was so far relaxed by the council that "liberty" was given "to

[1] *J.F.H.S.*, vi, 187, "George Fox to Henry Sidon."

Francis Cooke to see William Penn his master, close prisoner in ye Tower, and to speake with him in ye Presence of a Keeper."[1] This servant had attended him to his services at the meeting-house, and gained his complete confidence. From him he might hope for news of his family, and of his Quaker friends. He would bring him the talk of the world outside his prison, and from him he might learn if there were any prospects of his release. But Francis Cooke did not come as the bearer of good news. He brought no message from the Admiral, though he admitted that he was under orders to report to him the interview which was about to take place. Sir William was very ill, and while he was watching eagerly for the first sign of submission on his son's part, he was not yet willing to communicate with him directly. And as for the Bishop of London, his prosecutor, he had vowed, so the servant reported, that his prisoner should either recant, or should die in the Tower.

The stones of the Tower, according to its most ancient chronicler, were cemented with mortar tempered with the blood of beasts,[2] and century by century they had been dyed anew with the blood of the noblest of England's men and women. The walls upon which William Penn gazed from his cell window spoke to him of the long-drawn-out captivity and the painful death of Raleigh and Eliot, and of his new friend's father, Alderman Penington —men who had held their lives as dear, and were as innocent as he. Yet to this latest captive " the Tower was the worst argument in the world."[3]

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, 279, 102.

[2] Fitzstephen, A.D. 1191, quoted in *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 22.

[3] Janney, p. 61.

"All is well," he replied to his servant. "I wish they had told me (of the bishop's determination) before, since the expecting of a release put a stop to some business. Thou mayest tell my father, who I know will ask thee, these words: My prison shall be my grave before I will budge a jot: for I owe my conscience to no mortal man."[1]

Admiral Penn had proved his own bravery, both in doing and suffering, and throughout his life he had given himself to the recognition and reward of bravery in others. It may well be that this message marked the first step in the reconciliation between him and his son, and in the understanding which before the end was more entire and sympathetic than had ever existed between them.

But upon the servant his master's stand had an effect which was devastating. Seeing no hope of gain in his service, he resolved to leave it. Like every Englishman of the period, Cooke was versed in Old Testament history, and, taking Gehazi the servant of Elisha for his model, he devised a scheme by which he might benefit from his master's destitution. On the eve of Penn's imprisonment, the devotion of his Socinian admirers had been patent to all worshippers at the meeting-house. Cooke now sought out the wealthy man who had been loudest in his praises and most constant in his attendance, and begged him, as from his captive master, for a loan to relieve his necessities. By this ruse he obtained £40, and returned no more to the Tower. When the story came to Penn's ears, though he was still a prisoner and disinherited, he paid back every penny of the debt which he had never owed. But the episode was eagerly seized upon by his religious

[1] Janney, p. 55.

enemies. Penn, like every Quaker, believed himself to be led by divine guidance, and he had been heard to say that he would trust the thief with his life. The young controversialist was delivered into the hands of his rivals, and became, while the wonder lasted, the standing example with which to clinch the argument against "infallible judgment."[1]

It was at this period of hopelessness and disillusionment that the young prisoner turned to the one solace which was left him, and wrote *No Cross, No Crown*, for his own consolation and that of many succeeding generations of Englishmen.

[1] "Invalidity of John Faldo's Vindication," *Works*, ii, p. 454.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"NO CROSS, NO CROWN"

WILLIAM Penn at twenty-four was cut off, as he supposed, for ever, from the life outside his prison. The love of father, mother, and friends, the delights of learning and conversation, the sights and sounds of this brave world, with the riches, titles, and honours which his father had won and hoped to pass on to him—the Tower gates had clanged to, and they were left behind. It was now that Loe's words, spoken to him on his deathbed three months before, recurred to his mind with the force of a half-fulfilled prophecy:

"Dear heart, bear thy cross. Stand faithful for God, and He will give thee an eternal Crown of Glory. There is not another way which shall prosper, than that which the holy men of old have walked in."

With this saying for his text, and his own experience for commentary, Penn added his contribution to prison literature. Like the great majority of books written in solitude, it offers to him who will read between the lines a complete picture of its author's mind and history. Shut away from the clamour alike of friend and enemy, he was able to shake off the atmosphere of doctrinal controversy which had shackled his style and hemmed in his imagination. He was free to roam the whole world for his matter, and to bring his own experience into line with the lives of saints and sages since the world began.

"This," Loe had said, "is the way holy men of old have walked in."

In so young an author, cut off from his books, and with only his recollection to draw upon, the book is a marvel of logical construction, and a *tour-de-force* of memory. But it is much more than this. He has succeeded in conveying into its pages the flavour of his own personality—the fiery spirit of the young warrior, who sees his course checked at its beginning, and is yet subdued by faith into complete submission to the wise ruling of God.

He was now sharing, perhaps in a more spectacular form than they, the sufferings of the people called Quakers —a prisoner of Church and State, and an outcast from his family. The first part of the book was therefore planned as a description of the society and the age which had produced the Clarendon Code, and through eighteen chapters he set himself to tabulate its vices and their remedies. This division of the work, though interesting as a historical document, has outlived its religious appeal and the greater part of the sins enumerated, such as the acceptance of worldly honours and distinctions, are sins from the primitive Quaker standpoint alone. *No Cross, No Crown*, as Admiral Penn remarked, with a flash of melancholy humour, was a serious cross to him. Of what benefit to his old age would be the Earldom of Weymouth, when his eldest son could write that he had been

"made willing to relinquish and forsake all the vain Fashions, enticing Pleasures, alluring Honours, and glittering Glories of this transitory World, and readily to accept the Portion of a Fool from this deriding Generation"?

In the second part of the book, William Penn threw the reins on the neck of memory, and summoned as witnesses to the truth of his text the "holy men of old" of Loe's dying exhortation, the great men of pre-Christian ages, together with the apostles, saints, and heroes of more modern date, all with one voice testifying that "the Denyal of Self and Daily Bearing of the Cross is the Alone Way to the Rest and Kingdom of God." This was a direct reminiscence of the method followed by Moïse Amyraut, in his treaties upon *La Morale Chrétienne*, where he discoursed of man and morality in successive relation to pagan ignorance, the law of Moses, and the Christian dispensation, while his *Traité des Religions* presented a like assembly of famous names, lit up by a galaxy of fifty-two quotations from Greek and Latin.

Great, however, as was Penn's achievement, *No Cross, No Crown*, in the form in which we now read it, was not written in the Tower. A reprint was called for in 1675, and five years later, on the eve of sailing for America, Penn set his signature to the preface of the new edition. The fifty editions which have been brought out since that date all follow the text of this later issue.[1]

The Tower pamphlet numbered one hundred and eleven pages, whereas the edition of 1682 comprised nearly six hundred. The divergence of outlook between the two books was as noticeable as their difference in size. The immaturity of the Tower prisoner had been reflected upon his original title-page, which limited the scope of the book to

[1] Preface to the 1930 Edition of *No Cross, No Crown*, by Dr. Norman Penney.

"Several Sober Reasons against Hat-Honour, Titular Respects, You to a single Person, with the Apparel and Recreations of the Times."

The change in aim of the later volume, which the author describes as

"a Discourse shewing the Nature and Discipline of the Holy Cross of Christ,"

is significant of the development which had taken place in his own nature and intellect. Its preface omits the first rather tactless reference to the possible reader as

"a Night-walking Nicodemus, or a scoffing Scribe: one that would visit the Messiah, but in the Dark customs of the World,"

and concludes upon a note of gentle persuasiveness:

"So Desireth, so Prayeth, Friendly Reader, Thy Fervent Christian Friend, William Penn."

The gallery of famous men was greatly enlarged in the new edition, and the author presented two portraits drawn from his own observation, which are significant of the religious influences, outside Quakerism, which had helped in the interval to ripen his character. The first was that of Bulstrode Whitlocke, late President of the Council, whose acquaintance he probably owed to Algernon Sidney, both men having acted as ambassadors, during the Interregnum, to the Court of Queen Christina of Sweden. Penn had been a frequent visitor to his house in Berkshire, and found him in all essential points a Quaker at heart.

"I ever have thought," said he, "there has been one true religion in the world, and that is the work of the Spirit of God in the hearts and souls of men."

The old ambassador opened his house for a Friends' meeting, and at its close pulled off his hat and gave his testimony:

"This is the everlasting Gospel I have heard this day, in which the ancient Gospel is preached to them that dwell upon the Earth."

To Bulstrode Whitlocke, Penn owed his further account of Count Oxenstiern, the Chancellor of Sweden, whose confession of indebtedness to the Spirit of God and to the leading of the scriptures was employed by him to swell the chorus of witnesses in the concluding chapters of *No Cross, No Crown*. Another Friend, differing widely from the last in age and circumstance, whom Penn cited to support his argument, was "a sister of the family of Penn, of Penn in Buckinghamshire"—a young girl who, in her fatal illness, had been converted through a dream to Quaker principles, particularly to those of plainness in dress. It would be interesting to establish the connection between this unnamed relative, and the unidentified Anne and Elizabeth Penn, who, twenty years earlier, appeared as signatories to a Petition for the abolition of Tithes presented to Parliament by the Quaker women of Buckinghamshire.

When the second edition of *No Cross, No Crown* was published, its author was no longer a poor man, disinherited and a prisoner. He had lived to see the restoration of his father's love and favour, and, on his father's death, had become the owner of his great estates. To this

completed experience we owe one of the most moving passages in the enlarged work, which may be quoted as an example of his tender and persuasive eloquence :

" God often touches our best Comforts, and calls for that which we most love and are least willing to part with : Not that he always takes it utterly away. But to prove the Soul's Integrity, to caution us from Excesses, and that we may remember God, the Author of those Blessings, we possess, and live loose to them. I speak my own Experience : the Way to keep our Enjoyments is to resign them : and though that be hard, 'tis sweet to see them returned, as Isaac was to his Father Abraham, with more Love and Blessing than before."

Moreover, Sir William Penn being now dead, his son took a filial delight in including his last words with those of the great men whom he had quoted in his book, where they still stand as his lifelike and imperishable memorial.[1]

But long before the appearance of this enlarged and revised edition, *No Cross, No Crown* had taken its place as the standard book on the practice of Friends, and its young author as their leading apologist, by the side of Barclay and Penington.

[1] *No Cross, No Crown*, chapter iv, *Works*, ii, 289.

CHAPTER XXIX

EPISCOPUS EX MACHINÂ

THE next visitor admitted to William Penn was perhaps the most congenial who could have been chosen for him, outside his own family and the circle of Quakerism.

"It is His Majestie's Pleasure that you permitt and suffer Dr. Edward Stillingfleete to have Accesse from time to time to William Penne, now Prisoner under your Custody, within that His Majestie's Tower of London, and to conferre with him, in order to the convincing him, if it may be, of his blasphemous and hereticall Opinions. To the Lieutenant of the Tower, January 4, 1668-9."[1]

Ten years before, when James Nayler, a former leader amongst the Quakers, was lying in prison on the charge of blasphemy, five of Cromwell's chaplains were deputed to reason with him, and bring him, if possible, to a recantation of his errors. Their efforts, however, proved worse than useless, and their meeting broke up in disorder. Some months later, when the Protector requested his own secretary to visit the prisoner and report upon his condition, William Malyn was received with unbroken silence, and the account which he brought back was of "resolved sullenness, and the height of pride."[2] Stillingfleet's visits to Penn may also be said to have failed in their

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, 279, 146.

[2] Sewel, i, p. 241, and *Original Letters and Papers of State, addressed to Oliver Cromwell* (John Nickolls, 1743), p. 143.

object, having had the unexpected result of convincing the chaplain that the prisoner's opinions were identical with those which he himself held and preached, and they laid the foundation of a lifelong friendship between the two men.

Though Penn's writings against the "priesthood," and particularly against certain individual "priests," had been bitter enough, he had never shown the indiscriminate hostility to the clergy, which was cultivated by the early Friends. His boyhood's memory of Chigwell Grammar School, and of the immense debt which the village owed to Archbishop Harsnett, could not be lightly shaken off, while his intercourse with Dr. Owen and the French divine, Moïse Amyraut, had given a colour to his outlook of which he was yet conscious.

Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, the King's chaplain, was himself a young man, and in the full tide of his popularity. The book by which he had made his fame was of a title and content which must have appealed to William Penn, for the *Irenicum* was an argument for peace amongst the Churches. A liberal-minded divine, he was a man of wide interests and a great book-lover, whose library was a source of envy to the studious Evelyn. With Tillotson and Patrick he had brought a breath of new life into the London pulpits, which had been accustomed to long and pedantic sermons, "piebald" with quotations from different languages, most of which were literally Greek to their hearers.[1] He had been an acquaintance of Pepys at Cambridge, and after his presentation to the living of St. Andrews, Holborn, we have an impression in the *Diary* of that inveterate sermon-taster of "a most plain, honest,

[1] Burnet, ii, 264.

good, grave sermon," delivered " in the most unconcerned and easy, yet substantial manner, that ever he heard in his life." Four years later, during the month of May which Penn spent in prison, the diarist and his wife wished to repeat their experience, but finding every seat in Stillingfleet's church occupied, they drove away disappointed.[1]

The King's chaplain was himself very susceptible to the lure of ambition, and mistaking the prisoner with whom he had to deal, he based his appeals on " the moving and interesting motives of the King's favour and preferment." But while Penn felt himself indebted to the end of his life for the kindness and patience of Stillingfleet's bearing throughout their conversations, he did not allow himself to be moved by a hairsbreadth from his own standpoint.[2] To the dialogues which passed between these two leading religious thinkers, we owe some of the noblest sayings of William Penn, whose thoughts were already shaping themselves in the form of those aphorisms with which he was later to rival Pascal.

" The understanding," he wrote, " can never be convinced by other Arguments than what are adequate to its own Nature; which Force is remote from. It may make Hypocrites, but no Converts."[3]

" I have no need to fear," he said again. " God will make amends for all. Neither great nor good things are ever attained without loss and hardships. He that would reap and not labour must faint with the wind, and perish in disappointments, but an hair of my head shall not fall without the Providence of my Father that is over all."

[1] *Pepys*, pp. 318, 750. [2] Janney, p. 61.
[3] *Cal. S. P.*, 279, 372.

Meantime, as winter drew to an end, his father's friend and his own, Sir William Coventry, was sent to the Tower, to share his confinement, though not his hardships, as a political prisoner. Buckingham, who was steadily pursuing his design to fill all the offices of the Crown with his own friends and satellites, having failed to dislodge Coventry from the King's favour, had hit upon the plan of holding him up to ridicule upon the stage. The project leaked out, however, and when it came to his intended victim's ears, he challenged Buckingham to a duel. Duelling happened to be the one undesirable social custom which did not find favour at Whitehall, and was, in fact, being suppressed by Charles the Second with a sternness altogether out of keeping with his usual licence. Before the hour appointed for his meeting with Buckingham, Coventry found himself consigned to the Tower.[1]

His confinement, however, was of a very different order from that of his friend's son. His lodging was in the Brick Tower, beside the Armoury, where he received "abundance of company," as many as sixty coaches standing at the gates throughout the day. He was allowed to take the air in the "Stone Walk," a path paved by some ancient Earl of Northumberland during his imprisonment in the fortress, where a metal shield, carved with the Northumberland Arms, recorded by means of holes and a peg every turn taken in that walk by the pacing captive.

Coventry's imprisonment lasted little over two weeks, but it sufficed to gain his enemy's object. Sick of the Court intrigues, he welcomed his disgrace as a means to

[1] *Pepys*, p. 723.

retirement from his post in the Treasury, and from public life, and he never again accepted office. "So," as Pepys sadly observed, "Sir W. Coventry being gone, the King will have no good Counsellor left, nor the Duke of York any sure friend to stick to him: nor any good man will remain to advise what is good."[1]

During these same weeks of March, another "sure friend" of the Duke of York, not consciously included in Pepys' lament, was taking his leave of the world of action. It was not until the 30th of the month that Sir William Penn shook off his illness sufficiently to take the place at the Navy Board, which now, as commissioner for the victualling, he held by courtesy and not by right. Indeed, his attendance on this occasion consisted of little more than "Hail and Farewell"—all his old colleagues being invited to meet him for a "parting dinner, which," wrote the unforgiving Pepys, "I am glad of, I am sure; for he is a very villain." It proved to be the last meal which Pepys ever ate in his company—"a bad dinner, and little mirth."[2] In two months from that time he had resigned his house in Navy Gardens to his colleague and successor, Viscount Brounker—a man, says Clarendon, "of ill course of life and abominable nature"[3]—who brought his mistress to the familiar rooms where Anthony Lowther had courted "Pegg," and old Sir John Minnes had read extracts after dinner from his *Musarum Deliciæ*. The unfortunate Brounker, however, if he missed the decent joys of his predecessor, became partaker of his pains, being smitten with gout, as Pepys remarked, immediately upon his occupation of the infected house.[4]

[1] *Pepys*, p. 723.
[2] *Pepys*, p. 736.
[3] *Clarendon*, ii, 515.
[4] *Pepys*, p. 749.

Admiral Penn's first act on leaving his sick-bed was to petition the council on behalf of his son. He may have been willing to stand aside while the experiment of a Tower imprisonment was brought to bear upon William's resolution, but three months had sufficed to prove the experiment a failure. It would seem from the sequel that the Admiral's request was that his son might be brought to trial, for as a prisoner of Church and State, he had hitherto had no opportunity of defending himself. The strange fact then came to light that though William Penn had already suffered three months' imprisonment for a double offence against the Bishop of London, Dr. Henchman had never yet seen the book on whose account he had been committed. It was accordingly directed by the council that the bishop

"should examine *The Sandy Foundation Shaken*, and judge of the heretical views contained in it; and that Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, should allow citations and processes issued by the bishop to be served on William Penn: and should also allow him to appear in the bishop's consistory, in charge of a keeper and sufficient guard."[1]

At this late hour Dr. Henchman either read the book, or took Dr. Stillingfleet's opinion upon it. One fact is certain—he ignored the recommendations of the council, and made no attempt to convict the author of blasphemy. Meantime, Penn's fellow-sufferer, the printer, John Derby, had been granted, upon his wife's petition, the usual liberty of the prison, and on the 7th of May was unconditionally released.

Penn had been consigned to the Tower on religious

[1] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 22, p. 328.

grounds, at the moment when he had determined upon a "scheme" for the relief of religious persecution. The burden of the sufferings of the Reading prisoners, of the Peningtons, and of his two lost friends, Loe and Coale, weighed upon him throughout the months of his own imprisonment, and on their account no less than on his own he now addressed to Arlington a noble plea for religious toleration. Supporting his argument once more from the experience of past ages, he denied the right of any Government to control the religious belief of its subjects:

"To conceit that men must form their faith of things proper to another world, according to the prescriptions of other mortal men of this, is both ridiculous and dangerous."

His covering letter to Arlington pleads "the natural privilege of an Englishman" to be tried before he is condemned, and requests a personal interview either with the Secretary of State or with the King himself, entreating Charles "not to believe every man to be his enemy that cannot shape his conscience by the narrow forms and prescripts of men's inventions."[1] His appeal was met with silence.

In this *impasse* Stillingfleet came to the rescue. Though his conversations with Penn had convinced him of the young author's orthodoxy, yet he realised from his own perusal of *The Sandy Foundation Shaken* that Penn's book left the door open to misunderstanding. It was at his suggestion that Penn now wrote an explanation or sequel to that much criticised work, to which, with a lingering remembrance of the chronicle of the Reading sufferings, he gave the title, *Innocency with her Open Face*. If he was

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, 279, 372.

attempting the impossible when he sought to present a reasoned statement of the doctrine of the Trinity, or to explain his attitude towards those hotly debated questions, justification by faith, and imputed righteousness, he now had an incontrovertible ally in Dr. Stillingfleet, and quoted largely from his most admired treatises in support of his own position.[1]

At the end of July the council sat again. The King professed himself satisfied by Stillingfleet's report, and by what William Penn himself had published in his new tract, *Innocency with her Open Face*, that he was sensible of his error. Forthwith Sir John Robinson was ordered to release the prisoner, and deliver him to his father, Sir William Penn.[2]

[1] *Works*, ii, 269. [2] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 22, p. 328.

CHAPTER XXX

AT BURY FARM IN AMERSHAM

ON the evening of 16th September 1669, William Penn rode up to Isaac Penington's house at Amersham, on his way to embark at Bristol.[1] The current gossip that he had been delivered from the Tower to his father "to be transported"[2] probably arose from the fact that six weeks after his release he set out for Ireland, entrusted by Sir William with a mission to his estates.

During his imprisonment, Isaac and Mary Penington had returned from Waltham to the loved neighbourhood of Chalfont.[3] Mary had bought a dilapidated farmhouse, which stood on the hill overlooking the village of Amersham, and was engaged during the next four years in planning and rebuilding it. Meantime the family found a temporary home in Bury Farm, a long, low, many-gabled house, at the foot of the same rising ground. Its windows faced up another hill—Gore Hill, the site of some dim forgotten battle with the Danes, which led to Beaconsfield, and to Coleshill, the home of Thomas Ellwood. It still stands on the outskirts of the little town of Amersham, at the entrance of a street of low, half-timbered houses, each differing from its neighbour in size and height. In the middle of this wide way, four

[1] "My Irish Jornall," printed in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 40, p. 46.

[2] Newsletter in Fleming MSS., p. 65, quoted in *Second Period*, p. 64.

[3] *Penns and Peningtons*, p. 210 *et seq.*

years before Penn's visit, the Quaker coffin had lain all day untended, while the mourners, amongst whom were Penington and Ellwood, were herded by the justices into the neighbouring *Griffin Inn*, to await their conveyance to Aylesbury Jail. In the midst stands the market-place, supporting the Town Hall upon its brick arcades, and a stone's throw off rises the tower of the flint church, unchanged from the days when John Knox preached from its pulpit, and Baxter debated with the Anabaptists within its walls.

The order for William Penn's release was dated 28th July, though in a fragment of autobiography written long afterwards he states that his discharge did not take place before " the fall of the leaf."[1] It is not difficult to understand how, after nine months spent behind the Tower walls, where the seasons had passed over his head undistinguishable save by excessive heat or excessive cold, it seemed to him that he was first made free of the world on this September day, when he rode to his love through the leafy lanes of Buckinghamshire, now tinged with early autumn. As evening drew on, he saw on his left hand the flaming cherry orchards of the Chalfont valley, where, in the peace of Jordans burial-ground he and Guli would one day lie together. He turned his horse along the banks of the Misbourne stream, through the beech woods, now burning ruddy brown, which had given their name to Buckinghamshire, while here and there, beside the path, a tall elm tree, its topmost branch flecked with gold, stood up against the sunset. Bury Farm, in Amersham, where the Peningtons were now living, was shaded and overtopped by a chestnut tree—

[1] Janney, p. 61.

a giant tree which still guarded the old farm when it was hewn down 260 years later, for the convenience of the passing motorist. Under this chestnut tree, Penn, weary with his twenty-five miles' ride, alighted from his horse, while its yellowing leaves, broad as a man's hand, dropped at his feet, the first presage of winter. And so he came to his love's house, " at the fall of the leaf."

There is no name so fragrant in Quaker history as that of Gulielma Maria Springett. Her husband's pen, trained to the rough prose of political and religious controversy, is touched into poetry when he puts it upon paper.

" She loved your father," so he wrote to his children, " with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors."[1]

" My dear wife," so he addressed her on the eve of his departure for America, " remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life ; the most beloved as well as the most worthy of all my earthly comforts : and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellencies, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making.[2]

The Quaker Society had reached a period in its development when romance was being definitely supplanted by utilitarian or religious motives. In this very autumn Fox was united to Margaret Fell, a widow ten years his senior —more, it would seem, as a testimony against the popular doctrine of celibacy than from any more personal motive.[3] A week after the ceremony they parted, " betaking themselves to their several services." In this year also, Penn's

[1] Janney, p. 201. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 197. [3] *Fox's Journal*, p. 264.

colleague, George Whitehead, realising that his service was to lie henceforth in London, chose for his wife Ann Downer, the widow of Benjamin Greenwell. She was fifteen years older than himself—"a faithful, ancient servant of the Lord and his people," and proved herself "a faithful wife, dear sister, and tender mother in all sufferings."[1]

Whitehead's case was typical of that of the majority of his fellow-believers, for whom private happiness was altogether subordinate to the progress of Truth. The manuscript letters of these early years are filled with the unconscious self-revelations of young bridegrooms, such as Will Caton, the apostle to Holland, who, on the eve of his proposal to a "discreet, motherly, widow woman," "began to feel a willingness in his spirit to submit to the will of the Lord."[2]

But the love of William Penn and Guli Springett was of that rare quality in which the whole spirit and soul and body is engaged, and finds satisfaction. It is true that in writing to his children he urged them, in their choice, to "mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord and a sweet and amiable disposition." Yet Guli Springett united beauty and charm with a strong brain and a practised business ability, together with a most warm heart and a touching self-depreciation and unselfishness. It had seemed almost a miracle in that century of child-marriages that she should have waited till the age of twenty-four for the coming of him "for whom she was reserved." Her innumerable suitors were not confined to the ranks of the Quakers, amongst whom she might have

[1] *Whitehead's Christian Progress*, p. 321.
[2] Swarthmoor MSS., i, 329.

looked in vain for her equal in every quality but courage and godliness. Through her mother she was related to Henry Cromwell's wife,[1] and to Lord Culpepper,[2] the owner of Leeds Castle, which had been hired after Admiral Penn's last naval victory to house the Dutch prisoners of war. She was a frequent visitor at the house of her father's brother, Herbert Springett, where she would meet the youth of the fast perishing Puritan aristocracy. Perhaps there is no stronger proof of the esteem in which she was held by her neighbours than the instance which is given by Ellwood, who during Penn's absence was set free by the magistrates before whom he had been cited to appear, in order that he might obey her summons and visit her upon her sick-bed.[3]

Her husband's farewell letter is full of counsels and injunctions to which he adds the saving clause: "I write not as doubtful, but to quicken thee, for my sake, to be more vigilant herein." On one point only he seems to have felt misgiving—lest her hospitable spirit might lead her into undue expenditure of time and money:

"I need not bid thee be humble, for thou art so: nor meek and patient for it is much of thy natural disposition: but I pray thee be oft in retirement with the Lord, and guard against encroaching friendships. Keep them at arms'-end: for it is giving away our power—ay, and self too, into the possession of another. Wherefore keep dominion over thyself, and let thy children, good Meetings and Friends, be the pleasure of thy life."

Moving and eloquent as is her husband's tribute, there is no more lasting monument to Guli Penn than the self-

[1] *Isaac Penington Papers*, iv, 181. [2] Janney, p. 226.
[3] *Ellwood*, p. 281.

effacing devotion of Thomas Ellwood, with whom, as he delighted to boast with his ponderous pedagogic humour, she "had had an intimate acquaintance, and strict friendship *ab ipsis fere Incunabilis*, at least *a teneris Unguiculis*."[1] Guli was eighteen when Ellwood, a youth of twenty-three, fresh from an imprisonment in Bridewell under the Quaker Act, was received into her stepfather's house as Latin tutor to the younger children.

"While thus I remained in the family," he writes, "various Suspicions arose in the Minds of Some concerning me with respect to Mary Penington's fair daughter Guli. For she having now arrived at a Marriageable age, and being in all respects a very desirable Woman (whether regard was had to her outward Person, which wanted nothing to render her completely comely: or to the Endowments of her Mind, which were every way Extraordinary and highly obliging, or to her outward Fortune, which was fair), she was openly and secretly sought and solicited by many, and some of them almost of every Rank and Condition. To whom, in their respective turns (till he at length came for whom she was reserved) she carried herself with so much evenness of Temper, such courteous Freedom: guarded with the strictest Modesty; that as it gave Encouragement or Ground of Hopes to none, so neither did it administer any matter of Offence or just Cause of Complaint to any. . . .

"Some others, measuring me by the Propensity of their own Inclinations, concluded I would steal her, run away with her, and Marry her; which they thought I might be the more easily induced to do, from the advantageous Opportunities I frequently had of riding and walking abroad with her, by Night as well as by Day, without any other Company than her Maid. For so great indeed was the Confidence

[1] *Ellwood*, p. 275.

that her Mother had in me, that she thought her Daughter safe if I was with her, even from the Plots and Designs that others had upon her. And so honourable were the Thoughts that she entertained concerning me, as would not suffer her to admit a Suspicion that I could be capable of so much Baseness, as to betray the Trust she had with so great Freedom reposed in me.

"I was not ignorant of the various Fears which filled the jealous Heads of some concerning me, neither was I so stupid, nor so divested of all Humanity, as not to be sensible of the real and innate Worth and Vertue which adorned that excellent Dame, and attracted the Eyes and Hearts of so many, with the greatest Importunity to seek and solicit her: nor was I so devoid of Natural Heat, as not to feel some Sparklings of Desire, as well as others. But the force of Truth and Sense of Honour supprest whatever would have risen beyond the Bounds of fair and vertuous Friendship. Wherefore, having observed how some others had befool'd themselves, by misconstruing her common Kindness (expressed in an innocent, open, free, and familiar Conversation, springing from the abundant Affability, Courtesy, and Sweetness of her natural Temper) to be the Effect of a singular Regard and peculiar Affection to them, I resolved to shun the Rock, on which I had seen so many run and split: and remembering that saying of the Poet,

"*Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula Cautum*,

"'Happy's He,
Whom others Dangers wary make to be,'

"I governed myself in a free yet respectful Carriage towards her, that I thereby both preserved a fair Reputation with my Friends, and enjoyed as much of her Favour and Kindness, in a vertuous and firm Friendship, as was fit for her to shew or for me to seek."[1]

[1] *Ellwood*, p. 181 *et seq.*

At the time of Penn's arrival at Bury Farm, Guli had newly returned from an adventurous journey into Kent and Sussex, where she had visited her uncle, Herbert Springett, at his home near Tunbridge Wells, and inspected the property which she had inherited from her father. In this business she was as usual escorted and assisted by her faithful squire, to whose courage and good horsemanship on this occasion she owed her deliverance from the clutches of a half-drunken retainer of the Duke of York, who was travelling the same road to the Wells.[1]

We may if we please draw our own conclusions from the fact that it was not before William Penn's first meeting with Guli, and his acceptance as a friend of the family, that Ellwood felt "judicious affection at work in his breast" towards a Quaker lady named Mary Ellis, a neighbour of his own at Coleshill. A month after Penn's visit *en route* to Ireland, the two were married "in a Select Meeting of the Ancient and Grave Friends of that Country."[2] It is pleasant to find, after many years, the name of his "old and worthy friend," Thomas Ellwood, set down by Penn for the grant of one thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania.[3]

William Penn's visit was to last one night only, and it was characteristic of both hosts and guest that those few hours, the first, as far as we know, that they had passed together since his nine months' imprisonment, should have been spent in a Friends' Meeting held at the Bury Farm. The Society of Friends in Buckinghamshire, with whom Penn was henceforth to be closely connected, was in great measure the fruit of the missionary zeal and the

[1] *Ellwood*, p. 216. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 220.
[3] *Jordans and the Chalfonts*, p. 220.

Christlike life of Isaac and Mary Penington. The bond between them was as close and tender as only common suffering and danger could have made it. "They had a sense," writes Mary Penington, "of our former condition, and were compassionate of us: we being in their sight so stripped, they expected no great things, such as would answer to our rank in the world, but rather wondered we were able to live so decently, and to pay every one their own."[1]

The ascetic ideal was common amongst the early Friends, who were apt to look upon riches with their attendant comforts and privileges, not only with suspicion, but with reprobation, and Isaac Penington's intimates were inclined rather to congratulate than to condole with him upon the loss of his estate.

"Dear Isaac," wrote a prisoner at Wycombe during the Plague Year, "I am comforted in thee, the more I behold thy true poverty: my God make thee poor enough, and bring thee to a morsel of bread. O let my cry to my God ring from thy soul that this may be accomplished; therefore suffer thy goods to be spoiled and thyself to be undone, and stript naked."[2]

In the spring of this year of 1669 the poorest of the Buckinghamshire Quakers had voluntarily deprived themselves of their means of livelihood rather than contribute to

"a darkening of the plain and innocent Testimony which the Lord our God hath committed to us to bear in ye World and all its Vanitys. Wherefore," so the manifesto went on, "we do, in ye name and authority of God,

[1] *Penns and Peningtons*, p. 209.
[2] *Isaac Penington Papers*, iv, 14.

unanimously and with one consent, judge, condemn, deny, and declare against that practice and employment of making or in any way dealing in Band Lace, as a thing wholly useless in the Creation, as a hindrance and obstruction to the spreading and prosperity of Truth, and as a support of Pride and Vanity, which the Fire of the Lord is Kindled against."[1]

Such was the mind of that little assembly gathered under the roof of Bury Farm-house on that September evening. Behind them all lay a chronicle of cruelty and injustice: they looked forward to recurring imprisonment, with the loss of goods, of cattle, and of harvest—in fact, so great was to be their suffering on account of tithes that before the century was out the Friends as a whole had abandoned the attempt to live by farming, and diverted to commerce that integrity and capacity for hard work, which might have gone far to save the rural districts of England from their present extremity.[2]

To William Penn himself Quakerism had brought poverty and imprisonment. The Tower was behind him, and Newgate before him, while in twelve months from that day he would be standing at the death-bed of that father "whose concerns were of all others the dearest to him."

But from this night forward he did not walk that way alone. At his side went the love of his youth, "one of ten thousand," his "entire and constant friend."

[1] *Isaac Penington Papers*, p. 116 (Minute of a Meeting held at Weston Turvey, 31.3.69).
[2] *Jordans and the Chalfonts*, p. 105.

CHAPTER XXXI

"MY IRISH JORNALL"

IT was scarcely more than two years since Admiral Penn had written to Ormonde of his hopes of settling in Ireland—Ormonde's own presence in Dublin being one of his chief inducements. But now the gay Court of the viceroy was no longer ruled over by his old friend. In the spring he had been superseded at Buckingham's request "to show," as Pepys commented, "the power of Buckingham and the poor spirit of the King, and little hold that any man can have of him."[1] His post had been bestowed upon Lord Radnor, a morose if just man, who found it, like Henry Cromwell before him, "sufficiently uncomfortable and melancholic." During these autumn months of 1669 this "peevish gentleman" was writing to the King that he had only one request to make, namely, that he might be discharged from his employment. Before William Penn had finished his mission in Ireland, Radnor had been succeeded by Lord Berkeley—once a General of Cavalier Forces during the Civil War, and Governor to the Duke of York.[2]

This strange Court presented no attractions to Sir William Penn, the rather that the other friend of his youth, Roger Broghill, Lord Orrery, had taken sides against the old lord-lieutenant, and was supposed to have been secretly responsible for his removal. Meantime in two different districts of England the retired

[1] *Pepys*, p. 717. [2] Burnet, i, 373, 374.

Admiral was being invited to make his new home. A kinsman on his father's side—Mr. John Georges, M.P. for Cirencester—had written urging him to redeem the family lands, with a "genteel, ancient house" upon them, which were situated at Minety, in Wiltshire, and could at that time have been bought up without difficulty.[1] On the other hand, his daughter Pegg and her newly married husband were eager to tempt the family to their own county of Yorkshire, and in the April of William's absence in Ireland, Anthony Lowther wrote from Mask to his father-in-law that he had been successful in finding an estate suitable for him to purchase, within twenty miles of his own. William's mission to Shangarry was not now to confirm and settle his father in his possessions, but to arrange, as far as possible, for their purchase by his tenants, "for," wrote the Admiral, "I do much rather incline to an estate of land here, than there."[2]

In the two years which had passed since William Penn's "convincement" at Cork, Quakerism in Ireland had shared the unstable fortunes of the Government, and at the time of his arrival was enduring a persecution equal to that of the English Friends. A few months earlier, George Fox himself had paid his first visit to Ireland, and the record which he left in his *Journal* is one of exaltation and peril. The keynote was struck before he set foot with his companions on Dublin quay, for the wind blowing off the land brought a "different smell" from that of England, and the blood of English and Irish alike, which had been spilt like water, cried to him from the ground. Dreadful visions dogged him in the night, and a constant sense of the presence of evil, which so far

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 374. [2] *Ibid.*, ii, 560.

from daunting him, braced him to a boldness which surpassed even his habitual courage, and caused his anxious companions to "tremble for fear." Thus, when the Mayor of Cork, who was holding the greater part of the Quaker Meeting in prison, issued four warrants against Fox, his answer was to call for his horse and ride through the town from end to end, none daring to lay hands upon him. Rising long before dawn, he would travel thirty miles through country where a hue and cry, describing his hat, his hair, his clothes, and his horse, had been scattered broadcast, and pass quietly away under the noses of the bishop and deacon who were hot in his pursuit. The lyrical outburst with which he greeted the Irish Friends gives some indication of the exalted frame of mind in which he moved amongst them, with its recurring burden:

"Sound, sound abroad, ye trumpets! Sound, sound, ye servants, prophets, and angels of the Lord, ye trumpets of the Lord that ye may awaken the dead, and awaken them that be asleep in their graves of sin, death, and hell, and sepulchres, and sea, and earth, and who lie in the tombs! . . . Sound, sound, ye trumpets, the melodious sound abroad!"[1]

Yet it was typical of this great leader, who was in equal measure a mystic and a man of affairs, that his visit to Ireland resulted in the establishment of men's and women's meetings for business and worship, lifting the burden of church government from the shoulders of William Edmundson, who for fifteen years had borne it alone.[2]

When a few weeks later William Penn crossed from Bristol to the "coave of Cork," he must have been

[1] *Fox's Journal*, 258 *et seq.* [2] *Edmundson*, p. 59.

deeply conscious of the alteration, both outward and inward, which had taken place since his former embassy. If the commission with which he was charged differed widely from the first, the change which had come over his own prospects was even more complete. As he neared the coast of Ireland, he would pass in review the skirmish at Carrickfergus, and recall the ambition for military command and glory with which it had inspired him. Lord Arran at least, whose friendship he had then gained, was still in Dublin, but whether he would acknowledge acquaintance with a Quaker, who must greet him without the customary forms of courtesy, was matter for experiment. One fact was certain in that unknown immediate future: the experiment must be made and the Court must be visited—no longer in the hope of his own advancement, but on behalf of suffering Friends. For to William Penn henceforth there was one overmastering ideal to which his life must be devoted, one task which summoned him by the voice of pity and indignation and the memory of his own sufferings—the Great Cause of Liberty of Conscience.

A *Journal* kept by William Penn during the nine months of his stay in Ireland has lately come to light.[1] It consists of little more than jottings of events, but meagre though it is, the record is invaluable as an indication of his activities and a guide to his preoccupations during this long absence from England. From this we learn that the dual life to which he was called—on the one hand by birth, breeding, and taste, and on the other by religious belief and principle—had already become his

[1] Reprinted from the Granville Penn Collection, MS. Division of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 40, p. 46.

daily experience. It was a life which would have been impossible to a man unpossessed of Penn's peculiar qualities. The humility and magnanimity of his character acted for many years as a check upon the suspicions and jealousies of his fellow-believers, while on the other hand his charm and ingenuousness shone through the superimposed discourtesy of the Quaker, and even Berkeley, the lord-lieutenant, "cynical," as Burnet reports him to have become through long experience of courts, was won by his disinterested pleading. The *Journal* records the most abrupt alternations of prison and palace, pomp and penury. One night he will spend at Castle Lyons, the home of Lord Orrery—or Broghill, as he still calls him, for old acquaintance' sake—and on another he may sleep in the jail at Cork, after a meeting with the Quaker prisoners. He receives a three hours' visit, and dines in his turn with Sir William Petty, his father's old friend, the designer of the far-famed double-bottomed boat, and one of the most brilliant intellects of his generation, who, by his feats of surgical skill at Oxford, had inspired Joseph Williamson to poetry, and later kept the table of Ormonde in a roar with his gifts as a mimic. And another day will find young Penn at a "heavenly meeting," in the farm-house of William Edmundson, that Ironside turned Quaker, who once kept a little shop for the garrison at Lurgan, and named his daughter Hindrance and his son Trial.

After leaving Amersham, Penn had passed through Reading, visiting the entire Quaker meeting then lodged in the jail, and he, from the first night of his arrival in Cork, took up the pressing business of the prisoners for conscience' sake. Fox, a few weeks earlier, had found

the Mayor of Cork "very envious against Truth and Friends, and many Friends in prison." Penn's first act was to go to the mayor and plead with him for his Friends' release, as he writes, "to no purpose," and after dining with the prisoners and holding a meeting with them at night, he was obliged to leave them for the present. He had determined that, before giving his attention to his father's affairs for which there was no urgency, he would make his way to Dublin, and lay the cause of the suffering Quakers before the lord-lieutenant.

"I was sorry," so he wrote many years later, "to see so much sharpness from English to English, as well as Protestants to Protestants, when their interests were civilly and nationally the same, and their profession of religion fundamentally so too. Having informed myself of their case, and the grounds of this severity, as near as they could inform me (which without doubt was at least as much from envy about trade as zeal for religion) I adjourned all private affairs to my return from Dublin, whither in a few days I went post."[1]

His way lay through miles of deep heather to Rosenallis, the village under the eastern slope of the Slieve Bloom Mountains, where Edmundson had taken a farm,[2] abandoning shopkeeping that he might add his witness to the protest against tithes. A few yards up the hill lay the village, and the church with its Holy Well blessed by St. Francis. Falling into disrepair, the church had become in this year a source of much heartburning between Quakers and churchwardens.

In 1669, says the old historian Besse,

[1] Janney, p. 63.

[2] Article on "William Edmundson and Rosenallis," by Isabel Grubb (*Y.F.A. Magazine*, July 1911).

"W. E. and seven other Friends refused to pay £1, 16s. levied on them for the repair of the Steeple-house, and were mulcted in goods, £6, 8s. 6d. They were afterwards sent to prison, for the same demand, but released by the lord-lieutenant and council. But the high sheriff obtained an order to distrain their goods for fees, and took by his bailiffs in goods £42: from W. E. four cows of English breed worth £10."[1]

A few miles away, across a stretch of brown bog, his host would point to Maryborough and the old jail where he had been confined in 1661 with the majority of neighbouring Friends, and where even now many Quakers were held in captivity.

Such would be the talk around Edmundson's table that night. The old pioneer had himself spent much time and energy in pleading for a cessation of persecution and the release of imprisoned Friends, and he would send William Penn on his way to Dublin with fresh resolution.

Arriving in the first week of November he took lodgings with a Quaker couple, John and Ann Gay, whose children quickly became his friends, and between whom and himself the happiest relations were set up. A persecuted Church has little consciousness of class distinctions, and Lord Arran's friend would walk to meeting with the Gay family, and on his departure be set eight miles on his way by his landlord with his wife and children. They received as a memento of their guest two silver candlesticks and snuffers, "for their care and lodging," and their letters followed him upon his further journeys.

In these lodgings, the half-yearly meeting for all the provinces, newly confirmed by Fox, was held on the 5th of November. At that period, these general meetings

[1] Besse's *Sufferings*, ii, 477.

were almost wholly occupied in collecting and recording "the sufferings of Friends for conscience' sake," and in endeavouring to obtain their release from prison.[1] The occasion therefore chimed in most opportunely with Penn's purpose. He "digested the whole," as he says, "into a general state of our case." Then followed almost daily visits to the most influential men on the council with whom he had been familiar during his former stay in Ireland. From all these the young suppliant met with "all civility," and many expressions of private regard, which resulted on the 29th of November, exactly a month after his arrival, in the liberation of all the Quaker prisoners in Dublin "with great love and civility from the Judges."

Two shadows only had dimmed this success. The "professors" of All Souls, whom Penn had invited to discuss the vexed points of their respective creeds, refused him a meeting: on the other hand, one of the Friends' meetings, at which he was expected to speak, was annoyed by the presence of "severall of ye Ruder Boisterous Gallants who came to gaiz on me, which they did for almost an hour. Meeting being done," he records, "we went out, where I spoak to them very sharply, and so we parted."

His father's business now called him south, and must be attended to, before he could be free to take up the case of the Cork prisoners.

[1] Rutty's *History*, pp. 120, 122.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE DEBT PAID TO IRELAND

THE pages of the *Journal* which follow throw an interesting side-light upon the dangers of locomotion in seventeenth-century Ireland. Penn's constant companion, probably the servant who had succeeded the "knavish" Francis Cooke, figures under the initials J. P. He seems to have been more accustomed to the cobbled streets of the metropolis than the uncertain tracks across bogland in which his service now led him. All their journeys were performed on horseback, a fact which accounts for the frequent appearance in the diary of "my flea-bit mare," "my grey gelder," or "my dun nag." Ferrying the Blackwater on the road between Dublin and Tallow, the unfortunate "J. P." was nearly drowned through the plunging of an unruly horse, and at another time fell into a trench on a visit of inspection to the new drains at Shangarry. Again, on the way between Tallow and Clogheen, he and his master lost their bearings on the mountains, and were fain to "grope their way by many wonderful precipisces," reaching their goal at last after a day's journey of twenty-nine Irish miles, or "neer fifty English."

As he rides from place to place Penn has a keen eye for local industries, and makes purchases to fit the tastes or it may be the definite commissions of his family. For Margaret Lowther he buys Irish frieze, the product of some peasant loom at Shangarry. For his father, who

Shanagarry Castle at the present day

from the days of his captaincy had cherished the taste of a connoisseur in sherry and claret, he bespeaks at Carrickendcross ten gallons of usquebaugh, and at Kinsale he buys baskets from W. Mask, evidently a maker of note.

It was to Kinsale that he was first called by his father's business. Here, since the Restoration, Sir William Penn had held the posts of governor of the town, and captain of the fort and garrison, which were together of the value of £40 a year. His failing health, however, made it impossible for him to fulfil these distant duties, which were equally impracticable to his son's Quaker principles. In this year therefore, he parted with them to Captain Richard Rooth, the kinsman who had been his colleague in the Mediterranean expedition of 1650, and ever after his friend and correspondent. On 10th December, William Penn visited the port, doubtless to conclude this transfer, for which Captain Rooth paid £400, a bargain which is perhaps a measure of the affection in which he was held by his old commander.[1] After dining at the fort, William distributed two "cobs" among the garrison—a coin of Irish currency explained in the *Journal* as a "Plate-piece"—a last gratuity from their retiring captain.

At Kinsale, William was in the midst of friends and relatives. His cousin and namesake, the Clerk of the Cheque, came to see him at his quarters in the "Green Dragon," full of his perennial grievance against the Navy commissioners and their neglect to pay him his salary of £40 per annum.[2] He spent the night with another so-called cousin, Captain Crispin—his uncle, in modern parlance—who had married his mother's sister, and

[1] *Cal. S. P.* (*Ireland*), 332, 45. [2] *Cal. S. P.*, 296, 152 (Appendix).

fought under his father against the Dutch and the Spaniards. For nine years he had been living at Kinsale, where he held a post under the Admiralty, supervising and assisting his young kinsman, the Clerk of the Cheque. Twelve years later the new Governor of Pennsylvania would choose Captain Crispin to be one of three commissioners to settle the colony, recommending him as a man his "father had great confidence in, and value for."

"Pray," he wrote, "be very respectfull to my Cosen Crispin. . . . His Skill, Experience, Industry, and Integrity are well known to me."[1]

The old captain, however, never lived to "sit down lovingly," as his nephew had directed, amongst the Indians,[2] but had died in the Barbadoes on his way to Pennsylvania, in 1682, the same year as his sister-in-law, Lady Penn.

After completing the negotiations at Kinsale, William Penn rode to his father's house at Imokilly, on the Shangarry estate, where he took up his quarters for the winter. The *Journal* here becomes a record of interviews with the tenants, and of inspections, measurements, and leases, some of which have acquired a statistical interest with the passage of time. A windmill was let at £44 a year, and the land, except in special circumstances, at 4s. 6d. an acre. "Some earnestly solicited for an abatement of this figure, but I could not be moved," says the proprietor's son, "from my commission and judgment." Indeed, "I writt a letter (very smart) to one of the defaulting tenants." Special circumstances, however, were present in the case of Lieut. Edward Clark, with whom William

[1] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 22, p. 43. [2] Janney, p. 178.

agreed for a rent of 40 lb. (*sic*) per annum "a great bargain, in consideration of old friendship and service done my ffa. and his own great charge."

One of Penn's first cares on arrival in Ireland had been to secure "the articles of agreement between Colonel Wallis and I," completing the transaction with a fee of six "cobbs." Colonel Wallis, so long a thorn in the Admiral's side, had at last taken his departure from the debatable land. Our sympathies go out to the dispossessed Cromwellian, when we read how he had drained the great bog at Shangarry, digging a double trench, two miles long, faced with quickset hedges, and crossed by many great ditches, "by which," says the owner's son, who entered into his labours, "it may become profitable land."

Only one Irish name, that of O'Hea, occurs in the first long list of his father's tenants, who were summoned to balance accounts, and article for time to come. At a later date, however, an interview was appointed with the "Irish inhabitants," all of whom were "confirmed" in their houses and gardens. Such were the young man's external occupations during that solitary winter, which he frequently and faithfully reported to his father, receiving in return a series of letters of instruction. On at least two occasions he sought advice also from trusted neighbours, one entry in the *Journal* indicating what was surely a position of great perplexity:

"Went an hour before day to Captain Bent's for advice."

But the diary gives many glimpses, tantalisingly short though they are, of more personal interests. From time

to time we hear of the arrival of a packet from Cork, bringing a letter from Guli Springett. Other correspondents are " my ffa," my sister, R. Pen (the " notable, witty boy " of *Pepys' Diary*), and John and Ann Gay, his hosts in Dublin. Such entries are duly followed by a line recording that " I writt for England to G. S. and others." As time went on, the winter evenings over the turf fire at Imokilly were too short for the writing which he had undertaken. His earliest biographer groups his literary output under five heads—epistolary, doctrinal, polemical, historical, and political. But it was rarely that he confined himself to one or even two of these divisions, in the composition of one short pamphlet. His mind was too eager and too well stocked to run easily in any prescribed channel ; his letters were not only epistolary, but doctrinal and polemical, while the avowedly polemical treatises were apt to take their colour from history and politics.

An answer must first be composed for the Jesuits, who evaded a more direct encounter, for the widespread suspicion that he was himself a member of their fraternity gave the young theologian a special interest in combating their doctrines. His next work, a *Letter of Love to the Young Convinced*, which is dated 19.12.1669 (Old Style) from Carberry in the County of Cork,[1] though it is one of the shortest, is among the most interesting of his minor publications. It is addressed to the Irish Friends of his own age,

" who for that little Beginning of your Heavenly Journey have met with Reproach, Loss, Suffering, and bitter Trials : as one among you, and a Traveller with you, and

[1] *Works*, i, 440.

therefore deeply sensible of your heavy Exercise and bowed-down Spirits."

The outward record of Penn's religious life is one of unhesitating and uninterrupted progress. "What's done we partly may compute." It is from the involuntary self-revelation of his writings that we may in some slight measure "know what was resisted."

"Let us no more look back," so he exhorts his contemporaries, "upon our ancient pastimes and delights, but with holy resolution press on, press on: for they will steal away our precious souls, beget new desires, raise the old life, and finally ensnare and pollute our minds again. . . . Neither let us enter into many reasonings with opposers. . . . We who have known something more of the Lord may . . . reduce our good conditions to an utter loss, by seeking to comprehend dubious matters in our understandings, and disputing about them with every opposer . . . which does in no way advance our Growth and Increase in the noble Principles of Truth. . . .

It is the Still, the Quiet, and the Righteous Life, which must be exalted over all."

More important than any previous writing, this winter saw the planning and commencement of the book which was the fruit of his observation and experience of religious persecution, *The Great Cause of Liberty of Conscience, once more briefly Debated and Defended by the Authority of Reason, Scripture, and Antiquity.* It was begun at Imokilly after his release from the Tower, and completed at Penn in Buckinghamshire, in the interval between his first and second imprisonments at Newgate. It is small wonder that the author should have described himself as "a Dissenting Protestant almost gasping for his own liberty."[1]

[1] *Works*, i, 446.

The book is a noble and learned plea for religious toleration, and the arguments which compose it have been woven so completely into the texture of modern thinking, that they will be read to-day solely for their historical interest, and as a reminder of the debt which England owes to the man who was willing to spend his whole life in advancing them.

As William Penn rode through the Irish hamlets and farms on his tours of inspection, he sought out the Quaker meetings, which in this year of 1669 were being visited by many notable preachers from England. The most notable of all was Solomon Eccles, whom Penn found at Clogheen—the Quaker minister who is immortalised in Defoe's *Journal of the Plague*, under the name of Solomon Eagle. Like his fathers before him, and his sons after him for five generations, he had been a prosperous teacher and a passionate lover of music, until his convincement to Quakerism came to revolutionise his life, and "pronounce Judgment and Sentence against it."

"I would fain," he wrote, "have pleaded the Harmlessnesse of it, but no Pleading would serve: it was nothing but Vanity, and vexed the Good Spirit of God. O it was hard to Flesh and Blood to give it up, for it was not only my Livelihood, but my Life was in it."[1]

The burning of his viols and virginals upon Tower Hill may well have provided one of William Penn's earliest and most lurid memories. The sacrifice was accomplished for conscience' sake, but half Eccles' heart and all his wits went up in the smoke of its burning. Henceforth he believed himself to be set up as a "Sign".

[1] *A Musick-Lector, or the Art of Musick* (*that is so much vindicated in Christendome*) *Discoursed of, by way of Dialogue* (Undated tract by S. E.).

to his generation, and in imitation of the Hebrew prophets he made it his practice to walk half-naked and besmeared with dung, through street, church, and market-place, balancing a chafing-dish of blazing coals upon his head, and prophesying Woe. This "sign" he repeated so many times that it is not surprising that on one occasion the prediction should have met with its spectacular fulfilment, in the coming of the Great Plague.

Now in the wild mountainous regions of Ireland, he was rehearsing in every detail the "sign" which had scandalised the throngs at Bartholomew Fair, and the congregation assembled in "Calamy's steeple-house."[1] When Penn came upon him in the moorland village of Clogheen, he was newly released from a term of imprisonment in Galway, where he had testified against the "idol" in the Roman Catholic Chapel.[2]

It was a strange meeting which now took place between the old and the new order; between the new spirit of Quakerism which made for stability, peace, and good government, and the iconoclastic spirit which had sprung fully armed from the pages of the minor prophets, and carried within it the seeds of its own defeat. Eccles was engaged on a missionary tour through Ireland, which had an outcome in the following year in a missionary tour to the Barbadoes in the company of Edmundson and Fox. During the winter and spring he frequently crossed the path of young William Penn, as he travelled through Munster on his father's business, or rode between Cork and Dublin on the business of Friends' imprisonment.

[1] "Signes are from the Lord to a People or Nation to forewarn them of some Eminent Judgement near at Hand." Broadsheet, 1663.

[2] Besse's *Sufferings*, ii, 476.

Perhaps the most curious feature of these encounters was the fact that the gulf which separated the two apostles was recognised by neither. Their introduction at Clogheen was the prelude to a " most precious Meeting " recorded in the younger man's *Journal*, while his account of their later service together seems to have caught something of his companion's fierce militant spirit:

" Meeting at Bandon with S. Eccles. Disturbed by Provost, Priest, and three Constables. I satisfyed the Provost, nonplussed the Priest, writt him a Challenge, and gott the victory."

Their short-lived association is touched upon in a most curious tract, *The Answer to William Penn*, published by the visionary Muggleton, in 1673, in which he pictures the chief Quaker leaders under the guise of wild beasts, in language too scurrilous to be here transcribed. Eccles, who had challenged Muggleton to a seven days' fast, is represented as

" a wild boar, his bristles were all off his back, and he was so besmeared and bedaubed with . . . dung that his flesh could hardly be seen: . . . he was very giddy in the head, as if he were frenzy in the brain; for he could live on less food than any of the wild beasts of the wilderness, being much given to fasting."

But Penn, who had held Muggleton up to ridicule in his tract, *New Witnesses proved Old Hereticks*, was described with more sorrow than anger as

" a young spruce serpent: he was very quick and nimble, he was hardly a year and a half old . . . William Penn the younger."[1]

[1] Quoted in *Second Period*, pp. 145, 146.

Reviewing these early days, one is constrained reluctantly to acknowledge an element of truth in Voltaire's judgment on

"l'illustre Guillaume Pen, qui établit la puissance des Quakers en Amérique, et qui les aurait rendus respectables en Europe, si les hommes pouvaient respecter la vertu sous les aparences ridicules."[1]

During the winter Penn had contrived to interest Lord Shannon, Broghill's younger brother, in the case of the Cork prisoners, and he had consented to be the bearer of a letter written by Penn to the Judge who was responsible for their captivity. Except for the concession of the use of their tools to the prisoners, Shannon's intervention was fruitless.

"Ye Judge," says the *Journal*, "went out of Town, and left ye Prisons full, and Friends were fined £195, besides fees. One Friend was beaten in the court, but was not regarded by Judge nor Jury. A wickeder mayor nor judge had not been in ye Citty of Cork since Truth came."

Their young advocate saw himself forced to remit his efforts till he could make his application in person at headquarters. At the end of May, affairs were wound up at Shangarry, and, travelling all night through Carlow and Kilcullen, he rode into Dublin at break of day, and wrote at once to the lord-lieutenant for an appointment. His new appeal was backed by the chancellor, another of the great Boyle family, of whom Broghill was the most noted member. Lord Arran, true to his old friendship, carried William in his coach to Court, and himself

[1] *Lettres Philosophiques* (Cornely et Cie, 1909), i, 45.

presented the petition; afterwards accompanying the petitioner to the Friends' meeting, "which was a good one."

Newly delivered from an interview with the Quaker-phobe Mayor of Cork, who had "abused him with names, as Cokscome, Jackanapes, Fellow, Foole, etc.," the "kind admission" granted to Penn by the viceroy must have come as a welcome contrast. On the afternoon of 6th June, all Quaker prisoners in Ireland were released by an order of council, and, his father's business being also done, he was ready to return to London.

Before leaving Dublin, he gave a dinner-party to those old friends who had helped him in his new work—Arran, and Shannon, with Lord Sheffield, who had preceded him by six years as a student at Saumur. Arran was a mighty hunter, who a few years before, with the aid of one other Irish peer, had run down and killed "a stout buck" in St. James' Park, for a wager before the King.[1] To him his Quaker friend, who from his childhood in Epping Forest had delighted in feats of horsemanship and foot-racing, gave a horse as a parting gift.

No Quaker was now left in prison in Ireland, and the debt which William Penn owed to the country of his convincement had been paid in full. Henceforth, for thirty years, he was to see her no more. Only, twelve years later, from the deck of the *Welcome*, he may have watched the coast of Kerry dropping behind till it became a faint line on the eastern horizon, fading, as his life in England had faded, with its tale of struggle, endurance, and sacrifice, in the track of the sun-rising.

[1] *Pepys*, p. 282.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS OF AN ENGLISHMAN

THE nine months of William Penn's absence in Ireland had brought about a complete change in his father's attitude towards him. Before his release from the Tower, the Admiral's heart had been won by the courage with which he was paying the penalty of his beliefs, but it was still sore from the disappointment which those beliefs had caused him. One of the first letters which he wrote to him in October contained a sentence, which while it showed incidentally the deep impression made upon him by his son's book, *No Cross, No Crown*, must have wounded that affectionate son to the quick :

" If you are ordained to be another cross to me, God's will must be done : and I shall arm myself the best I can against it."[1]

The complete rest which the Admiral was now enjoying in his country house at Wanstead had come too late : his health, by reason, perhaps, of the extraordinary methods practised by physicians of the period, was growing steadily worse. And in April, a day or two after his forty-ninth birthday, he wrote to his absent son a message from which all resentment had been banished by a simple fatherly yearning for his presence:

" I wish you had well done all your business there, for I find myself to decline."[2]

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 572.

[2] *Ibid.*, ii, 560.

It was not until the middle of June that William was free to leave Ireland, and he found himself, on his return, restored to more than his old place in his parents' hearts. Since his last disastrous homecoming, in the autumn of 1667, the years had softened the asperity of the prejudices both of himself and his father. During the last nine months he had been moving once more amongst his father's friends, in the society for which he was fitted by his birth and training. On his return he no longer shunned the conversation of all but his fellow-Quakers, and would hold his own in the many-sided discussions between the men of all creeds and opinions whom the sick Admiral delighted to gather round him, not even refusing, on one occasion, to make one of a party of pleasure, with his mother and sister, to the public gardens at Hoxton.[1]

On the other hand, his anxious father could scarcely have failed to learn of the favourable impression that William, in spite of his Quakerism, had produced in Dublin, and it may well be that Broghill, remembering the unpleasant news of the lad's imprisonment which he had once sent, would charge himself with the more congenial task of describing his welcome at Court. It was evident, moreover, that his transcendental creed had in no way impaired his capacity for business, and he had shown himself as capable of managing a great estate as though he had never refused the reversion of the Earldom of Weymouth. But chiefly the Admiral had come to realise that his son's disobedience need not be regarded as a case of rebellion against his paternal authority, and he had learnt to respect a conviction which could survive the test of imprisonment and disinheritance. He had no further

[1] "Invalidity of John Faldo's Vindication," *Works*, ii, 453.

thought of " disposing of his estates to those that pleased him better." The warmth and completeness of their reconciliation still lingers in Penn's phrases written many years later :

" He hath fulfilled his Promise to turn the Hearts of the Parents unto the Children. For my Parents, that once disowned me for this blessed Testimony's Sake, have come to love me above all, and have left me all : thinking they could never do, or leave enough for me."[1]

It was for barely two months, however, that the Admiral and his son enjoyed this happy reunion, for Time and the Hour were fighting against their peace. The spring of 1670 may rank with 1667, which brought the Dutch into the Medway, as one of the blackest periods in the history of England. The Conventicle Act, the high-water mark of the pretensions of the Anglican Church, was first passed in the year 1664, for a term of three years, and renewed at the end of that time, in the face of the popular wish. In the spring of 1670, as it was again due to expire, efforts were made by the liberal-minded churchmen, and no less earnestly if in secret, by the unavowed Catholics at Court, to secure the nation against its renewal. Indeed, early in 1668, Admiral Penn, in a moment of expansion which had become rare to him, had spoken his mind to Pepys on

" the great opportunity the King hath of making himself popular by stopping this Act against Conventicles."[2]

[1] *Travels in Holland and Germany* (" Letter to the Countess of Falkenstein ").

[2] *Pepys*, p. 645.

But the position of the Church of England was too insecure to allow of her casting away the strongest weapon in her armoury. In the half-built city of London, a mushroom growth of Dissenting wooden "tabernacles" testified to the indulgence which had followed the plague and the fire. On the other hand, the open adherence of the Duke of York to the Roman Catholic faith had resulted in a furtive movement towards Rome of the whole Court, headed by the King himself. In May, with the knowledge of none of the Cabal but Clifford and Arlington, the Roman Catholic members, Charles was to sign the Secret Treaty of Dover, which rendered his country the paid vassal of France, pledging him to restore the Roman Catholic religion amongst his subjects, and to fight on the side of Louis XIV against the Protestants of Holland. Although the extent to which England was about to stand committed to France was unguessed at, the Conventicle Act drew its support from the widespread suspicion of Charles's designs which was felt by all classes. In April it became again the active law of the land, threatening the high-placed Romanist no less than the humble Dissenter, and stiffened by new clauses, which rendered still more unequivocal its attack upon religious liberty. If any doubt now arose as to the meaning of the Act, it was to be interpreted in the sense most damaging to the Conventicles, and in the second place, it imposed a heavy fine upon those Justices who should fail to execute the law, after information had been laid before them. The immediate effect of this provision was the withdrawal from the Bench of those liberal-minded magistrates who objected to become the instruments of persecution.[1]

[1] Burnet, i, 380.

On the other hand, the Bill offered the handsome reward of one-third of the fines extorted from his victim, to the informer who should secure a conviction:

"A Petty-fogging Catterpillar," so a contemporary tract describes him. "He ferrets a Conventicle just as a Poll-Cat does Rabbets in their Burroughs, and the Rich Men there skulke down in their Pews when they see him come in, dreading him more than a Partridge does a Hawke, or a city Cracke a Marshal's Man."[1]

Ellwood, whose county of Buckingham was a sufferer from this despicable tribe, was moved by indignation to an allusive and "Expostulatory Poem, under the title of *Gigantomachia* (the Wars of the Giants against Heaven)" but one sentence of his prose *Journal* gives a sufficient picture of England under the Conventicle Act:

"The worst of Men, for the most part being set up for Informers; the worst of Magistrates encouraging and abetting them; and the worst of the Priests (who first began to blow the Fire) now seeing how it took, spread and blazed, Clapping their Hands, and Halloing them on to this Evil Work."[2]

Such was the Nonconformist verdict upon the new measure; how it appeared to the Church of England may be gathered from a congratulatory address sent to the bishops by Archbishop Sheldon, three days before it came into operation:

"And now what the success will be, we must leave to God Almighty. Yet I have this confidence under God, that, if we do our parts now at first diligently, by God's help and the assistance of the civil power—considering

[1] Note to *Cambridge Journal*, ii, 37. [2] *Ellwood*, p. 249.

the abundant care and provisions this Act contains for our advantages—we shall within a few months see so great an alteration in the distractions of these times, as that the seduced people returning from their seditious and self-serving teachers to the unity of the Church and uniformity in God's service, it will be to the glory of God, the welfare of the Church, the praise of His Majesty's Government, and the happiness of the whole Kingdom."[1]

When Fox came up to London in May, he passed through streets throbbing with the beating of drums, a summons to every householder to furnish a volunteer to the train-bands, for the standing army of constables was expected to prove too small to cope with the number of prisoners under the new Act. We read in his *Journal* how the London Quakers met as their manner was on the first day of the week, at the house of Gerrard Roberts, the "Friend's house" near Gracechurch Street, which must have been the scene of William Penn's first meeting with Guli eighteen months before. Here the leaders were in the habit of arranging their attendance at the various city meetings, and here Fox announced his intention of going to "Gracious Street Meeting, where I expected the storm was most likely to begin."

He found a guard stationed at both doors to keep out the congregation, which had assembled in the court outside, and he had not long been speaking before he was "plucked down" by an officer, who arrived with a guard of musketeers to carry him before the mayor. As the little procession passed through the streets, the popular voice, as always when he appeared, was in Fox's favour,

[1] Quoted in *Second Period of Quakerism*, p. 68, from Staley's *Life and Times of Gilbert Sheldon*, pp. 127–131.

the crowd crying out to the soldiers, "Have a care of him; he is a princely man."

Sir Samuel Starling, the Lord Mayor, was to prove himself later in the year one of the most brutal, as well as one of the most foul-mouthed of the city fathers. But this was the opening day of his activities under the new Conventicle Act, and he had not yet so far forgotten his principles as commissioner under Oliver Cromwell, as to be easy in the rôle of persecutor of the Nonconformists.[1] He limited himself to a mild appeal to the "eminent man" before him, to persuade his followers to confine their gatherings to the scriptural number of "two or three," which had been raised by the king's indulgence to four; and having taken the names and addresses of the offenders, he set them at liberty.[2]

It soon became evident, however, that the Parliament, acting as the tool of the Church of England, had attempted an impossible task. As well might they have set themselves to sweep back the waves of the incoming tide, as to hinder the meetings of the Quakers. No sooner was one preacher pulled down and removed under escort than another took his place. In vain were doors and windows boarded up, for meetings held in the streets outside attracted the larger crowds. "A glorious time it was," says Fox, who stayed with his followers in the capital through the heat of their persecution, "for the Lord's power came over all, and His everlasting Truth got renown."[3] As summer advanced, the Government realised that stronger measures must be taken if they were not to confess themselves beaten. An order of the King

[1] *Works*, i, 520. [2] *Fox's Journal* (Everyman), p. 266.
[3] *Ibid.* (Everyman), p. 267.

and council, sent from the Court at Whitehall on the 29th of July, gives an unfamiliar glimpse of the famous architect, who in these years following the Great Fire was launching his "fleet" of white-spired churches along the banks of the Thames:

"An Order of the King and Council for demolishing the Meeting House at Horslydown in Southwark. . . . If their Meetings be any longer endured, his Majesty's peace and the quiet of his Government will thereby be manifestly endangered. For prevention whereof, it was this day ordered, his Majesty present in Council, and by his express command, that Christopher Wren, Esq., Surveyor General of His Majesty's Works, do cause the said house or building to be pulled down and demolished, in case from henceforth any persons whatsoever shall presume to meet or hold any conventicle or unlawful assembly therein under colour of religious worship. And it was further ordered by His Majesty, that this signification of his pleasure be affixed on the said building, to the end that the owners and occupiers of the same may take notice thereof, to prevent and hinder said meetings at their peril."[1]

So matters stood when at eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning in mid-August, William Penn came to the familiar Gracechurch Street meeting-house. Outside the barricaded doors, which were further guarded by watchmen with halberds, a crowd of three or four hundred people had gathered, for the Quaker meeting, with its almost invariable sequel at the hands of the militia, had become one of the sights of London. For a while he joined the Friends who were present, in their silent worship, then, taking off his hat, he began to address the

[1] Quoted in Besse, i, 695.

assembly—an act which he and they knew to be the prelude to his arrest. The soldiers were promptly summoned, but the crowd was so thickly massed together that they found it impossible to force their way through it, while the tumult was so loud that they could only detect the speaker by the movement of his lips. One of the Quakers, however, drew the lieutenant in charge into the comparative peace of the gutter, where he persuaded him to wait till the preacher had delivered his message, undertaking that he should give himself up at the close of the meeting. The soldiers lingered accordingly on the outskirts of the crowd, till the preacher joined them; then, producing a warrant from the mayor, ready dated for that day's arrests, they carried him, with the Friend who had spoken for him, to a temporary lodging in Newgate Market to await their commitment.

Margaret Fell's son-in-law, John Rous, was present at this meeting, which, as he wrote to his sister-in-law, Sarah, "by reason of the multitude of rude people who came mostly to gaze, was more like a tumult than a solid assembly, which was no small grief to me." He gives the name of Penn's companion as "one Mead, who is lately convinced," and adds the important detail that after their interrogation by the Lord Mayor, the two prisoners were committed "for a riot."[1]

Captain William Mead, whose name stands beside that of William Penn on the commemorative tablet on the site of the Old Bailey, was sixteen years older than his companion. Like many of the early Quakers, he had been a soldier in Cromwell's army, and now, after nearly twenty years of civilian life, had become a "person of great

[1] *Letters of Early Friends*, p. 177.

estate and great trade." Like John Gilpin, he was a member of the famous fraternity of London linen-drapers, a fact which he turned to account a few years later in promoting an enterprise for the employment of poor Friends in spinning.[1] In 1681 he married as his second wife Sarah Fell, the daughter of Fox's elderly bride, who first heard his name on this August day, when he went to prison with Penn. He was soon found to be a fearless advocate, and though in after years he is supposed to have headed the attack made upon William Penn by his old comrade, George Whitehead, and other leading Quakers, he proved himself on this first occasion of their meeting a loyal and not unworthy supporter.

The mayor, as Rous reported to Sarah, had indeed been "very rough with William Penn." "He proceeded against me according to the ancient law"—so runs a letter which the young prisoner dispatched to his father on the following day:

"He told me I should have my hat pulled off, for all I was Admiral Penn's son. I told him that I desired to be in common with others, and sought no refuge from the common usage. He answered, it had been no matter if thou hadst been a Commander twenty years ago. . . . Because I did not readily answer him my name, William, when he asked me in order to a Mittimus, he bid his clerk write one for Bridewell, and there would he see me whipped himself, for all I was Penn's son, that starved the seamen. Indeed these words grieved me, as well as . . . manifested his great weakness and malice to the whole company, that were about one hundred people. I told him I could very well bear his severe expressions concerning myself, but was sorry to hear him speak those

[1] *Second Period of Quakerism*, pp. 207, 208.

abuses of my father, that was not present; at which the assembly seemed to murmur. In short, he committed that person with me as rioters; and at present we are at the sign of the Black Dog, in Newgate Market.

"And now, dear Father, be not displeased nor grieved. I doubt not but I may be at liberty in a day or two to see thee. I am very well, and have no trouble upon my spirits, . . . besides my absence from thee, especially at this juncture, but otherwise I can say, I was never better: but what they have to charge me with is harmless. . . . The Lord God everlasting consolate and support thee by his holy power. Thy faithful and obedient son,

"WILLIAM PENN.

"My duty to my Mother."[1]

Penn's hopes of a speedy release were far from being fulfilled, for it was not until the 1st of September, sixteen days after their arrest, that he and Mead were brought to trial at the Old Bailey. Arrayed against them was an imposing Bench of ten Justices, which included, besides Starling, the Lord Mayor, Sir John Robinson, Penn's former jailer in the Tower, and the Recorder, Sir John Howel, who in the following year was voted £100 at his friend Robinson's suggestion, for his services in administering the Conventicle Act. Sir Richard Brown, one of the three sheriffs present, had shown peculiar brutality during the former persecution of 1662, in his raiding of the meeting-houses,[2] proving himself, in Ellwood's phrase, "a great Master of Misrule." From such a Bench impartiality and justice were scarcely to be looked for.

The prisoners being indicted for a riot, their trial did not come under the provisions of the Conventicle Act,

[1] Janney, p. 66. [2] Sewel, ii, 273.

and they were allowed the benefit of a jury. And now was seen a spectacle which was scarcely to be credited in that venal age: twelve middle-class men, picked at random from the citizens of London, whom no browbeating could shake from their verdict, nor starvation and imprisonment move to relinquish their rights as an English jury.

During the fortnight which had elapsed since his arrest, Penn had had time to consider his line of defence, and to coach his fellow-prisoner in the legal bearings of their case. Helped by his studies at Lincoln's Inn, he had decided, contrary to the custom followed by Friends, to plead *not guilty*, throwing the burden of proof upon the prosecution. This course would enable him to raise the question of the legality of the Conventicle Act, and bring to an issue the contention that an edict, even though it be passed by King and Parliament, cannot possess the virtue and force of law, if it abolishes any one of the fundamental rights secured by the ancient constitution.

When the indictment was read aloud, it was obvious to many present that it could not lawfully secure a conviction. After an initial mistake in the date of the meeting at Gracechurch Street, it proceeded to accuse Penn and Mead, with other unknown persons to the number of three hundred, of "unlawfully and tumultuously" assembling together "with force and arms." It further charged William Penn of preaching to this assembly, "by agreement and abetment of William Mead," thus causing "a great concourse and tumult of the people," to the great terror and disturbance of many of (the King's) liege people and subjects. After both prisoners had pleaded not guilty, the Court kept them waiting five hours while it

proceeded to other business, and then returned them to prison.

After two days they were brought again before the magistrates, who took the evidence of the lieutenant who had arrested them, and of two other witnesses, all of whom had seen Penn preaching, but heard nothing that he said. No evidence of any sort was offered against Mead. Penn was now pressed to plead to the indictment, which he steadily refused to do until the indictment had been proved to be legal, and no urging from the Bench could move him from this position. For the next half-hour the trial resolved itself into an argument between the chief prisoner and the recorder, who was the legal expert in charge of the case. Pleading chapter and verse from Coke's Institutes, Penn maintained that common law was another name for common right, and that common right was a confirmation of the " great charter privileges." The recorder resented this poaching upon his legal preserves, and attempted to silence it by abuse, but Penn continued to speak until at the mayor's order he was hauled away to the bale-dock, a small palisaded enclosure at the far corner of the court, open to the ceiling.

It was now Mead's turn to plead, and he quickly proved himself in sturdy independence and knowledge of the law a fit second to his fellow-prisoner. He also quoted the Lord Coke in his address to the jury, informing them of the legal definition of a riot, and even drawing upon a store of Latin tags to confute his judges. The Bench, growing weary, dispatched Mead to join his friend in the bale-dock, when the recorder proceeded in their absence to give the charge to the jury.

This was an illegality against which at all costs a protest

must be made. By clinging to the rails, the prisoner Penn succeeded in raising his head above the barrier, and in this position shouted an urgent appeal to the assembly, and to the jury themselves. They had not only been charged in the absence of the prisoners, but were about to retire to consider their verdict before the prisoners had been heard in their own defence.

"Take notice," he warned them, "ye cannot legally depart the Court before I have been fully heard, having at least ten or twelve material points to offer in order to invalidate their indictment."[1]

For all reply, the recorder ordered the removal of both prisoners to the Hole, "a stinking and noisome place" in the confines of the court, "which the mayor himself," says Penn, "would have thought an unfit stye for his swine." At the end of an hour and a half, they were readmitted to hear the finding of the jury, when the foreman brought in the verdict: William Penn is guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street. This was equivalent to an acquittal, for "speaking" was not yet reckoned a crime, even under the far-reaching provisions of the Conventicle Act.

Unable to satisfy the judges that such a verdict had been properly considered by them, the jury asked for pen, ink, and paper, and retired for half an hour. When they returned with their written verdict, it proved even less satisfactory than the first, for while it found William Penn guilty of speaking or preaching to an assembly, it found Mr. Mead not guilty of the same indictment, thus tacitly quashing the accusation of conspiracy between them.

[1] "Truth Rescued from Imposture," *Works*, i, 486.

Then followed one of the most extraordinary verbal duels that has ever taken place in a reputed Court of Law. Signalling out one of the jurymen, Edward Bushell, who was known to be a religious man, the judges fell upon him with threats and abuse, ridiculing his companions for their loyalty to such an "impudent canting fellow."

"Gentlemen," cried the recorder at last, "you shall not be dismissed till we have a verdict the Court will accept; and you shall be locked up without meat, drink, fire, and tobacco. You shall not think thus to abuse the Court; we will have a verdict, by the help of God, or you shall starve for it."

At this threat Penn could no longer contain himself. "My jury," he cried, "who are my judges, ought not to be thus menaced!" Turning to the clerk, he required him on his peril to record the verdict which had been unanimously given by the twelve jurors, and then, fixing his eyes upon Bushell and his companions, he urged them to be true to the cause for which he and they were standing that day.

"Ye are Englishmen, mind your privilege: give not away your right." And with one voice they replied, "Nor will we ever do it."

At seven o'clock next morning the Court sat again, which proceeding, the day being Sunday, was itself illegal. The brave jury, unwashed and unfed, returned their former verdict. The tempers of the Bench had now risen alarmingly. Sending back the jury again and again, and finding them still fixed in their resolution, the language of the mayor and the recorder became so violent that the prisoner in the dock broke silence once more in their defence.

"Unhappy are those juries," he cried, "who are threatened to be fined, and starved, and ruined, if they give not in their verdict contrary to their consciences."

Then cried the recorder:

"My Lord, you must take a course with that same fellow."

"Stop his mouth!" exclaimed the mayor. "Jailer, bring fetters, and stake him to the ground," and Penn replied, "Do your pleasure. I matter not your fetters." Here, a light broke in upon the recorder, and he expressed himself thus: "Till now I never understood the reason of the policy and prudence of the Spaniards, in suffering the Inquisition among them; and certainly it will never be well with us till something like the Spanish Inquisition be in England."

If any motive had been needed to stiffen the resolution of the much-tried jury, this pronouncement of Recorder Howel was calculated to supply it. Forced in the face of their protests to endure a second night of starvation and thirst, they returned again next morning a unanimous verdict of Not Guilty, on the count of both prisoners, "to the great satisfaction of the Assembly."

Their satisfaction, however, was short-lived. The recorder, with the pious wish that God would keep his life out of their hands, pronounced sentence of a fine of forty marks a man, upon the jury, or of imprisonment till paid. Then, striding forward to the Bench, Penn demanded his liberty, having been freed by the jury, and learnt that he must still remain a prisoner, till he paid the fines laid upon him for contempt of Court, in not removing his hat. Once again he appealed to the fundamental laws of England, and protested against the illegality of fining

a freeman, otherwise than by the judgment of his peers or jury.

"Take him away, take him away," cried the recorder. "Take him out of the court."

"Then said Penn: 'I can never urge the fundamental laws of England, but you cry: Take him away, take him away. But 'tis no wonder, since the Spanish Inquisition hath so great a place in the recorder's heart. God Almighty, who is just, will judge you for all these things.'"

So the prisoner had the last word, but victory for the moment rested with the judges, who dispatched prisoners and jury alike to Newgate for non-payment of their fines. From prison, Bushell and his companions, on the advice of counsel, made formal demand for their liberty every six hours. And upon the final answer to that demand hung the question which for centuries had remained unsolved: Whether the jury had or had not the right to bring in a verdict contrary to the sense of the Court?

Bushell's next step was to bring an action for unjust imprisonment against Starling, the mayor, and Howel, the recorder. For a whole year the case hung in doubt, being argued backwards and forwards.

In July of the following year Sir John Robinson reported to Williamson that

"Sir Samuell Starling hath conquered all his last yeares enemies that malitiously brought Suites in Lawe against him for doing his duty in his Mayoralty,"

and that the "Phenatique Jurymen" having been granted bail many months previously, had been remitted to the judgment of the King's Bench. "This," as he

remarked with truth, "was a Businesse of greate Consequence in his Majestie's Government."[1]

But Robinson exulted too soon. At the end of twelve months it was agreed by the whole body of judges that no jury could lawfully be fined for its verdict. As Newdegate, the counsel for Bushell, had pithily expressed it, the judges may try "to open the eyes of the jury, but not to lead them by the nose." Judgment to this purpose was finally delivered by Lord Chief Justice Vaughan, in a speech of two or three hours' duration, and, says Baxter, "never thing since the King's return was received with greater joy and applause by the people."[2]

Penn's arrest at Gracechurch Street meeting had had more far-reaching results than he had dared to hope for, in the vindication of trial by jury, "the fairest flower," so he described it, "that now grows in the garden of the Englishman's liberties."[3]

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, for 1671, 385.
[2] *Second Period of Quakerism*, p. 73.
[3] "Truth Rescued from Imposture," *Works*, i, 486.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE LAST AND BEST PORT

MEANWHILE, Admiral Penn, from his sick-room at Wanstead, had been following the course of his son's trial with growing anxiety. The letter in which William broke the news of his arrest was delivered by a chosen messenger—"One," said the writer, "who can best allay the trouble it brings." The wording seems to point to some Quaker friend, who had won the Admiral's affection and confidence, and is an indication of the change which had come over his attitude towards his son's faith.

After the disappointment of the delay between that son's arrest and trial, Sir William's illness had taken a definite turn for the worse, though he was still buoyed up by hopes of his discharge as soon as the trial should take place. The first words of William's letter, written on the 5th of September, put an end to these expectations. "Dear Father," so they ran, "because I cannot come, I write," and the next sentence contained the unwelcome news that both prisoners had been remanded to the sessions, until they should pay their fines for contempt of Court. "An injurious trifle," said William, "which will blow over,"—still trying, though not with his former confidence, to comfort his father with the thought of his speedy return.

"The circumstances I shall personally relate, if the Lord will. I am more concerned at thy distemper and

the pains that attend it, than at my own mere imprisonment, which works for the best."[1]

To this cheerful missive Sir William replied at once, making no attempt to disguise the distress which it caused him, and promising that if his son saw no other means of obtaining his freedom, he himself would pay his fine. On which William wrote as follows:

"Newgate, 6th September 1670.

"Dear Father,

"I desire thee not to be troubled at my present confinement. I could scarce suffer on a better account nor by a worse hand, and the will of God be done. It is more grievous and uneasy to me that thou shouldst be so heavily exercised, God Almighty knows, than any living worldly concernment . . .

"They (the Judges) have so overshot themselves, that the generality of people much detest them. I intreat thee not to purchase my liberty. They will repent them of their proceedings. I am now a prisoner notoriously against law."

The Admiral again replied by return of messenger, urging William to submit and pay his fine. He did not conceal from him the slight hope of recovery held out by his doctor, and besought him not to allow a mere whim—for as such he still regarded the Quaker refusal of hat-honour—to keep him away from his bedside.

This was the sorest temptation which had yet befallen the young Friend. His reply, dated from Newgate on the following day, shows plainly enough how he suffered by his refusal, and shrank from envisaging its probable consequences both to himself and to his father.

[1] Janney, p. 66.

"Dear Father,

"To say I am truly grieved to hear of thy present illness are words that might be spared, because I am confident they are better believed.

"If God in his holy will did see it meet that I should be freed, I could heartily embrace it: yet, considering I cannot be free, but upon such terms as strengthening their arbitrary and base proceedings, I shall rather choose to suffer any hardship. I am persuaded some clearer way will suddenly be found out to obtain my liberty, which is no way so desirable to me, as on the account of being with thee. I am not without hopes that the Lord will sanctify the endeavours of thy physician unto a cure, and then much of my worldly solicitude will be at an end. My present restraint is so far from being humour, that I would rather perish than release myself by so undirect a course as to satiate their revengeful avaricious appetites. The advantage of such a freedom would fall very short of the trouble of accepting it. Solace thy mind in the thoughts of better things, dear Father. Let not this wicked world disturb thy mind, and whatever shall come to pass, I hope in all conditions to approve myself thy obedient son.

"WILLIAM PENN."[1]

The Admiral made no other reply to this last letter than privately to dispatch the money to pay the fines both of his son and Mead. He had now no hope of his own recovery, and during these lingering weeks was looking death in the face with the same deliberate bravery which he had shown amidst the swift perils of battle. He had indeed no desire to prolong his life. The friends who had made its chief joy were no longer beside him. Batten and Lawson were dead, Ormonde was disgraced, Coventry had retired from public life, and the Duke of York was delivered into

[1] Janney, pp. 81, 82.

the hands of favourites who sought not the welfare of their country, but the enhancement of their own fortunes. From those far-off days when he had sailed away to chase Prince Rupert in the Mediterranean, imploring "the Lord for his direction, protection, and preservation," the love of God and of England had been his inspiration and strength. In those later, more difficult years at the Navy Office, he had stood behind Coventry in his endeavour to bring honesty and fair dealing into the King's counsels. Now Coventry had given up the struggle, limiting his public duties to attendance at the House of Commons. He himself, his health broken and his name smirched by impeachment, had no wish to outstay his welcome in a world where, though not yet fifty, he felt himself to be a survivor from a happier age.

As his mind turned to those whom he left behind, his one anxiety was for his son William, who in the brief three years of his life as a Quaker had three times suffered imprisonment, and seemed from the very fact of his rank and fortune to be marked out for persecution. It was small comfort to the dying Admiral that his eldest son would be master of an ample estate, if he and it were destined to fall a prey to the Conventicle Act, with its penalties of confiscation and banishment. But for his father's interposition, William would even now be dragging out an indefinite term of imprisonment in Newgate. Once deprived of the shelter of his father's prestige, his fate might well be that of many another Quaker leader, to find a nameless grave in some prison yard, or by an extraordinary stroke of irony to be banished as a contumacious Dissenter to the Island of Jamaica, which his father had won for the Crown. It was at this

point in his meditations that the Admiral bethought him of the Duke of York, from whose friendship no rivalry of envious colleagues and no absence caused by illness had been able to estrange him. He sent by a friend's hand a letter to his old commander and to the King himself, taking his own farewell of them both, and begging their continued favour to the son whom he must leave behind, exposed to peculiar peril. A reply was returned by the two royal brothers which set his mind at rest, containing, says his descendant, "the most gracious and kind assurances of their regard, and their promise of continuing the same to his son, a promise which both those princes religiously observed."[1] Having received this message, the Admiral turned to face his death "less concerned and disordered," as his son took good notice, than he had seen him at any time.

The account of his father's death, which William Penn published in the second edition of *No Cross, No Crown*, is written with poignant simplicity, free from the sectarian mannerisms which had hampered the young convert in the first months of his convincement, and marred his story of the death of Loe. During the ten days which were the last of their life together, he seems scarcely to have left his father's pillow. The shadow of advancing death effaced the barriers of creed which had separated them, and, united in their simple faith in God, they faced together the tremendous realities of life present and life to come. At times the dying Admiral would lie silent, reviewing as it seemed the many-coloured pages of his past life—so crowded in the living, and so short in the retrospect.

[1] Granville Penn, ii.

"Son William," he said. "I am weary of the world! I would not live my days over again if I could command them at a wish: for the snares of life are greater than the fears of death. This troubles me, that I have offended a gracious God.

"The thought of that has followed me to this day. Oh! have a care of sin! It is that which is the sting both of life and death."

At another time he gathered up the fruits of his experience into three maxims, and commended them to his listening son, in words whose thought and phrasing echoed in his ears after a quarter of a century, when he came to write his own *Fruits of Solitude, in Reflexions and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Human Life*:

"First, let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience. I charge you do nothing against your conscience: so will you keep peace at home, which will be a feast to you in the day of trouble.

"Secondly, whatever you desire to do, lay it justly and time it seasonably: for that gives security and dispatch.

"Lastly, be not troubled at disappointments: for if they may be recovered, do it, if they cannot, trouble is vain. If you could not have helped it, be content; there is often peace and profit in submitting to Providence, for afflictions make wise. If you could have helped it, let not your trouble exceed instruction for another time.

"These rules will carry you with firmness and comfort through this inconstant world."

As the end drew on, there came a day when the pent-up trouble of the patriot could no longer contain itself, and the man who from his teens had loved his country and fought for her would cry out "with an earnestness of spirit":

"Woe to thee, O England! . . . God has forsaken us: we are infatuated: we will shut our eyes: we will not see our true interests and happiness: we shall be destroyed!"

"He apprehended," says his son, "the consequences of the growing looseness of the age to be our ruin, and that the methods most fit to serve the kingdom with true credit, at home and abroad, were too much neglected, the trouble of which did not a little help to feed his distemper, which drew him daily nearer to his end."

The farewell which he took of his Quaker son was peculiarly characteristic. Nothing, after his initial cause of offence, had so alienated the strutting Pepys as Admiral Penn's lack of display, and his disregard of the pomp and circumstance with which he was entitled to conduct his establishment. Now on his death-bed Sir William was ready to admit the sympathy which he felt on this score with the Society of Friends, and, with a fleeting glimpse of his old humour, to make the *amende honorable* for his past opposition:

"Wearied to live, as well as near to die, he took his leave of us, and of me, with this expression, and a most composed countenance: 'Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching, and keep to your plain way of living, you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world.'"

Then, like a tired child turning to his rest, he spoke his last simple wishes:

"Bury me by my mother. Live all in love. Shun all manner of evil. And I pray God to bless you all, and he will bless you."[1]

During the weeks immediately following the Admiral's

[1] *Works*, i, 432.

death, William Penn seems to have put aside all claims save those due to his father's memory. His first duty was to carry out his desires for his burial, which took place, as he had wished, at Bristol, a fortnight after his death. His mother's grave was in the church of St. Mary Redclyffe —that marvellous parish church, in whose muniment room, one hundred years later, Chatterton was to plan his ill-starred assault upon the literary world.

The Admiral's body passed through his native streets with every circumstance of military glory. Three or four companies of foot headed the procession, in which was displayed the suit of armour which he had worn on the deck of the *Royal Charles*, which still hangs from a pillar beside his resting-place. Six horses drew the hearse, over which waved three flags, representing the squadrons that the dead seaman had commanded, which also took their place among the trophies above the tomb.

The monument, which was set up in the first week of October, bears an inscription, which, contrary to the pedantic usage of the times, is written in English, and by internal evidence which cannot be disputed, may be recognised as his son's composition. It was erected to the " Just Memory " of the Admiral, and after this opening challenge, it gives a succinct account of the thirty years' service, whose bare enumeration was sufficient answer to the flood of envy and calumny which had darkened his last days, and even after his death grudged him his rightful military honours. The last lines of the epitaph have a tender appropriateness rarely to be met with in lapidary inscriptions :

" He withdrew, prepared, and made for his End : and with a gentle and Even Gale, in much Peace, arrived and

anchored in his Last and Best Port, at Wanstead, in ye County of Essex, ye 16th September 1670, Being then but forty-nine and four months old."[1]

In those same days William was writing to his father's old colleagues, the Navy commissioners, about the ownership of one of the Admiral's plans—the historic "Draught of the River Medway":

"I have yet Superstition enough (as some are pleased to call it) to value every the smallest Relique that may be deem'd a Badge of his Trade, which rendered him what he was, and Us, his Relations, what we are."[2]

In this spirit he went through his father's papers, sorting and docketing them, and when any indication of the owner's wishes could be met with, exerting himself to carry them out. From these sad days of executorship, two or three letters have survived: to the Navy Commissioners on the subject already mentioned, written on the 2nd and 31st of October, and to Samuel Pepys, on the 4th of the same month, beseeching him "to take the condition of Lieutenant Keen Into Consideration; his Friend is gone, unlesse he finds him outliving himself in thee."[3]

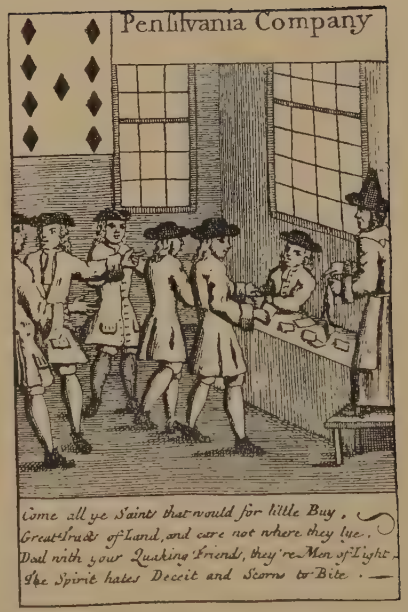
From the faded pages of the Admiralty Records, and from the unlikely columns of the State Papers for the year 1670 breathes many a sigh of regret for the "wise and friendly" Admiral. A report from Chatham shipyard, his headquarters through the disastrous summer of 1667, ends with the unofficial remark: "We are sorry to hear of the death of Sir William Penn," while a certain Captain Sharland, accused of having spoken unadvisedly of his

[1] Granville Penn, ii, 568. [2] *Cal. S. P.*, 286, 179, 228 (Appendix).
[3] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 39, p. 216 (Appendix).

superiors, laments that " when General Penn was alive he had a friend among the Navy Commissioners, but now he had none there."

As soon as his pious task was fulfilled, William Penn rode once more into Buckinghamshire, to spend the first months of winter with his cousins at Penn. Five miles away, at Amersham, Guli Springett was awaiting him, and the hope of a new life.

Settling Collonies in
Accadia North America
He that is Rich, and wants to Fool away
A Sporting Sum, in North America,
Let him Subscribe himself a Headlong Sharer,
And Asses Ears, shall Honour him or Bearer.


Pensilvania Company
Come all ye Saints that would for little Buy,
Great Tracts of Land, and care not where they lye,
Deal with your Quaking Friends, they're Men of Light
The Spirit hates Deceit and Scorns to Bite.

Caricatures of the Pennsylvania and Accadia Companies, from Playing Cards in the Worcester College Library, Oxford.

(From Turberville's English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century, by permission of the Clarendon Press, Oxford)

CHAPTER XXXV

THE END CROWNS THE WORK

ON the evening of 5th March 1681, William Penn was writing letters in his lodgings at Westminster. Spread out upon the table beside him was a great document, newly written in the decorative script of the period, upon scrolls of thick parchment, each line underscored with red ink, and the margins richly emblazoned with heraldic devices. At the head of all stood a portrait of His Majesty King Charles the Second, gazing out with narrowed eyes and enigmatic smile upon the son of his old Admiral, to whom he had hereinafter made a gift of his heart's desire.

" This day," so Penn was writing to his friend Robert Turner, " after many waitings, watchings, solicitings, and disputes in Council, my country was confirmed to me under the Great Seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania, a name the King would give it in honour of my father. It is a clear and just thing, and my God that has given it me through many difficulties, will, I believe, bless and make it the seed of a nation."[1]

The time was indeed come for the sowing of a new nation, for the old nation of Englishmen seemed rotten to the core, and ready to fall to the ground. The third Whig Parliament, which in this month of March was to sit for one week at Oxford, was generally believed to be

[1] Janney, p. 165.

the precursor of a second Civil War. The supposed discovery by Titus Oates of a Popish Plot in which the Duke of York and the Queen were implicated, had brought about a violent cleavage between Court and people, and roused the anti-Catholic passions of the country to a white heat. Three successive Parliaments, each shorter than the last, had endeavoured to pass the Exclusion Bill, forbidding the Roman Catholic James to sit on his brother's throne. Only his secret knowledge of the support of France nerved Charles to keep the Whigs at bay, and dissolve their assemblies, facing the last three years of his reign independent of their supplies.

Before the end of this month of March, he had accomplished single-handed the rout of the Whig party at Oxford, and ushered in the triumph of the High Church leaders. The Tories, anxious to prove in every point the antagonism to their fallen rivals, became the champions of royalty and even of the Roman Catholic faith of the King's destined successor. The same motive led them to turn with fury upon the Dissenters, wiping out all trace of a tentative toleration which had begun under the Whigs. The final enforcement of the Clarendon Code seemed to be the prelude to a complete extirpation of the Nonconformists, and was only one item in the surrender of the most ancient liberties of England, the right of free speech and of local self-government,[1] and for all practical purposes, of Parliament itself. This reaction came as a bitter disappointment to the few honest patriots who were left in the land. Through the two years immediately preceding the Oxford Parliament, Penn had thrown the whole weight of his influence at Court, of his

[1] Trevelyan, pp. 424, 425.

status amongst the Quakers, and of his practised pen, upon the side of a free Parliament, and of religious toleration. In 1678 he attempted to rouse the "Children of Light" to a sense of their responsibilities as citizens of England—a sense which had grown dull through twenty years of injustice and ostracism. In their ranks he could look with confidence for truth, honesty, and steadfastness, those outworn virtues of public life.

"We are the people above all others that must stand in the gap, and pray for the putting away of the wrath so as that this land may not be made an utter desolation; and God expects it at our hands."[1]

In 1679 he turned to a wider audience, and in his *Address to Protestants upon the Present Conjuncture*, pleaded for religious toleration with "the magistracy and clergy,"[2] whose ear was held by Titus Oates, and whose mind was obsessed by the fires of Smithfield.

Finally, on the eve of the second Short Parliament, he published his noble address to the electors, *England's great Interest in the Choice of a New Parliament*. He felt it impossible to exaggerate the fatefulness of the coming election—"To be plain with you, All is at Stake." The future of England, whether slavery or freedom, lay in the hands of the voters, and in their choice of representatives. Then, not satisfied, as the crisis drew near, to work only at his desk in the cause of liberty, Penn threw himself into the rough and tumble of two contested elections, urged equally by love of his country and love of the candidate, the returned exile, his old friend, Algernon Sidney. Sidney's election to the first Short Parliament, as Member

[1] Quoted in Graham, p. 124. [2] Janney, p. 142.

for Guildford, was quashed by the recorder, and when on its dissolution later in the year he was chosen for Bramber, the return was again annulled by the Court.

Yet however corrupt might be the methods of parliamentary election, they mattered little in the face of the King's decision to rule without a Parliament, which gradually became evident after his dismissal of the Oxford Assembly.

Nor when Penn looked abroad was there hope of the dawning of a better day. His recent visits to Holland and Germany had confirmed the impressions of the first missionary journey which he undertook in the year of his father's death. Although the avowed policy of Louis the Fourteenth was opposed to religious persecution, and the Repeal of the Edict of Nantes was yet delayed for six years, yet the lot of Dissenters in Holland and Germany was scarcely preferable to that of the victims of the Clarendon Code. Penn's letters to the persecuting authorities at Emden and Cresheim, and the long epistle which he wrote in 1679 to the Prince of Orange, soon to be William the Third of England, on behalf of his suffering subjects at Crefeld, are eloquent of his enthusiasm for world-wide toleration.

Private interests, no less than public disillusionments, pointed, as with the finger of God, to a country across the sea, and no further preoccupation could hold him back from the task for which his whole life had prepared him. His father's voyages, and the talk of the sailor-men around his cradle ; his undergraduate studies of the model states of Harrington and of More, which had led him even at Oxford, to " openings of joy " ; his friendship with the returned missionary Josiah Coale, with his

memories of New England and the Indians; all these scattered influences were focused in 1676 by his trusteeship of West New Jersey, a colony recently acquired by a Buckinghamshire Friend. For five years Penn took an active interest in the colonisation of this Quaker province, and himself drew up the Charter, which, with its democratic basis and its insistence upon liberty of conscience, foreshadowed the great "Frame of Government" of six years later. Between 1677 and 1680, some thousand emigrants made their way to New Jersey.[1] It was in this latter year that William Penn, now thoroughly acquainted with the conditions of the country and its possibilities, petitioned the King for a grant of letters patent, which should confer upon him and his heirs for ever a tract of unoccupied crown land adjoining New Jersey.[2]

Ten years had passed since the death of Admiral Penn, yet in all the negotiations which followed upon this petition he must be considered as the determining factor, and he gave his name in the end to the infant colony. He had left the King and Government in his debt, both for loans towards the cost of the Dutch War, and for arrears of his own pay—a debt which had accumulated for ten years till in 1680 it had reached the sum of £16,000 —equal to more than £50,000 of our present money. It was as the equivalent of this sum, owing to him as Sir William's heir, that his son petitioned the Government for land in America.[3]

The tract for which he asked was part of the property of the Duke of York, who on the fall of New Amsterdam in 1664 had succeeded to the whole of the Dutch colonies. But for the sake of the love he had borne the Admiral, and

[1] Janney, p. 160. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 163. [3] *Ibid.*, xii.

the promise he had made him to befriend his son, James not only waived his claim to that territory, but added as an uncovenanted gift the province of Delaware.

Before the patent could be prepared, a name must be chosen for the land. Rather curiously, for there is no record of any connection between himself and the principality, the proprietor inclined to "New Wales"—"being, as this, a pretty hilly country." To this title, however, the Secretary of the Council objected, being a Welshman with no love for Quakers. Thereupon Penn, still with the natural features of his country in mind, proposed "Sylvania." His further account of this historic christening is very characteristic:

"They added Penn to it. . . . I feared lest it should be looked on as a vanity in me, and not as a respect in the King, as it truly was, to my father, whom he often mentions with praise. And though I much opposed it, and went to the King to have it struck out and altered, he said it was past, and would take it upon him: nor could twenty guineas move the under-secretary to vary the name."

The King's choice proving irrevocable, the proprietor modestly consoled himself with the double meaning of his prefix:

"Penn being Welsh for a head, as Penmanmoire in Wales, and Penrith in Cumberland, and Penn in Buckinghamshire, the highest land in England."

The choice of "The High Woodlands" for the name of the new colony could scarcely offend the most jealous sensibilities.

William Penn was made absolute owner of his province, save for the allegiance he and all his tenants would owe to

the King. What he understood by such ownership may be seen from the argument which he was bringing forward in these same months against the Duke of York's demand for taxes from his former colony of New Jersey, now the property of trustees :

" Under favour, we buy nothing of the duke, if not the right of an undisturbed colonizing. For the soil is none of his, 'tis the natives' by the *jus gentium*, by the laws of nations, and it would be an ill argument to convert to Christianity, to expel, instead of purchasing them, out of those countries."[1]

The preamble to the Royal Patent declares that William Penn's application for territory arose out of

" a commendable desire to enlarge the British empire, and promote such useful commodities as may be a benefit to the King, and his dominions."[2]

His chief objects, however, do not appear in the preamble, and their confession would probably have endangered his gift. Towards his own friends he had no such motive for concealment, yet even they, so he wrote in the following month, would be amazed when they learned his novel proposals in regard to liberty and privilege. It was his intention so to limit the freedom of action of himself and his successors, as to leave them " no power of doing mischief, that the will of one man may not hinder the good of an whole country." It is not surprising, that, writing in the days of the last Stuart despotism, he should have added : " To publish these things, now and here, as matters stand, would not be wise."[3]

Pennsylvania was to be an example to the outworn

[1] Janney, p. 160. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 166. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 173.

nations of Europe—an Holy Experiment, as her first proprietor called her. She was to be a land governed by love instead of by force. Here the man who had spent his life in pressing his theories of peace and goodwill upon the hardened legislators of old England, had a free hand given to him to put them into practice in a virgin country.

There was a further object which bulked very largely in Penn's mind, which would have been equally unacceptable to the administrators of the Clarendon Code. Pennsylvania was to provide an asylum for the persecuted Quakers, and not for them only, but for the oppressed and downtrodden peoples of the whole continent of Europe.

With these ideals in mind, Penn was careful before all things to keep the pages of the volume which had been handed to him fair and unblotted. Before his title was a year old, he had refused " a great temptation " to sell for a large sum the monopoly of trade with the Indians, but, he writes :

" as the Lord gave it me over all and great opposition, and that I never had my mind so exercised to the Lord about any outward substance, I would not abuse his love, nor act unworthy of his providence, and so defile what came to me clean."[1]

So far was he from seeking his own riches or aggrandisement, and so prodigal of his own resources for the " settling " of his country, that he left it after a two years' stay, £3000 poorer in his own pocket, than when he had arrived.[2]

[1] Janney, p. 176. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 265.

The preamble speaks of the desire of the proprietor "to reduce the savage nations, by just and gentle manners to the love of civil society and the Christian religion."

Long before any dream of his own intercourse with the American Indians had come to him, he had been prejudiced in their favour by Josiah Coale's account of their kindness and hospitality. Not only his Quaker principles, but his own sense of justice forbade him to wrest their land from them, or keep it, once gained, by force of arms. In this matter it is interesting to note that he had also been influenced by the Bishop of London, Henry Compton, who was a member of the Committee for Plantations, and at this crisis of his life, as in that of his early imprisonment in the Tower, did not hesitate to acknowledge his indebtedness to the Church of England.

"I have exactly followed the Bishop of London's counsel," so he wrote in 1683 to the Lords of the Committee, "by buying and not taking away the natives' land, with whom I have settled a very kind correspondence."[1]

The first letter which he sent out to the Indians by his commissioners begins with an appeal to their common belief in the "one great God and power that hath made the world and all things therein," and assures them of his desire to enjoy his province "with their love and consent."[2]

Fortunately for his project, he was acting in this matter as the mouthpiece of the humblest Quaker settler, whose belief in the Inward Light led him to recognise the Spirit of God in Indian and in white man alike.

"The people who come with me," he wrote later to the Sachem, "are a just, plain, and honest people, that neither

[1] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 31, p. 386. [2] Janney, p. 195.

make war upon others, nor fear war from others, because they will be just."

Quite apart from and beyond these general principles, was Penn's care for every small detail which might assure the Indians of his love and goodwill. He warned the commissioners who preceded him to be grave in their presence, "for they love not to be smiled on";[1] and before he had been three months in America he was sufficiently master of their language to converse without an interpreter.[2] In the summer of 1683, nine months after his arrival, he sent to the Free Society of Traders a minute account of their "persons, language, manners, religion, and government," which is unsurpassed to this day for accuracy and picturesqueness.[3] The Indians on their part repaid his policy of goodwill with love and reverence. The treaty which was made between them proved, in Voltaire's well-known words, "le seul entre ces peuples et les Chrétiens qui n'ait point été juré, et qui n'ait point été rompu."[4] So long as the principles of the first colonists were maintained, so long did their defencelessness prove their sufficient guard, and their trust their best weapon.

There is no completer test of the gulf which separated William Penn from the foremost thinkers of his century than a comparison of his frame of government, with that which his friend John Locke had drawn up ten years earlier for the province of Carolina. Locke wrote as the secretary and friend of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, who was President of the Council for Plantations. He wrote as a philosopher who had never rubbed

[1] Janney, p. 178. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 242. [3] *Ibid.*, pp. 238–249.
[4] *Lettres Philosophiques* (Cornely et Cie, 1909) i, 48.

shoulders with the common people, towards whom his attitude was that of the scribes of all ages: "This people that knoweth not the law is accursed." Penn, on the other hand, drew up his provisions with that sympathy and respect for the working man which had come down to him from his father, the beloved Admiral, and had been fostered by his intercourse with the unlettered but democratic body of Quakers. While Locke's life had been passed in the study, Penn was equally at home in a Buckinghamshire farm-house and at Whitehall. He had shared the perils and persecutions of his fellow-believers, and had four times known the inside of a jail.

It was to be expected that Locke's constitution should be a tyranny of the aristocracy, in which the commons enjoyed no political power, and even the right of the franchise was restricted to owners of fifty acres of land and upwards. Tenants and small proprietors, known as "leet-men," were under the thumb of the hereditary landlord without right of appeal or hope of raising themselves to a more honourable position. "The children of leet-men shall be leet-men, and so to all generations." Trial by jury was abolished for all practical purposes, and while every religion was professedly tolerated, the Church of England alone was supported by the State, and declared to be true and orthodox. Negro slaves were left at the mercy of their owners, who possessed over them the power of life and death.

If the philosopher went back to feudal times for his pattern, Penn's inspiration lay in the untried future, and his ideals of government are now in the twentieth century beginning to be generally accepted.

From the day of the signing of his charter, he had

realised the paramount importance of the code of laws which it empowered him to draw up. "I shall have a tender care to the government," so he wrote in his letter of the 5th of March, "that it be well laid at first." "Government," he wrote in his *Preface*, "seems to me a part of religion itself, a thing sacred in its institution and end." It was in this devout spirit that he drew up his Frame of Government:

"to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power; for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery."[1]

The Government of Pennsylvania was to consist of the governor and freemen of the province, in the form of a Provincial Council and a General Assembly: the Council to be made up of seventy-two persons elected by the freemen, and the General Assembly of not more than two hundred members, to be chosen annually by ballot. Every taxpayer had the right to vote. All Bills were to be prepared by the governor and council, and presented by them to the Assembly, for ratification.

It was with singular satisfaction that the governor set down his Code of Laws, reaffirming for the benefit of the new American colony, "the fundamental rights of Englishmen." These rights had become of late years of so little account in their own country, that their preservation was the result of accident rather than of determination. In 1670, thanks to his own trial at the Old Bailey, and the heroic stand of his jurymen, the right of a jury to bring in a verdict according to their conscience had been

[1] Janney, p. 188.

established almost against hope. The twin statute and bulwark of English liberty, the Habeas Corpus Act, had in this very year been saved from extinction by a joke—" the best joke," so a modern historian has described it, " that was ever made in England." When the question of its renewal had been debated in Parliament, the majority of votes were in favour of abolition, till a very fat lord, entering to record his vote for continuance, was counted as ten by one of the tellers, who never troubled to rectify his jesting miscalculation.[1] Such was the temper of the politicians in whose hands lay the age-long liberties of England.

But the new governor brought to the consideration of the laws of Pennsylvania the recollection of his own illegal trials and imprisonments, the lifelong martyrdom of his father-in-law, Isaac Penington, and the untimely deaths of Loe and Coale. With the farce of his Old Bailey sentence in mind, he included as part of the original framework the provision that prisoners should have the right to be heard either in person or by counsel—a right not fully secured to them in England till after 1836.[2] There was to be no taxation but by law ; trials were to be by jury, and no oaths were to be required. Penn looked upon reformation " as the great end of retributive judgment justice " ; hence every prison was to be a workshop, and the penalty of death, which was the punishment of two hundred offences under the English law of that date, was reserved for wilful murder and for treason. While members of the Council and the Assembly, together with

[1] Burnet, ii, 121.

[2] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 30, p. 1 (" William Penn as a Lawgiver," by Attorney-Gen. H. L. Carson).

all judges, must be such as profess faith in Jesus Christ, and are not convicted of "unsober or dishonest conversation," no settler should be compelled to frequent or maintain any religious worship or ministry whatever. At the same time, "for the ease of the creation," no common daily labour was to be undertaken on the first day of the week.[1]

It was further provided by the articles of the Free Society of Traders, to whom a charter was granted by the proprietary, that

"Black servants should be free at fourteen years' end, on giving to the Society two-thirds of what they can produce on land allotted to them by the Society, with stock and tools: if they agree not to this, to be servants till they do."[2]

Such were the most important provisions of the Government of Pennsylvania. In settling it upon a religious and democratic basis, Penn was following not his own bent of mind alone, but the convictions of his Quaker settlers, who were leaving their own country in search of freedom, and would not have embraced their exile on other terms. They were accustomed in their church organisation to an absolute equality amongst the members, and the schisms which from time to time rent the society, arose for the most part from the unjustified suspicion that Fox was aiming at place and power above the rank and file of his followers. Penn's relations with the Court, and his friendship with the Duke of York, had already occasioned much heart-burning amongst his fellow-believers, which the fact that his influence was

[1] Janney, p. 194. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 190, 191.

employed entirely for the relief of their sufferings was powerless to remove. Even in this, the hour of his triumph, there were not wanting those among his old friends who grudged him his public honours, and accused him of "sitting down in a greatness which he had denied."

Penn was the first to recognise that this jealousy was the defect of a virtue. He could write to defend his position against the reproaches of an English Friend:

"My God hath given it me in the face of the world: and it is to hold it in true judgement, as a reward of my sufferings. . . . It is more than a worldly title or patent that hath cloathed me in this place. Keep thy place. I am in mine. . . . I am day and night spending my life, my time, my money, and am not sixpence enriched by this greatness. . . . No, I came for the Lord's sake; and therefore have I stood to this day, well and diligent and successful: blessed be his power!"

signing himself, "Thy ancient, though grieved friend."

But on the same day he wrote of his Quaker colonists to his wife's kinsman, Lord Culpepper, with a smile which held more of affection than blame:

"Our heads are dull—what fineness transplantation will give, I know not; but our hearts are good, and our hands strong."[1]

While William Penn is ultimately responsible for the laws of Pennsylvania, it is impossible to decide how far they were coloured or modified by the advice of those with whom he consulted. As far back as 1660, a project had been in the minds of English Friends to purchase land from the Indians of the Susquehanna, a purchase

[1] Janney, pp. 224, 225.

which Josiah Coale, friendly though their attitude was, had in vain tried to negotiate.[1] It was improbable, now that the dream of a Quaker colony had come true, that Penn would neglect to consult George Fox upon its constitution. Fox was, as Penn described him, a man of an universal spirit. His travels for Truth had taken him half across Europe—to Scotland and Ireland, and to America itself; while his epistles had been addressed to the Pope and the "Grand Turk," and to that half-mythical monarch, Prester John. If his sympathies were wider even than his knowledge, his praise as a legislator was in every men's and women's meeting in the kingdom.

Penn also seems to have had the collaboration of those humbler Quakers who were to be his seconds in the work of colonisation.

"It is even certain," says one historian, "that some parts of this plan (of government) were adopted by him at the urgent request of the Friends, who made it a condition of their taking part in the settlement of the Province."[1]

In addition to these unnamed assistants, Penn looked for help to his old friend, John Locke, lately engaged on a similar task, and to Algernon Sidney, for whom he had recently undertaken the rough and uncongenial work of a contested election. The original manuscript of the Framework of Government for Pennsylvania preserved in the archives of its Historical Society is written in Penn's hand, and contains interlineations and notes in the handwriting both of Locke and Sidney.[3]

[1] *Second Period*, p. 400.

[2] Janney, p. 193 (Quoted from Professor Ebeling's *History of Pennsylvania*).

[3] *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 31, p. 386.

Although Locke's principles of government were fundamentally opposed to those of Penn, his argument in favour of civil liberty is composed in the spirit of Penn's famous charter, and has stood for nearly three centuries as the foundation of every free institution. He was himself a great enough man to learn by these discussions, and when, many years later, a debate arose in some learned company in London, over the respective merits of the Governments of Carolina and Pennsylvania, Locke did not hesitate to pronounce Penn's "Framework" superior to his own.

Sidney's co-operation had a less fortunate result. Disappointment and disillusion had worked upon him an effect exactly contrary to that produced upon Penn. Less happy than his friend, he had seen his last hope disappear with the repudiation of his second election to Parliament. After the defeat of the Whigs at Oxford, he was caught up in the dark web of plots and conspiracies, and in less than two years he laid down his life as a traitor to England, whom he had loved too well.

From the days of his rupture with Oliver Cromwell over his assumption of the Protectorate, Sidney's ideal government for England had shaped itself to the pattern of the aristocratic republic of old Rome, and when Penn appealed for his collaboration in framing the constitution of his new country, it would be with this ideal in mind that he complied. It is clear that he disapproved of the democratic basis proposed by Penn, and still more of the authority, reminiscent of that once wielded by the Protector, which was to be settled upon the governor. Penn's assurance that every law which he made would be subject to amendment or ratification by the Assembly before it

could take its place in the code—even his immediate alteration of certain terms objected to by Sidney—could not win over the embittered patriot. Henceforth he never mentioned his old friend unless to jeer at his laws, which he called "the basest in the world, not to be endured or lived under," or to compare him with "the Turk, who was not more absolute than he."[1] The unkindness and injustice of the friend of his youth went far to damp Penn's joy in his "Holy Experiment," and must have lent an added horror to the news of his execution, which reached him soon after his arrival in America.

Yet it was with a sense of profound delight and satisfaction that the new governor took up his work. There is perhaps no joy in the world so great as the consciousness of a noble task, and of fitness to meet it. Exacting and full of difficulty as was the labour of colonisation, yet day by day as it opened before him, there was no branch with which he did not find himself qualified to cope. His training in the law stood him in good stead throughout its perplexing negotiations, while his handsome presence and charm of manner made way for him in the face of prejudice or rapacity. His first-hand knowledge of the countries and languages of Europe enabled him to meet his polyglot colonists in "an universal spirit," while the actual details of measurement, allotment, and lease had become familiar to him through his management of his father's estate in Ireland. Indeed, in his wish that his capital might grow up as a "green country town," one seems to hear an echo of those days in the County Clare,

[1] "Letter from William Penn to Algernon Sidney, 13th October 1681," printed in Janney, pp. 192, 193 (Appendix).

and of the boyish interest which made him note in his *Journal* the meaning of Shangarry—" the old Garden."

" O, how sweet," he wrote, " is the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries, and perplexities, of woeful Europe."[1]

From time to time, in the letters which he sent home, we catch a glimpse of the new governor, moving from settlement to settlement in his barge—that mode of travelling which, as befitted the son of a sailor, he chose before all others[2]—with a keen eye for the natural products of his country and a delight in its beauty. How ably he was seconded by the humble colonists of Pennsylvania is matter of history:

" If I have been unkindly used by some I left behind me, I found love and respect enough where I came; an universal kind welcome, every sort in their way."[3]

Penn himself had said in the preface to his constitution that " Governments rather depend upon men, than men upon governments." The fact that for seventy years Pennsylvania endured as a Christian state, ruled and defended by love and not by force, was due in the first place to the constitution settled upon it by its founder. But it was due in equal measure to the loyal working out of those laws in the daily life of the men and women who were its first settlers. For the only time in the history of the world, a whole country had accepted the Sermon on the Mount for its working policy, and found it neither impossible of performance, nor unpractical in operation.

Ten years later, during the brief interval when Penn-

[1] Janney, p. 224. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 213. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 239.

sylvania had been annexed by the Crown, and it seemed to her first governor that all his labour and all his hopes had fallen to the ground, Penn's mind took a yet wider sweep. From the retirement into which he had been forced at the Revolution of 1688, through the fall of his friend King James, he wrote his *Essay towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe*—a work which more than two hundred years before the establishment of the League of Nations anticipated the proposals for a council of all the sovereign states of Europe, to adjust differences, and compel submission to its resolutions.

If when death came to William Penn it found him worn-out and impoverished, familiar with a debtor's prison, and broken by the ingratitude of his children and of his colony across the seas, yet, in the words of the book which he loved best, these tribulations were "but for a moment," while the work which he had accomplished would endure for ever. In the year of the founding of Pennsylvania, the fiercest of all her persecutions broke out upon the Quaker Church in Bristol. In that town which was his father's birthplace and where he lay buried —the town where Penn himself had found strength and inspiration at the crisis of his "convincement"—many homes were wrecked through the work of the Informers, and there was no room in the jails from the multitude of Quaker prisoners. Though he was on the eve of his departure for America, Penn used every means in his power to have a stop put to their sufferings, but all in vain. Then in a letter of sympathy and encouragement, he sent them a message whose ringing phrases may well stand as the keynote of his own life, and as a challenge to us who come after :

"O, great is God's work on earth! Be universal in your spirits, and keep out of all straitness and narrowness. Look to God's great and glorious Kingdom, and its prosperity."[1]

[1] *Works*, i, 230 (quoted in *Second Period*, p. 415).

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

Sir William Penn. Accusation of cowardice revived during the Dutch War.[1]

The Duke of York's shortening sail in the Dutch fight is attributed ironically, by Sir John Denham, to his duchess's anxiety for his safety :

She therefore the duke's person recommends
To Brouncker, Penn, and Coventry, her friends :
To Penn much, Brouncker more, most Coventry :
For they, she knew, were all more 'fraid than he.
Of flying fishes one had saved the fin,
And hoped by this he through the air might spin :
The other thought he might avoid the knell,
By the invention of the diving bell ;
The third had tried it, and affirmed a cable
Coiled round about him, was impenetrable.
But these the duke rejected, only chose
To keep far off, let others interpose.

APPENDIX B

William Penn, Clerk of the Cheque at Kinsale.

Letter from Sir Robert Southwell to Pepys, 23rd February 1671. (*Cal. S. P.*, 296, 151-2-3.)

[1] Note to p. 571, line 27, of *Pepys' Diary*.

You will see by the enclosed that I have a client at Kinsale, who having heard of some storms as towards his place, relies on my abilities with the Navy Officers. If there is any danger, send me a word of comfort, and tell me how to succour the poor man, in whose concern Captain Rooth also takes a part.

(Enclosure.)

William Penn to Sir Robert Southwell, 1st November 1670.

I am emboldened to address you, not only from the report of your civilities to all the relations and friends of my deceased kinsman, Sir William Penn, but also from experience of your former kindness to myself. I hear that the officers of the Navy intend to suspend the employment of Clerk of the Cheque at Kinsale, enjoyed by me since the Restoration, as well as the care of all the naval stores sent there during the late war. A great part of my salary of £40 per annum still remains unpaid.

"R. Southwel" was one of the friends consulted by William Penn the Quaker when he visited Kinsale in the autumn of 1669, to negotiate the transfer of his father's command to Captain Rooth. The entry in his *Journal* bears out his cousin's report: he "was civil. I received advice from him." It is satisfactory to find the Clerk of the Cheque still at his post in February 1673.

APPENDIX C

Letter of William Penn to Samuel Pepys, 4, 9 (November) 1670. (Original in the MSS. Division of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.)

I am so ffar from fflattering myselfe with the least hope of Successe because I make the Insueing request that I have no greater Reason to believe the Contrary: It is my Unhappynesse to be misrepresented by some, and wonderfully misunderstood by more; but no more of this.

My poore ffather was pleased to give me a sight of an Ingenious letter he receivd from thee some time before he left it and us: which assureing him how much thou wert devoted on all occasions to serve his friends, (because on doing so thou servdst thyn own) And because I am very unwilling to place but the vallue of a meer complement upon It, I beseech thee to take the Condition of Lt. Keen Into Consideration: his friend Is gone, unlesse he finds him outliving himself In Thee.

His abilitys I know not: none a better judge then thyselfe: but of his gratitude I dare avouch, and for full performance of all due observance I freely offer myselfe for his security. But what need I trouble thee or myselfe with Arguments of this kind, when the hands that presents it (my cos'n The Turner) is all sufficient, nor doe I expect anything here can be oblidgeing, but for the vertue It borrows off her.

And least I should spoyle all, I am resolv'd I will conclude, In beseeching thee to gratefy her, since he cant dare pretend to it, who, whatever thou believest is Thy very affect. Reall ffriend,

W. Penn.

This was not the first time that The had acted as ambassador. *Cf. Pepys*, p. 191 (7th March 1663).

The Turner came on foot in a frolick to beg me to get

a place at sea for John, their man, which is a rogue: but however it may be, the sea may do them good in reclaiming him, and therefore I will see what I can do. She dined with me, and after dinner I took coach and carried her home, in our way, in Cheapside, lighting, and giving her a dozen pair of white gloves as my Valentine.

One hopes that her second application to the gallant Pepys was equally profitable, both to Lieutenant Keen and to herself.

APPENDIX D

William Penn to the Navy Commissioners.

This for the Lord Brouncker, Sir John Mennes, Coll. Middleton, Ser Jer. Smyth, Sal. Pepys, Esq., principall Officers and Commissioners of the Navy, at the Navy Office in Seething Lane.

(Endorsed 2nd October 1670 (a fortnight after the death of Sir Wm. Penn), Mr. Wm. Penn about ye Draught of ye River Medway).

(*Cal. S.P. for* 1670, pp. 562 and 601.)

I just now receav'd a Letter from you intimatinge a Draught of the River Medway (belonging to the Navy Office) to have remaned in my deceased ffather's hands, with your desires it might be return'd, to answer that frequent use the King's service obliges you to make of it. But as I would show myself extreamlie forward to answer the Commands of the Board, espetially when attended with soe plausible a reason as any the least publique

benefit, and also most cheerfully evidence my great desires to be Just, by restoreing whatever I have no reall Right to: Soe I hope you will interpret it my Duty (and but Reason done my ffather's Memory) to examine his Interest in it (in case I have it amongst the many other of his Draughts). Since I have yet Superstition enough (as some are pleased to call it) to value every the smallest Relique that may be deem'd a Badge of his Trade, which rendered him what he was, and Us, his Relations, what we are. Not that I would be thought to question your Verity at all, when you are pleas'd to tell me it belong'd to that Office, and was in his Hands—but the Integrity of such Clarks, whose Neglect or Carelessness in loseing or mislaying it, may put them upon such an Answer as believing it, passing with your present Demands I shall thus farre express my Willingness and Dilligence to answer your Expectations, as to examine his Catalogue of Draughts, where if I find this, and not his, I shall despatch it to you; and if once his, I shall not however stick to supplie your present exegency, confideing in your Generositie to return it in some competent time to,

Your very affectionate ffriend,

W. Penn.

London, 31.10.1670.

Since my comeing to town (which was very lately) I receiv'd a second letter from you about the Med-way Draught; but as I am most fully satisfy'd In the Reason of sending for It, so if I may be equally credited, I have dilligently searched his Closett and taken an Account of his Draughts, but find not that of the Med-way amongst them. However I shall willingly make a Review, and if

you doubt my Skill, pray be pleas'd to command any off your Clarks, to whom It is known, to be with me, and if any such Thing be there, I shall as cheerfully restore it, as you were pleas'd obleigingly to lend It to your old ffriend, and ye deceased ffather off

Your very reall ffriend to serve you,

W. Penn.

APPENDIX E

Letter from William Penn to Algernon Sidney, 13th October 1681. (Printed in Janney, p. 192.)

There are many things make a man's life uneasy in the world, which are great abates to the pleasure of living, but scarcely one equal to that of the unkindness or injustice of friends.

I have been asked by several, since I came last to town, if Col. Sidney and I were fallen out, and when I denied it, and laughed at it, they told me I was mistaken, and to convince me, stated that he had used me very ill to several persons, if not companies, saying, I had a good country, but the basest laws in the world, not to be endured or lived under, and that the Turk was not more absolute than I. This made me remember the discourse we had together at my house, about me drawing constitutions, not as proposals, but as if fixed to the hand. And that as my act, to which the rest were to comply, if they would be concerned with me. But withal, I could not but call to mind, that the objections were presently complied

with, both by my verbal denial of all such constructions as the words might bear, as if they were imposed, and not yet free for debate. And also that I took my pen, and immediately altered the terms, so as they corresponded (and truly, I thought more properly) with thy objection and sense. Upon this, thou didst draw a draft, as to the frame of government, gave it me to read, and we discourst it with a considerable argument: it was afterward called for back by thee, to finish and polish: and I suspended proceedings in the business ever since, (that being to be done after other matters) instead of any further conference about it.

I meet with this sort of language in the mouths of several; I shall not believe it; 'twere not well in me to an enemy, less so to a friend; but if it be true, I shall be sorry we ever were so well acquainted, or that I have given so much occasion to them that hate us, to laugh at me for more true friendship and steady kindness than I have been guilty of to any man I know living.

It becomes not my pretensions to the things of another life to be much in pain about the uncertainties of this: but be it as it will, I am yet worth a line: and I would pray one of the truth of the fact, for the injury it hath done me already is nothing to the trouble it will give me if I have deserved it; and if I have not, of losing a friend upon a mistake; not that I meanly creep for a friendship that is denied me: I were unfit for it then. I can be but where I was before, not less in myself nor my own peace, which a steady virtue will make a sufficient comfort and sanctuary.

Thy real friend,

W. Penn.

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